July 24, 1971

THE NEW YORKER

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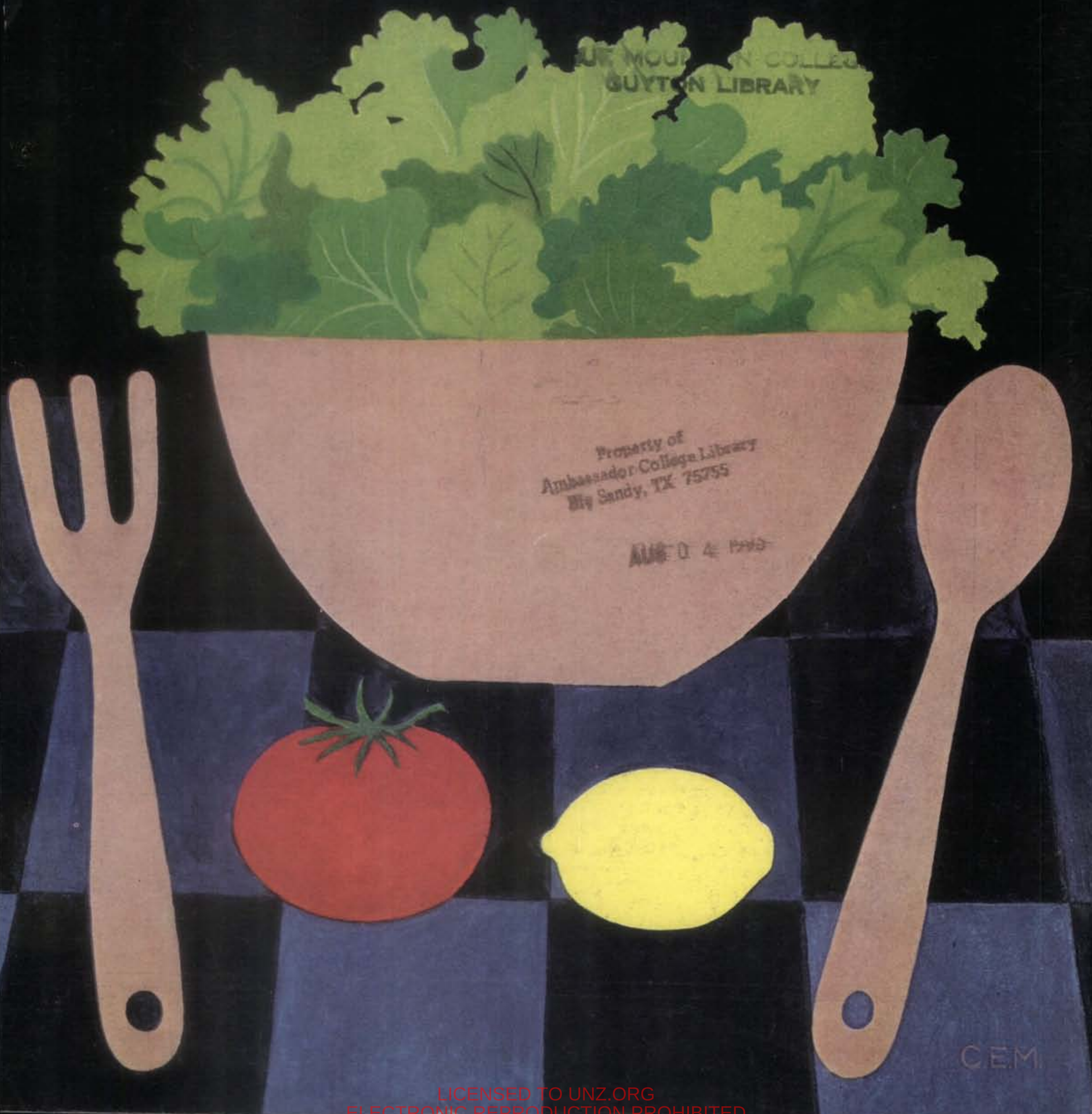

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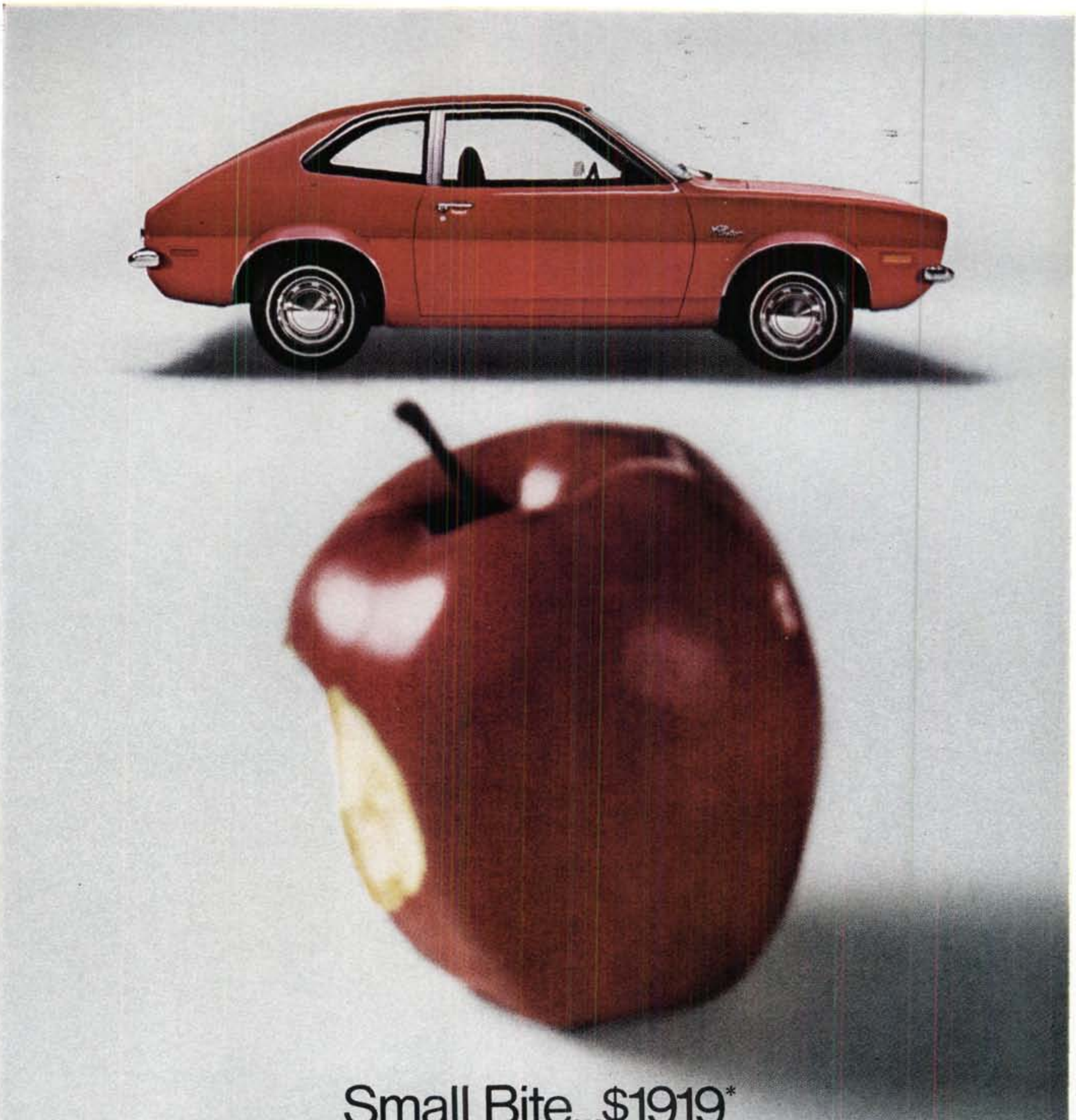

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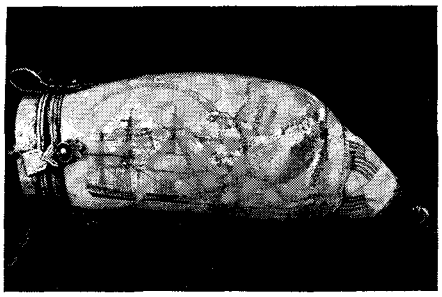
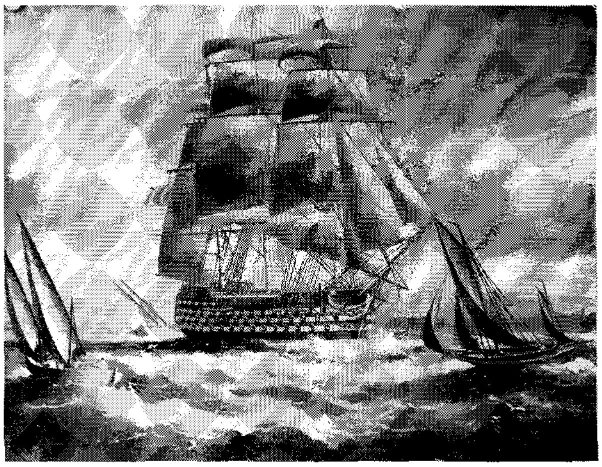


A "Susan's Tooth"



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Tuesday & Wednesday, August 17 & 18
10:00 A M Each Day

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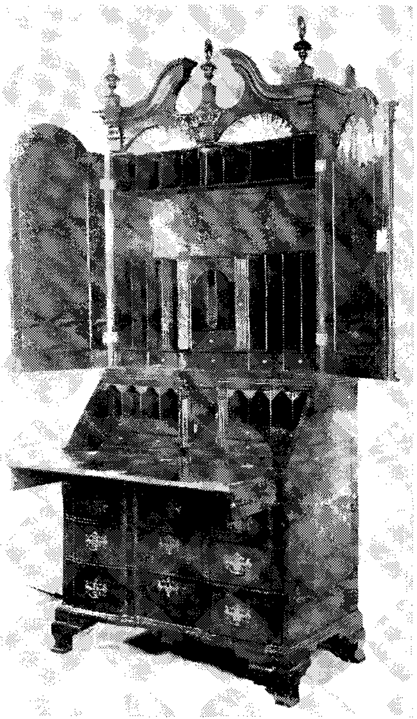
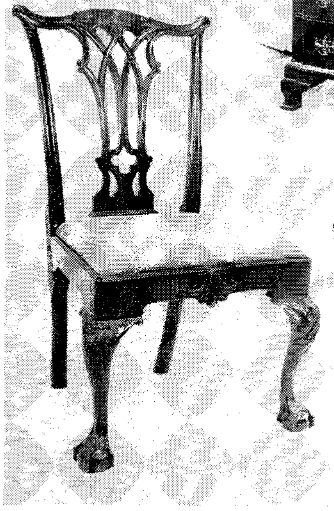
A most important collection of American whaling items; extreme rarities in scrimshaw; whaleship paintings; harpoons, lances, and almost every conceivable kind of authentic whaling gear, bomb harpoon guns, Pierce & Coogan bomb harpoons, waifs, whaleship branding irons, compasses, navigational equipment, half models, whaling journals and papers; many important marine paintings including examples by James E. and Thomas Buttersworth, J. and J. Bard, Antonio Jacobsen, William P. Stubbs, Samuel Walters, R. B. Spencer, William H. Yorke, W. F. Norton, Clement Drew, Charles H. Gifford, George Chinnery, Tomaso De Simone, Phillips Melville, Edouard Adam, W. Preston, and many others, plus Chinese, American, and English nineteenth century painters; ship figureheads, barometer, life-saving equipment, sea chests, signal cannon, and much more.

Illustrated Catalogue $5.00 ($6.00 By Mail)



Massachusetts Block-Front Secretary

Chippendale Chair, Circa 1770



Tuesday, August 24 — 10:00 A M

Important American Furniture, Paintings, Silver, Pewter, Clocks, Historical Staffordshire China, Chinese Export Porcelain, Etc.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is the soldier, Albert Hall is his invisible mentor, and Joe Fields is his first sergeant. All of them are fine. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Black Girl—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Gloria Edwards, Arthur French, Minnie Gentry, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Analysis—A revival. Saul Bellow's farce about a Jewish comic who psychoanalyzes himself over closed-circuit television seems just as strained and unfunny now as it did in 1964. There is much frentic non-acting of the non-parts by a generally reputable cast. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lenny—An American "Orlando Furioso" about the life and death of the bedevilled comic Lenny Bruce. Tom O'Horgan is the director, and the brilliant star of the show is Cliff Gorman. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—John Beal, Carol Teitel, Donald Gantry, and Dan Hamilton are now the anguished Tyrones, and Paddy Croft is their maid. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sleuth—Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Waiting for Godot—Tom Ewell in Beckett's comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30; Saturday at 6:30 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 25.)

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Long Runs—**butterflies are free:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Pamella Bellwood. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **the dirtiest show in town:** An inflated claim. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)... **the effect of gamma rays on man-in-the-moon marigolds:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **last of the red hot lovers:** Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by Dom DeLuise, Cathryn Damon, Carol Richards, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Follies—A disappointing show, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and book by James Goldman. Alexis Smith is very good as an old Follies girl, and several of Mr. Sondheim's songs are delightful. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No, No, Nanette—Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash hit. Raoul Pène du Bois has provided sets and costumes that literally scintillate, and the splendid cast includes Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and

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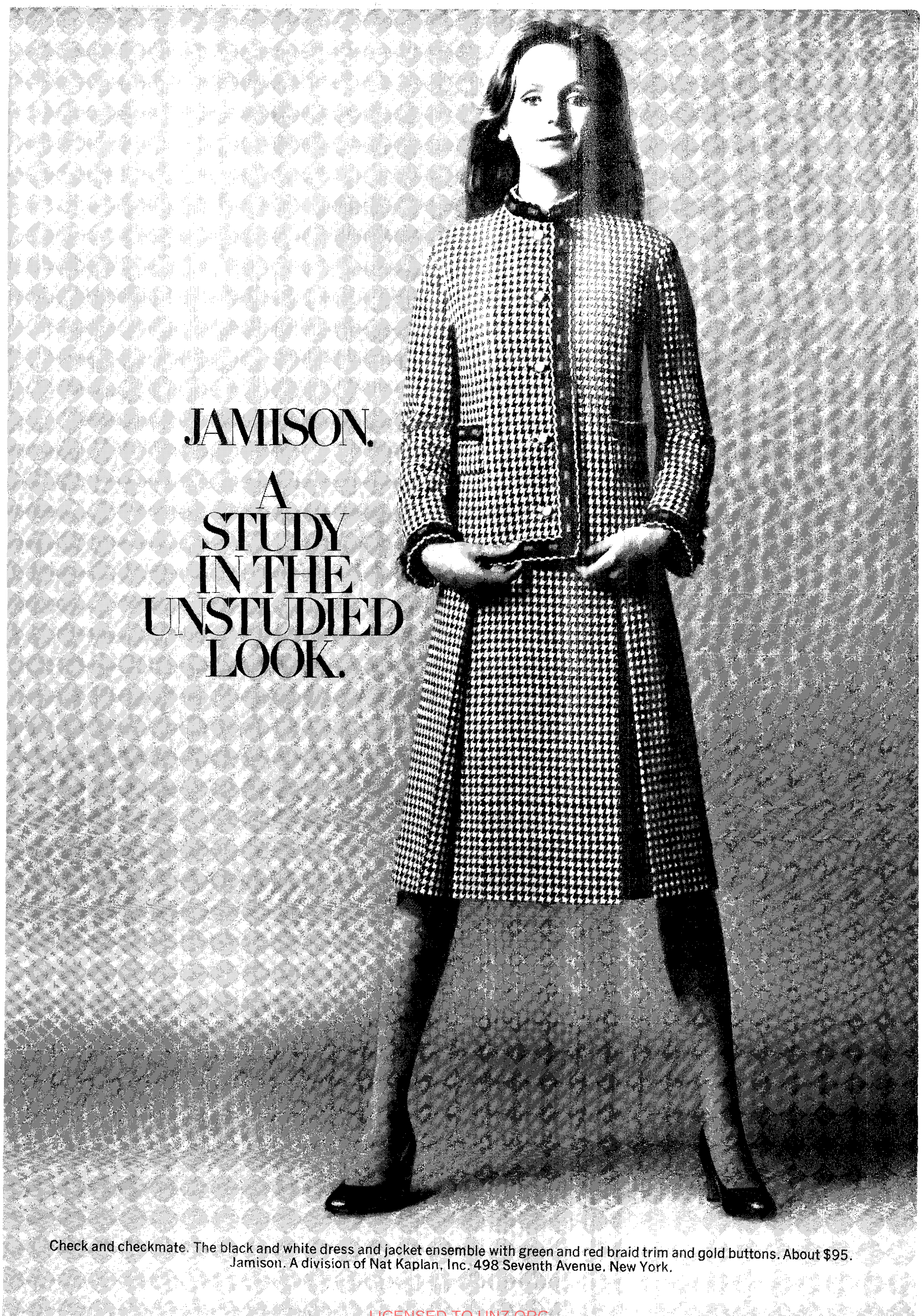
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat smug, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young; Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-five years old. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Danny Kaye in a dreary reënactment of the story of Noah. God promised Noah that the Flood would never happen again, and it would be wise to exact the same promise from Broadway. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** A retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Anne Baxter, who has just replaced Lauren Bacall. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **COMPANY:** Stephen Sondheim's brilliant, acerbic, funny, and sad study of urban loneliness. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** The proud potent titles clanged over Stephen's memory the triumph of their brazen bells: *et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam:* the slow growth and change of rite and dogma like his own rare thoughts, a chemistry of stars. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Symbol of the apostles in the mass for pope Marcellus, the voices blended, singing alone loud in affirmation: and behind their chant the vigilant angel of the church militant disarmed and menaced her heresiarchs. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** A horde of heresies fleeing with mitres awry: Photius and the brood of mockers of whom Mulligan was one, and Arius, warring his life long upon the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father, and Valentine, spurning Christ's terrene body, and the subtle African heresiarch Sabellius who held that the Father was Himself His own Son. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** 'There will be nothing singular in this case; and it is singularity which often makes the worst part of our suffering, as it always does of our conduct.' (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** 'I have great hope of our prevailing.' (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PURLIE:** An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." With Cleavon Little and Patti Jo. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE ROTHSCHILDS:** Luckily for real Rothschilds, this schmalzy account of their ancestors never rings true. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. John Cunningham is John Adams and Jay Garner is Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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BALLET

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday, July 21, at 8:15: "Petrouchka," "Miss Julie," and "Gaîeté Parisienne."... ¶ Thursday, July 22, at 8:15: "Romeo and Juliet" (première), "At Midnight," and "Etudes."... ¶ Friday, July 23, at 8:15: "Les Sylphides," "The Moor's Pavane," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Les Noces."... ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 2:15: "Romeo and Juliet," "The River," and "Fancy Free."... ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 8:15: "Romeo and Juliet," "The Eternal Idol," "The Combat" (première), and "Etudes."... ¶ Sunday, July 25, at 1:15 and 7:15: "Coppélia."... ¶ Tuesday, July 27, at 8:15: "Romeo and Juliet," "At Midnight," and "Etudes."... ¶ Wednesday, July 28, at 8:15: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Thursday, July 29, at 8:15: "Les Sylphides," "The Miraculous Mandarin" (première), "The Combat," and "The River."... ¶ Friday, July 30, at 8:15: "Paquita," "The Miraculous Mandarin," "Brahms Quintet," and "The River."... ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 2:15 and 8:15: "Pulcinella Variations" and "La Sylphide." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Aug. 8.)

Stuttgart Ballet—A two-week return engagement—Wednesday through Sunday evenings, July 21-25: "Mozart Concerto," "Poème de l'Extase," and "Jeu de Cartes."... ¶ Saturday matinée, July 24: "Eugene Onegin."... ¶ Sunday matinée, July 25: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Tuesday evening, July 27: "Eugene Onegin."... ¶ Wednesday evening, July 28: "Brouillards," "Coppélia Pas de Deux," "Opus One," and "The Seasons."... ¶ Thursday evening, July 29: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Friday evening, July 30: "Brouillards," "Coppélia Pas de Deux," "Opus One," and "The Seasons."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 31: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Aug. 1: "Eugene Onegin." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Mike Brewer and Tom Shipley, the authors and performers of the AM-FM hit "One Toke Over the Line," will be playing and singing through Monday, July 26. On Wednesday, July 28, B. & S. will be supplanted by Bill Withers, a folk singer, and by Sally Eaton, of the "Hair" cast. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. Thursdays through Sundays, pianist Cedar Walton collaborates with a bassist. Wednesday, July 21, Walter Davis, Jr., will be at the keyboard. The food has sufficient soul. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—A reflowering of American music takes place when Marian McPartland, whose piano runs from stark realism to the madrigal form, gets to work with her new bass, Jay Leonhart. The joint recital goes on from eight to one, except on Sundays, which are the property, seven to midnight, of Cyril Haynes, whose piano works solo. A fully staffed kitchen, too.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—The sound in this recently opened coffeehouse (known, in an earlier incarnation, as the Café au Go Go) ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between. Through Monday, July 26, Mississippi blues master John Lee Hooker will be keeping things fundamental. On Wednesday, July 28, Spencer Davis and Peter Jameson will come strumming along, about as worldly as they are bucolic. Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but No. 1 for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. Those who miss hearing Jim Hall and bassist Ron Carter will have only themselves to blame ages hence, when nostalgia sets in and they have no memories to call upon. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four. Soul food.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Through Sunday, July 25, the Zoot Sims quartet will be swinging as usual. On Tuesday, July 27, drummer Oliver Jackson will bring in a quartet that includes Dill Jones, Budd Johnson, and Bill Pemberton. Fridays through Sundays, blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. Light Italian dishes are served. On Mondays, a seventeen-piece band conducted by Al Cohn and Willis Conover plays hard while sticking to safe territory.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianofortist Eddie Thompson keeps them smiling most of the time as he swings, ripples, and rolls. He plays alone Tuesdays through Thursdays. Fridays through Sundays, Dr. Lyn Christie is added on bass. On Mondays, another skilled pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. The bar is dark and the popcorn fresh.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old reliable, a haven for honest Dixieland. The musicians are Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Roy Eldridge, and Eddie Locke. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—Power to the cats who run it, for they know what jazz is. The street is lonesome, and the interior design is rudimentary, but the music is often at a high level. Friday and Saturday, July 23-24, singer-pianist Edwin Birdsong will entertain. Sundays, the Quartet Noire takes the stand. Sound from nine until closing. Soul food is available. N.B.: Jazz prerequisites should be completed before enrolling in this course.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Once more into the jazz-and-soul-food bag, the ingredients of which fit together pretty well in this informal club. A trio consisting of pianist Bobby Timmons, bassist Hal Dodson, and guitarist Joe Beck plays Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Just the spot for looking over old four-leaf clovers. The banjo band twangs, ancient movies flicker, and patrons drink beer while staring at taxidermic polar bears. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another synthetic museum piece, where banjos vibrate bravely and everybody is supposed to feel full of ginger. Garters are available, as are straw hats and peanuts. The three-man band zings from nine until three or four. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Musical chairs, or maybe musical bar stools. Through Thursday, July 22, flutist Jeremy Steig will head a quartet. Friday and Saturday, July 23-24, pianist Alice Coltrane will lead her quintet. Sunday, July 25, the Steig people will be back again, and on Tuesday, July 27, vibist Milt Jackson (of the M.J.Q.) will arrive with his fivesome. Let it be said that the atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, as are the environs. Closed Mondays.

Third Phase, 545 W. 111th St. (749-9520)—Up Columbia way, and populated accordingly, this fabricated cavern comes up with some winners. At the moment, a person who styles himself the Reverend Ronnie Baker is leading a spirit-rock group called Amazing Grace. Open Thursdays through Sundays. Spaghetti and so forth.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Old pro Ray Nance, leading a quartet, lives it up on cornet, violin, and vocals. On Mondays, he and his friends rest, and new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Six nights a week, the Chapins trade sets with a singer known as Harry. Mondays, Latin bands take over.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Cause-and-effect relationships are being explored. Through Sunday, July 25, trumpeter Lee Morgan leads a quintet. On Tuesday, July 27, drummer Art Blakey—with whom Morgan used to play—brings in a sextet. Mondays are reserved for the big, block-busting Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being produced here every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. On Sunday, July 25, guitarist Eddie Condon will sit in with the regulars. The rest of the week, a banjo entertains in this squarish establishment, where jollity is promoted by all sorts of predictable devices.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The period commemorated was not a very successful one, but this place has done well. The décor can pass for elegant. People dance to 45s on a little floor from ten to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from eleven until three or four. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only roast beef is served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to a good assortment of records, which three times a night are interrupted by Jimmy Helms, a singer. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Motor City motifs on the walls, and movement all over the place. Hang-loose clothing, youthful patrons, heavy music. Through Sunday, July 25, Freeway will alternate with records, playing dance sessions at ten-thirty and at one, and a concert session at eleven-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Historic, as discothèques go. It remains one of the more popular spots, with danceable records and a sleek appearance, but these days it is open only Thursdays through Saturdays. Reservations—for what they're worth—are a good idea.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus*. Among the jolly *brau*-beaters is a set of *schuhplattler* dancers. Plenty of song, plenty of dance music for all hands. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, that precious bunch of philanderers, is serenading again in full (well, almost gale) force, and being perfect little gentlemen about the whole thing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round assigned—between the hours of eight and four—to other flamencans. Closed Sundays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—What was once a Jack-for-all-trades is now almost all for the family trade. Janice Harper, a belter of karate level, does the singing; Lou Cary, who has changed his name from Legion, is the stand-up deliverer. They move out on Wednesday, July 28, and D'Aldo Romano will start singing the evening after that. . . . ¶ From the main-floor bar, nevertheless, the planes to Vegas still take off at frequent intervals, bringing back one lounge act after another.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Phil Wayne's threesome, whose dance tunes are gentle on the mind and the ear, will, it turns out, be around all summer, Sundays and Mondays, seven-thirty until curfew, in the polite Café. Herb Winner's threesome prevails the rest of the week.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—What the well-dressed girl-about-town will sing is fully and neatly demonstrated during dinner and supper by Julie Wilson, who has now attained the rank of household pet in this city. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): What a fine idea to pair guitarists as puissant as George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli, then to install them, at half past nine every evening but Sunday and Monday, in the little St. Regis Room! No dining, no dancing, but who needs it here? . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—takes the stand. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they begin at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is all very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sundays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate, but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous threesome goes zing! on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity. . . . **TRUDEHELLER,** Sixth Ave. at 9th St. (254-8346): Blossom Dearie, who now spends most of her career at Ronnie's, in London, is singing her songs of sixpence and converting them all into songs of six *new* pence. Her beautifully concocted piano is supplemented by Al Harewood on drums and Herb Bushler on bass. At nine-thirty and later. All three depart on Sunday, July 25, but Bill Evans, his keyboard, and his threesome will keep on dovetailing their vast panels of sound into a sort of shimmering skyscraper. Drink, too, but nearly nothing to eat. No Mondays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzniks. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Sandy Baron, who sometimes finds jokes in places other humorists never think to look, winds up on Saturday, July 24, and so does Betty Williams, a soprano from the Broadway musicals. Nine-thirty or so is the earliest; the menu is minute. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists, and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabrielle, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): A modern decorator has passed an ancient miracle, and here we are in the court of a Moroccan nobleman. Over there, after six, sits a piano, which gets its best workouts from the lively girl known as Emme Kemp; over here is the maître d., ready to provide couscous; Rudolph Valentino will be in at any moment. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **PETER RUMSEY'S PLACE,** 140 W. 51st St. (246-8731): If pub-crawling is the exercise the doctor ordered, this oddball salon might as well be included. Dan Ruskin, the one-time pianist of Chucks' Composite, is on duty from five-thirty to midnight. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one. No nights off. . . . **PLAZA,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000): In the reveries induced by Gunnar Hansen's violin, which does the nine-until-one session in the Palm Court from Wednesday through Saturday every week, a world of "Merry Widow" and the grandeur that is Vienna come clear. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, now in residence at his local castle only during the summer, has thoughtfully brought along his drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes fiddle. He and Herman Arminski, that romantic pianist, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every

Albert Hubbell

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Tony Gorody, the old Havana night-clubber, and his piano are in evidence from six to one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A watering place in the New Spain, as grand in its tiny way as Marienbad before the Fall. Guitar, naturally—this between seven and twelve Tuesdays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Five-thirty to eleven-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays; dining until ten. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to one, for him, every evening but Monday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen out for a night on the town and the Via Veneto. En route, they encounter a band of itinerant musicians who call themselves Roman Strings. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Roland, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **MARYMARY**, 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Not beyond the recall of Mary McCarty are the bantering words and music with which such revues as "Small Wonder" were endowed in the golden days of Broadway, the scene of her childhood, and here she is again, letter-perfect, on the top floor of this duplex. Ten-thirty is her starting time. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Victor Vasarely—A hundred and twenty graphics covering the past two decades; through Friday, July 30. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E 73rd St.: Avery, Dobbs, Feininger, Hassam, Gropper, Marin, and other American artists; through Aug. 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: A rotating exhibit of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by sixteen artists, among them Ben Bishop, Ernest Briggs, Don David, Lynne Drexler, Martin Hurtig, Marty Kalb, Golda Lewis, and Ron Lusker; through Friday, July 30. . . . **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Mueller, Kaufman, and Castro-Cid, and sculptures by Wilke and Abrahams; through Aug. 31. . . . **FISCHBACH**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by gallery artists, who include Alex Katz, Robert Ryman, Ray Parker, Gene Davis, Doug Ohlson, and Robert Mangold; through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings by Rattner, Shahn, and Kuhn (to name a few); through Aug. 20. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Gallery artists, among them Dubuffet, Krushenick, Nevelson, Samaras, Trova, and Youngerman; through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ Many galleries are closed during the summer or mount rather casual shows that may vary in content from day to day. The following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are at least open: **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . **HAMMER**, 51 E. 57th St. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St. . . . **VAN DER STRAETEN**, 981 Madison Ave., at 76th St.; closes at 4. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.

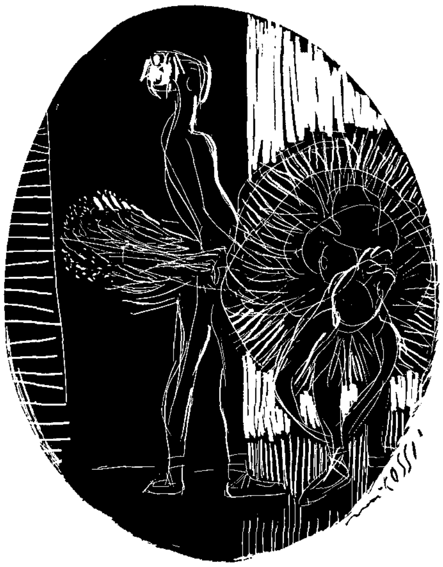
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than a hundred and thirty paintings done in Florence, mostly in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—including masterpieces by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Fra Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, Andrea del Sarto, and Bronzino; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A summer show consisting largely of late-nineteenth- and twentieth-century masters and American paintings and sculptures of the past fifteen years, borrowed from private collections; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Over four hundred paintings, sculptures, drawings, posters, prints, and photographs assembled from the Museum collection and centered on the theme of social protest, with subjects ranging from urban poverty at the turn of the century to wars and revolutions; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection by the "second generation" Abstract Expressionists Joan Mitchell, Larry Rivers, Grace Hartigan, Helen Frankenthaler, Alfred Leslie, John Chamberlain, Robert Mallary, Raymond Parker, and Richard Stankiewicz; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Photographic documentation of projects carried out on Pier 18 by twenty-eight process artists; through Aug. 2. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 4 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A chronological survey of twentieth-century art taken from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 12. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and thirty-two prints by John Sloan (1871-1951) from the Museum's collection; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Quilts with abstract designs, principally from nineteenth-century Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and New England; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Approximately fifty paintings by twentieth-century Americans, from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)



Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Prints, drawings, photographs and photo-collages, and illustrations on the theme of woman from the fifteenth century to the present by artists of both sexes: Cassatt, Peggy Bacon, Isabel Bishop, Nevelson, O'Keeffe, Goya, Matisse, Picasso, and Toulouse-Lautrec, for instance; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ "Russian Art of the Revolution," consisting of sixty-five paintings, drawings, prints, constructions, and costume and stage designs by such artists as Kandinsky, Chagall, Larionov, and Malevich; through Sunday, July 25. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Twenty Chinese kites dating from the nineteenth century in various symbolic forms, such as a wine jug, a peach, and a beetle; through Sept. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition of three hundred black-and-white pictures, tracing the history of the State of Israel; through Sept. 6. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Drawings, costume and scenery designs, and caricatures (by Braque, Gris, Picasso, Tchelitchew, and the like), plus photographs and other memorabilia, from the private collection of Boris Kochno, Diaghilev's collaborator and friend; through Saturday, July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A radiant collection of a hundred and fifty sixteenth-century gold-tooled bookbindings; through Friday, July 30. . . . ¶ Sixty-four portrait drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Friday, July 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An assembly of nineteenth-century toys designed by George W. Brown, accompanied by reproductions of the watercolors from his sketchbook; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—More than a hundred works by seventeen British artists who, according to the director of the Center, represent "The British Avant-Garde;" through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ More than fifty posters executed in connection with protest marches in Washington and San Francisco by, among others, Andre, Calder, di Suvero, Huebler, Judd, LeWitt, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Smithson, and Youngerman; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Fifty objects, works on paper, and photographic documentation of performances done by Alex Hay during the past ten years; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"City of Promise: Aspects of Jewish Life in New York 1654-1970," an amalgam that includes photographs (a hundred of them portraits), ritual silver, and paintings; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Eighty paintings done in prisons by thirty-five inmates; through Aug. 8. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Miles Davis and Richard Pryor—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday, July 21, at 8 and 10.

Big Mama Thornton—Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, July 22, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

Steve Getz Quintet—Jazz Center, 57 W. 57th St. Friday, July 23, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.

Teddy Wilson, Billy Taylor Trio, Bob Greene, Bill Evans Trio, and Cecil Taylor—Town

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, July 24, at 7:30.

Odetta—Museum of Modern Art Garden. Thursday, July 29, at 7:30.

Jazz Contemporaries—Jazz Center. Friday, July 30, at noon.

Stephen Stills & Band—With others. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, July 30, at 8.)

Gary Burton and the University of Illinois Jazz Band—Town Hall. Saturday, July 31, at 7:30.

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 23, at 7: A recital by Sherrill Milnes, baritone. . . . ¶ Friday, July 23, at 9: William Steinberg conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 8:30: William Steinberg conducting another all-Beethoven program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 25, at 2:30: Leonard Bernstein directing Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with Arlene Saunders, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; William Cochran, tenor; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, July 30, at 7: A concert by the Berkshire Boy Choir. . . . ¶ Friday, July 30, at 9: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Byron Janis, piano, and Stomu Yamash'ta, percussion. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 1, at 2:30: Daniel Barenboim conducting, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 22. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Lenox Arts Center—Friday, July 23, at 7:30: The Pennywhistlers. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 7:30: Delaney & Bonnie & Friends. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 7:30: The Byrds. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Tentative schedule of final performances by the New York City Ballet—Wednesday, July 21, at 8:30: "Concerto Barocco," "Prodigal Son," and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Thursday, July 22, at 8:30: "Tchaikovsky Suite," "Donizetti Variations," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Friday, July 23, at 8:30: "Episodes," "Four Last Songs," and "Suite No. 3.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 2: "Swan Lake" and "Dances at a Gathering.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 24, at 8:30: "Concerto Barocco" and "Harlequinade.". . . [NOTE: A special concert will be given by Petula Clark on Sunday, July 25, at 8:30.] . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 27, at 8:30: "Bugaku" and "Dances at a Gathering.". . . ¶ Wednesday, July 28, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Concerto for Two Pianos," "In the Night," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 29, at 8:30: "Serenade," "Prodigal Son," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Friday, July 30, at 8:30: "Firebird," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "The Cage," and "Agon.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 2: "Serenade," "Concerto for Two Pianos," "Episodes," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 8:30: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Who Cares?," and another ballet to be announced. (Saratoga Springs. Through Saturday, Sept. 25. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 24: Luis Rivera Spanish Dance Company and Tania Karina and Miljenko Banovic. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 27-31: Minnesota Dance Theatre and Claude Kipnis Mime Theatre. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3.)

Connecticut College American Dance Festival—Saturday, July 24, at 8, and Sunday, July 25, at 2: Paul Taylor Dance Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 1, at 2: Lucas Hoving Dance Company. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Minnesota, Wednesday and Thursday, July 21-22, at 2. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Houston, Friday, July 23, at 8:05; Saturday, July 24, at 4:05; and Sunday, July 25, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Monday and Tuesday, July 26-27, at 8:05; Wednesday, July 28, at 2:05; and Thursday, July 29, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, July 30, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 31, at about 2:15 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at about 1:15, and will include a couple of innings between members of the 1951 Giant and Dodger teams, among them Jackie Robinson, Bobby Thomson, Pee Wee Reese, and Monte Irvin).

Boxing—Emile Griffith vs. Nessim (Max) Cohen, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, July 26, at 9:30; a closed-circuit telecast of the Muhammad Ali-Jimmy Ellis bout in Houston will start at about 10:20.)

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, July 22-25.). . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 29-Aug. 1.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 31. The Great American, Wednesday, July 21; the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 24; and the Tidal Handicap, Saturday, July 31. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Aug. 9. The Sorority, Saturday, July 24, and the Sapling, Saturday, July 31. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen: Sunday, July 25, at 2:30.

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Nightly at 8; through Thursday, July 22. . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Friday, July 23, through Thursday, Oct. 14. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 21 at 2 and 5:30: "Show Girl in Hollywood" (1930), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Alice White and Jack Mulhall. . . . ¶ July 22 at 2 and 5:30: "Golden Dawn" (1930), directed by Roy Enright, with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal. . . . ¶ July 22 at 8: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970), directed by Russ Meyer. . . . ¶ July 23 at 2 and 5:30: "Movietone Follies of 1930" (1930), directed by Benjamin Stoloff, with El Brendel and Marjorie White. . . . ¶ July 24 at 11:30: "Isn't Life Wonderful" (1924), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Carol Dempster and Neil Hamilton. . . . ¶ July 24 at 3 and 5:30: "Good News" (1930), directed by Nick Grinde and Edgar J. MacGregor, with Bessie Love and Mary Lawler. . . . ¶ July 25 at 2 and 5:30: "Madam Satan" (1930), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Kay Johnson and Reginald Denny. . . . ¶ July 26 at 1: "Monte Carlo" (1930), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Jack Buchanan and Jeanette MacDonald. . . . ¶ July 26 at 6: "The Private Life of Don Juan" (1934), directed by Alexander Korda, with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. . . . ¶ July 27 at 2: "Monte Carlo" (1930). . . . ¶ July 27 at 5:30: "The Private Life of Don Juan" (1934). . . . ¶ July 28 at 2 and 5:30: "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" (1930), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Ernest Torrence and Walter Pidgeon. . . . ¶ July 29 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Be Yourself" (1930), directed by Thornton Freeland, with Fanny Brice and Robert Armstrong. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—July 21: "The Titfield Thunderbolt" (1953), directed by Charles Crichton, with Stanley Holloway. . . . ¶ July 22-23: "Laughter in Paradise" (1951), directed by Mario Zampi, with Alastair Sim. . . . ¶ July 24-25: "Queen of Spades" (1949), directed by Thorold Dickinson, with Anton Walbrook and Edith Evans. . . . ¶ July 28-29: "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1952), directed by Anthony Asquith, with Michael Redgrave and Joan Greenwood. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . ¶ "The film as art" is the announced raison d'être of the **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly. Through Tuesday, July 27.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather over the city, call 472-1003 for news.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA,** with Jerry Stiller, Janelle Allen, Alix Elias, and Clifton Davis. The second of three plays by the company. Opens Thursday, July 22, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 8. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **THE SOUND OF MUSIC,** with Constance Towers, John Michael King, and Christopher Hewett. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays at 8; through Aug. 12.). . . ¶ Boyd Neel conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Masako Yanagita, violin. (Saturday, July 31, at 8.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 21: The Allman Brothers Band and Cowboy. . . . ¶ Friday, July 23: Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, and Jay & the Americans. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 24: Cal Tjader, Willie Bobo, and Joe Cuba. . . . ¶ Monday, July 26: Mary Travers. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 28: Roberta Flack and Donal Leace. (Evenings at 7 and 9:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in another series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 15.)

EAST RIVER PARK—Robert Boudreau conducting the American Waterways Wind Orchestra, playing from a barge at the foot of Grand Street. (Wednesday, July 21, and Tuesday and Wednesday, July 27-28, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

CARL SCHURZ PARK—Thursday, July 22, at 8:30: A jazz concert by the Lee Shaw trio. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 29, at 8:30: Frédérique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra, with Yosef Yankelev, violin. (In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

GAELIC PARK—Mountain, Humble Pie, and Yes. (Broadway and 240th St. Friday, July 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 644-4400.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—The Jimmy Giuffre Jazz Group. (Tuesday, July 27, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

MOVIES IN THE PARK—A program of regular and experimental films organized by the Miller beer people is being shown in various city parks on various dates at 9 P.M. through Sunday, July 25. For program news and to clarify that word "various," call 472-1003.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
“Ryan's Daughter.”

Orpheum Repertory Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
July 21: “The Night of the Hunter.”
July 22: “Sundays and Cybèle.”
July 23: “It Came from Outer Space.”
July 24: “Repulsion.”
July 25: “Gold Diggers of 1935.”
July 26: “Destry Rides Again.”
July 27: “High Sierra.”
July 28: “Mr. Arkadin.”
July 29: “Trial of Joan of Arc.”

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 27: “Black Peter” and “Cul-de-Sac.”
From July 28: “Me” and “The Daisies.”

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through July 27: “Claire's Knee” and “Summertree.”
From July 28: “Song of Norway” and “Lovers and Other Strangers.”

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 27: “The Confession” and “Perfect Friday.”
From July 28: “Plaza Suite.”

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through July 27: “Klute.”
From July 28: “On Any Sunday.”

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
“Bananas.”

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
“Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?”

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through July 27: “Fortune and Men's Eyes.”
From July 28: “Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter.”

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
“The Devils.”

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
“Walkabout.”

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
“The Touch.”

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
“Dusty and Sweets McGee.”

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
“Willard.”

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
“Le Mans.”

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
“Carnal Knowledge.”

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
“Unman, Wittering and Zigo.”

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
“Two-Lane Blacktop.”

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 28: “One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich.”
From July 29: “The Go-Between.”

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
“The Panic in Needle Park.”

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
“Shaft.”

Eastside Movie Bazaar, 334 E. 74th. (861-2288; starting at 6 on weekdays, at 4 on weekends.)
July 21: “Compulsion.”
July 22: “Bullitt.”
July 23: “Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid.”
July 24: “My Fair Lady.”
July 25: “The Heiress.”
July 26: To be announced.
July 27: “The Manchurian Candidate.”
July 28: “Jane Eyre.”
July 29: “An Affair to Remember.”

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through July 27: “The Light at the Edge of the World.”
From July 28: “Plaza Suite.”

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
“Bananas.”

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
“Summer of '42.”

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 22: “Little Big Man.”
From July 23: “The Seven Minutes.”

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
“The Anderson Tapes.”

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through July 27: “McCabe & Mrs. Miller.”
From July 28: “Billy Jack.”

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through July 28: “King of Hearts” and “A Thousand Clowns.”
From July 29: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 27: “Summer of '42.”
From July 28: “2001: A Space Odyssey” and “Yellow Submarine.”

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
“My Night at Maud's” and “La Collectionneuse.”

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
“The Nun.”

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through July 27: “Claire's Knee” and “Summertree.”
From July 28: “Plaza Suite.”

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through July 22: “M” and “Spies.”
July 23-26: “Wild Strawberries” and “The Seventh Seal.”
July 27: “Ashes and Diamonds” and “Kanal.”
July 28-29: “Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II.”

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
“Willard.”

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
July 21: “Red Beard.”
July 22-25: “Throne of Blood” and “The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail.”
July 26: “The Lower Depths.”
July 27-28: “I Live in Fear” and “The Burmese Harp.”
From July 29: “Rebellion” and “Kill!”

Penthouse, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
“Evel Knievel.”

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
“Fantasia.”

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through July 28: “Murphy's War.”
From July 29: “The Red Tent.”

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through July 27: “Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter.”
From July 28: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
“Figures in a Landscape.”

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
“Adrift.”

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
“Death in Venice.”

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
“Language of Love.”

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
“The Clowns.”

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
“The Crook.”

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
“The Hellstrom Chronicle.”

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through July 27: “Ryan's Daughter.”
From July 28: “The Hunting Party.”

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
“Willard.”

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through July 27: “Cat o' Nine Tails” and “Sudden Terror.”
From July 28: “Drive, He Said” and “Something for Everyone.”

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 21: “Une Femme Douce” and “La Femme Infidèle.”
July 22-28: “Red Desert” and “Tristana.”
From July 29: “A Streetcar Named Desire” and “The Blue Angel.”

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
“Willard.”

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 21: “Nothing but a Man” and “Point of Order!”
July 22: “The Manchurian Candidate” and “Sweet Smell of Success.”
July 23: “The Battle of Algiers” and “The Sky Above—The Mud Below.”
July 24: “Witness for the Prosecution” and “The Devil's Disciple.”
July 25: “Tosca” and “Plisetskaya Dances.”
July 26: “Italiano Brava Gente” and “The War Game.”
July 27: “Purple Noon” and “Diabolique.”
July 28: “Mutiny on the Bounty” and “Mata Hari.”
July 29: “Arch of Triumph” and “The Bridge of San Luis Rey.”

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
“Summer of '42.”

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Adrift—Mannered film by Ján Kadár, a gifted Czech in exile from his gift. People look cosmically solemn, time goes in circles, and an unmistakably American girl with unmistakably silicone breasts rises from the waves to haunt an unmistakably Czech fisherman in unmistakably Czech circumstances. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

An Affair to Remember (1957)—Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr. Toilet soap. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; July 29.)

The Anderson Tapes—A coarsely made comic melodrama about an attempt to rob all the tenants of a New York apartment house. Sean Connery is in charge; most of the rest of the cast plays in a broad and unusually sloppy style. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Orpheum.)

Arch of Triumph (1948)—Dozy love stuff between Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman, set in 1948 France. Skippable. (Thalia; July 29.)

Ashes and Diamonds (1958)—The third (but self-contained) film in Andrzej Wajda's wonderful triptych about the young Communist generation in Warsaw in the months during and after the Second World War. The star is Cybulski, debonair, playing one of two patriots of the Warsaw uprising who arrive at a banquet with orders to kill. When he is killed himself, in a chase that leads through a yard full of laundry, he looks like a child playing ghost wrapped in a sheet. People call Wajda romantic, but the trilogy is something else: far-sighted about what was to happen politically, with a hard-won gaiety deeply bitten with the knowledge that the only other option was fear. In Polish. (Elgin; July 27.)

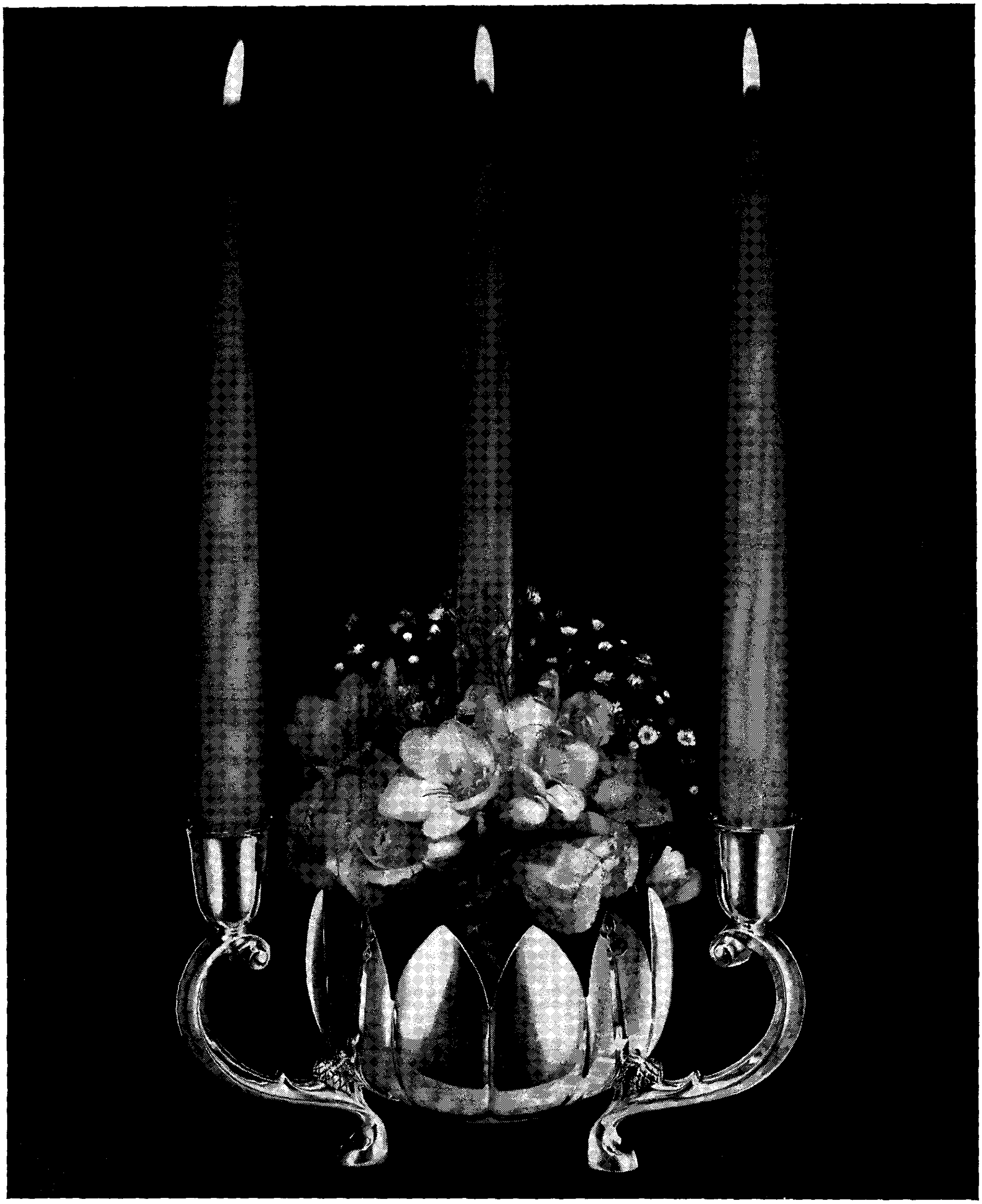
Bananas—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but *not too painfully to have an irritable argu*ment about rights to a parking space. Woody Allen maybe needs to watch that he doesn't milk his distraught and henpecked personality at the expense of his superior and reckless lunacy. (34th St. East and Juliet 2.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Thalia; July 23.)

Billy Jack—With Tom Laughlin and Delores Taylor, directed by T. C. Frank. (Loew's Ciné; starting July 28.)

Black Peter—A Czechoslovakian film, directed by Miloš Forman. (Cinema Village; through July 27.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary *film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a*



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (New Yorker; starting July 29.)

The Bridge of San Luis Rey (1944)—Bestseller-into-poor-film, with a happy ending instead of a sad one, and any number of dialects hit upon as appropriate to old Peru. Akim Tamiroff and Louis Calhern are their own solid selves. (Thalia; July 29.)

Bullitt (1968)—There is a good chase over the hilly streets of San Francisco in this routine and pointless police melodrama, which is, however, given some tension by the competent director Peter Yates and some interest by Steve McQueen, with his low-key charisma. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; July 22.)

The Burmese Harp (1956)—A Japanese likeness of "Antigone," directed by Kon Ichikawa, about a Japanese private in Burma near the end of the Second World War who has a driving need to bury the dead in expiation for the crimes of war. A strange, gentle film; the poetry is uneven but unmistakably authentic. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; July 27-28.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (1969)—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this overblown, frolicsome Western. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; July 23.)

Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Cinema I.)

Cat o' Nine Tails—With James Franciscus, Karl Malden, and Catherine Spaak, directed by Dario Argento. (Embassy 72nd St.; through July 27.)

Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Charles and Greenwich; through July 27.)

The Clowns—Fellini's new picture, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between solitaries eccentrically made up in a world of truly dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar, tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Lincoln Art.)

La Collectionneuse—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales," readying for "My Night at Maud's" and "Claire's Knee." This one, too, is full of summer—dazed with sun, bored, a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. Never were there so many brown limbs unengaged with each other. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Compulsion (1959)—Dean Stockwell, Bradford Dillman, and Orson Welles have joined forces in representing a pair of killers and a defense attorney in this reënactment of the Loeb-Leopold case. Directed by Richard Fleischer. No compulsion to go. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; July 21.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Gramercy; through July 27.)

The Crook—The hero of Claude Lelouch's new film, a thriller, is played by Jean-Louis Trintignant and called Simon the Swiss because he is invincibly methodical. Once a lawyer, he has turned criminal. The plot, romantically sadistic, is about the kidnapping of a child whose rabbit-faced parents are tricked into leaving him alone while they pick up a prize in a Simca-promoted television show. Skillful, well acted, impossible to leave, topped with a cruel piece of nursery morality at the end. In French. (Paris.)

Cul-de-Sac (1966)—A slapstick comedy of horrors about an ugly, bald, whimpering, middle-aged homosexual (Donald Pleasence) whose beautiful young French wife (Françoise Dorléac) dresses him up in her nighties. This strange form of connubial bliss is interrupted by an American gangster (old gravel-voiced Lionel Stander himself). Roman Polanski directed this freak show. Gross and sadistic. (Cinema Village; through July 27.)

The Daisies (1966)—A delicately balmy and freewheeling piece of Czech slapstick about two ravishing teen-age girls leading lives of hedonism and chatter in a world bounded by hair curlers, men, bikini underclothes, and looming, enthralling food. (Cinema Village; starting July 28.)

Death in Venice—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the beauty of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Little Carnegie.)

Destry Rides Again (1939)—Marlene Dietrich's début in horse opera, slyly mocking about Westerns, herself, and what audiences expect of both. With Una Merkel and James Stewart. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 26.)

The Devils—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, goings-over by apothecary, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it; the quiet vein of his early B.B.C. documentaries eludes him at the moment. (Fine Arts.)

The Devil's Disciple (1959)—The Shaw play, not too well directed by Guy Hamilton, but Laurence Olivier is an irresistible General Burgoyne. As an English critic remarked, he administers "such a drubbing to his American co-stars that Burgoyne's military defeats are triumphantly avenged." With Kirk Douglas, Eva Le Gallienne, and Burt Lancaster (who has one great scene). (Thalia; July 24.)

Diabolique (1955)—Henri-Georges Clouzot's grisly horror thriller set in a provincial school. The headmaster (Paul Meurisse), his wife (Vera Clouzot), and his mistress (Simone Signoret) work together and at cross-purposes to reduce their number by a third. Scary, but so calculatedly sensational that it's rather revolting. In French. (Thalia; July 27.)

Drive, He Said—Jack Nicholson's début as a director, so this film about schizophrenia in the soul of young America is well acted, but it skids into some very leaden symbolism about a crackup in the mind of a boy avoiding the draft; the screen suddenly swarms with lizards and mice and bugs that he has let loose in a biology lab, in the spirit of freeing fellow-prisoners. You can leave your head at home if you go to see this one. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 28.)

Dusty and Sweets McGee—A film of the drug scene, directed by Floyd Mutrux. (Coronet.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Guild.)

Une Femme Douce—Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first film in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together that Bresson's technique throws deliberately into the past tense in our minds. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (New Yorker; July 21.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—Claude Chabrol's quiet and elegant thriller about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. Conventional, but very well made. In French. (New Yorker; July 21.)

Figures in a Landscape—With Robert Shaw and Malcolm McDowell, directed by Joseph Losey. (Festival.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—Based on John Herbert's play, with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer, directed by Harvey Hart. (Trans-Lux East; through July 27.)

The Go-Between—With Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Margaret Leighton, and Michael Redgrave, directed by Joseph Losey. (68th St. Playhouse; starting July 29.)

Gold Diggers of 1935 (1935)—Dick Powell is hired by Alice Brady to escort her daughter, Gloria Stuart, while Gloria's fiancé, Hugh Herbert, completes his book on snuffboxes. Guess what happens. The score is good, even though the picture is terrible—in a pleasant sort of way. Busby Berkeley, who usually only choreographed, did the direction, too, and he wasn't too skillful. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 25.)

The Heiress (1949)—Stage-trapped film of the play that originated in Henry James's "Washington Square," with good performances by Ralph Richardson and Montgomery Clift, and Olivia de Havilland behaving as if Washington Square were only a step away from the Snake Pit. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; July 25.)

The Hellstrom Chronicle—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks about talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Paramount.)

High Sierra (1941)—This Humphrey Bogart picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, which has been imitated widely both abroad and here, set a new style in gangster movies—the gangster as anachronism in a changing world. Bo-

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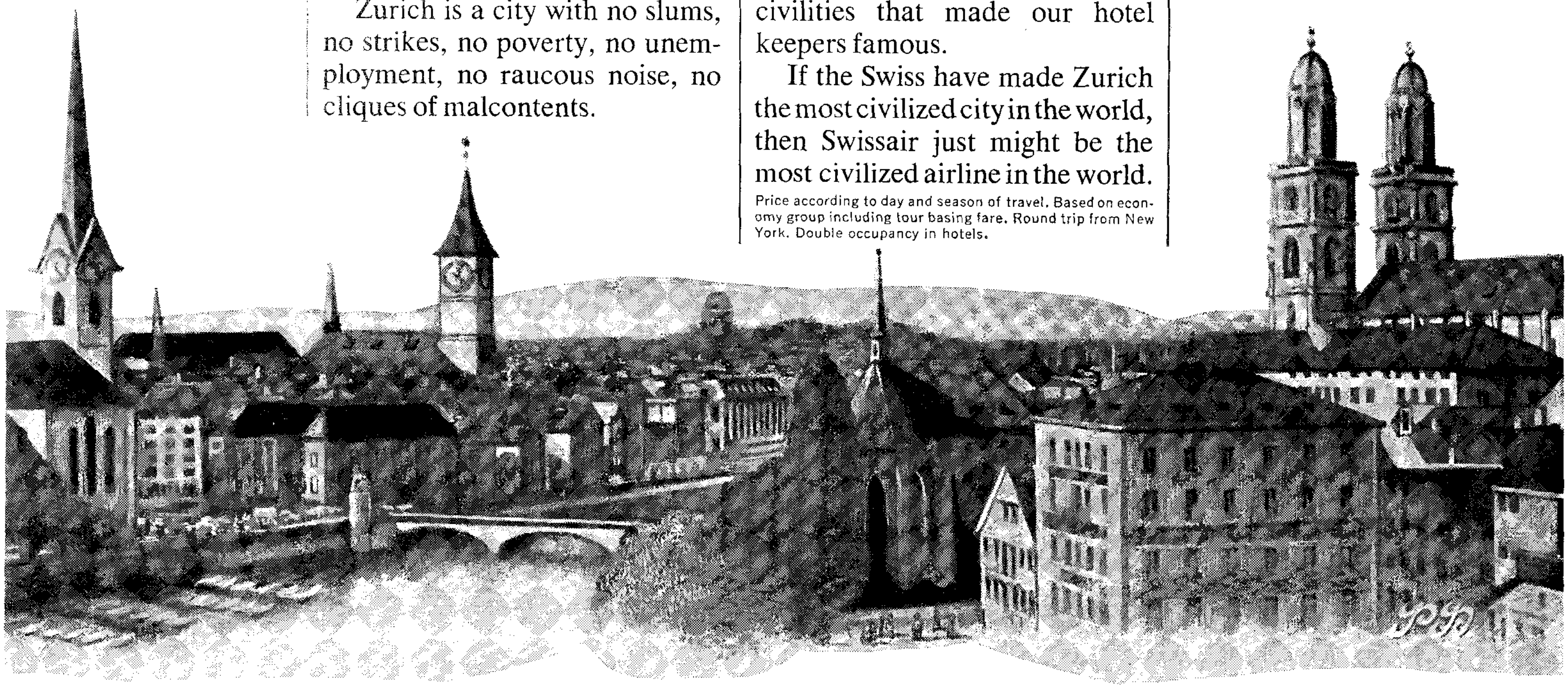

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SWISSAIR

gart's performance as the weary Dillinger-like gangster is a classic, and about half of the movie is definitive in setting the new pattern. With Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie (as a lame girl, in an expendable subplot), Arthur Kennedy, Alan Curtis, and Cornel Wilde. John Huston and W. R. Burnett adapted the Burnett novel. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 27.)

The Hunting Party—A Western with Oliver Reed, Candice Bergen, and Gene Hackman, directed by Don Medford. (Cinema Studio; starting July 28.)

I Live in Fear—In 1955 Kurosawa made this noble picture about fear of the H-bomb. Mifune plays a factory owner trying to sell up and leave with his family for Brazil. A tribunal that includes his dentist finds that he is upsetting the psychic order of society, and thereupon sends him mad. The picture praises worry with a script of high literary quality (by Kurosawa himself, as usual, with two collaborators). In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; July 27-28.)

Italiano Brava Gente (1966)—A Russian-Italian movie about the Second World War, in which everybody turns out to be nice except the Germans. In Italian. (Thalia; July 26.)

It Came from Outer Space (1953)—Sci-fi set in the Arizona desert, originally from Ray Bradbury. A spaceship lands and buries itself in the desert, and starts mysteriously to change people's characters. Good stuff about personality takeover, which is one of the metaphysical preoccupations of S.F. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 23.)

Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II (1944-46)—The city of Kazan was built full scale in Central Asia with lumber imported from Siberia, and millions of rubles' worth of sets, beards, and brocades went into Eisenstein's great, weird two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyranny. In Part I, Ivan (Nikolai Cherkassov) is crowned and then, because of the opposition of the nobles, forced to abdicate; in Part II, with the help of the people, he is restored to power. Overpowering and operatic, the movie resembles a gigantic Expressionist mural. In Russian. (Elgin; July 28-29.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Perfectly respectable 1944 version, directed by Robert Stevenson, with Aldous Huxley adding his own pungency to Charlotte Brontë's novel. Orson Welles looms in a cast that includes Joan Fontaine and a very young Elizabeth Taylor. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; July 28.)

Kanal (1956)—The second in Andrzej Wajda's trilogy about the Second World War generation in Warsaw, and one of the most eloquent and dense political records on film, made with wonderful sensibility. There is an amazing account of the time that some of the young patriots spent in the sewers under their loved capital as it was razed to the ground, with Sheybal as a young composer playing a flute with a sound that echoes against the tiles. In Polish. (Elgin; July 27.)

Kill! (1968)—A rousing samurai film, directed by Kihachi Okamoto in a modern style influenced by Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting July 29.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through July 28.)

Klute—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Murray Hill; through July 27.)

Evel Knievel—George Hamilton in the title role. (Penthouse.)

Le Mans—With Steve McQueen, directed by Lee H. Katzin. (Ciné Malibu.)

The Light at the Edge of the World—With Kirk Douglas, Yul Brynner, and Samantha Eggar, directed by Kevin Billington. (Juliet 1; through July 27.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (U. A. East; through July 22.)

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Lovers and Other Strangers—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy, and Richard Castellano). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sound of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. Written by Joseph Bologna and his wife, Renée Taylor. (Charles; starting July 28.)

The Lower Depths (1957)—Kurosawa's version of Gorky, transposed to a Japanese tenement in the early nineteenth century. A very great film. The setting is a lodging house; the inhabitants, blown by the whims of a corrupt landlord, include a run-down Kabuki actor, a thief, a whore, a retired Samurai, an invalid old lady. Mifune plays the thief, who has an eye for the landlady's sister. The perfect ensemble acting was arrived at by a method in the great tradition of the Moscow Art Theatre, which first mounted the play; before they started shooting, the cast and crew rehearsed for forty days with full costume, makeup, and lighting. Stanislavski would have approved this film, and Gorky would have found it authentically comic. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; July 26.)

M (1932)—Peter Lorre in a great, classic performance as a sexual psychopath. This famous thriller was directed by Fritz Lang. In German. (Elgin; through July 22.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—A clever, far-out thriller about political extremists, with some chilling moments. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh, James Gregory, and John McGiver. (Thalia; July 22. . . . ¶ Eastside Movie Bazaar; July 27.)

Mata Hari (1932)—George Fitzmaurice directs Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore. A fairly lousy script, but Garbo can redeem lousiness; she makes a scene with the blinded Novarro ("Here are your eyes," she says, touching her own) seem a terrific moment in romantic cinema. (Thalia; July 28.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated for an American movie. Very fine. (Loew's Ciné; through July 27.)

Me (1970)—Directed by Maurice Pialat. In French. (Cinema Village; starting July 28.)

The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail (1945)—An hour-long film by Kurosawa. The Japanese government wanted a propaganda film when they commissioned him to film a popular Kabuki drama called "Kanjincho." What they got was a funny fable about militarism, with a nice low-comedy porter who upstages the stoic noblemen of the original. Don't expect the Japanese sense of humor to be much like anyone else's. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; July 22-25.)

Mr. Arkadin (1955)—Orson Welles directed and starred in this story of a fabulously wealthy dope smuggler who hires a man to trace his past. Ambitious and flamboyant but, whether because of technical problems or script problems or both, a fiasco. With Michael Redgrave, Akim Tamiroff, Mischa Auer, and Katina Paxinou. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 28.)

Murphy's War—With Peter O'Toole, directed by Peter Yates. (Music Hall; through July 28.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1935)—Charles Laughton is Captain Bligh—corrupt and sadistic, but a great sailor; Clark Gable (looking a little tubby in white pants) is Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutineers; Franchot Tone is the pivotal character—the officer who goes back to England to stand trial. Some of the thirties bits-of-business of the minor characters are tediously simple-minded, but it's a stirring sea adventure in the big Metro manner. Frank Lloyd directed. (Thalia; July 28.)

My Fair Lady (1964)—The Lerner and Loewe musical staggers along in this large production, directed by George Cukor and designed by Cecil Beaton. Audrey Hepburn is an affecting Eliza, though she is totally unconvincing as a guttersnipe, and is made to sing with that dreadfully impersonal Marni Nixon voice that has issued from so many other screen stars. Perhaps Rex Harrison played Higgins once too often. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; July 24.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better eye than anyone in sight for the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (8th St. Playhouse.)

The Night of the Hunter (1955)—This adaptation of Davis Grubb's novel was James Agee's last film work and the only movie Charles Laughton ever directed (because it was a total financial disaster). Though overly "artistic," it's a fascinating horror fable about a murderous, sex-obsessed, hymn-singing madman (Robert Mitchum) and the children who try to escape from him. With Shelley Winters, Lillian Gish, James Gleason, and Evelyn Varden. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 21.)

Nothing but a Man (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. Directed by Michael Roemer. (Thalia; July 21.)

The Nun—Anna Karina plays Diderot's mid-eighteenth-century nun, boxed into a convent to save her parents the cost of her marriage dowry and the embarrassment of her illegitimacy. Directed by Jacques Rivette. Slow, stately, suffocating stuff, full of images to inspire high-bred dread in atheists and claustrophobics, and entirely missing the point that Diderot's novel is funny. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

On Any Sunday—A documentary on motorcycle racing, directed by Bruce Brown. (Murray Hill; starting July 28.)

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor-camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (68th St. Playhouse; through July 28.)

The Panic in Needle Park—With Al Pacino and Kitty Winn, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Tower East.)

Perfect Friday—An amoral trio (Ursula Andress, David Warner, and Stanley Baker) robs a bank. The film is a trifle, but the dazzling Ursula Andress has turned into a very funny deadpan comedienne. Peter Hall directed. (Gramercy; through July 27.)

Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter—For children, but even more for us. The Royal Ballet's halcyon transposition of Miss Potter's stories into dance. We are in Cumberland. Greenest grass, stone walls, lakes like glass that support flotillas of squirrels on homemade rafts; a world of picnics where Mr. Jeremy Fisher, a frog dressed in galoshes and the most beautiful brocade waistcoat, does amazing leaps while mice trample joyfully in the jam tarts and two pigs in love have a pas de deux. The film looks like Miss Potter's watercolor drawings. Sir Frederick Ashton did the choreography. A day off, prodigal. (Ziegfeld; through July 27. Nightly at 8. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, Saturdays at 12:30, 2:30, and 5, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; starting July 28.)

Plaza Suite—Neil Simon's continuing parish-pump Manhattan comedy—the one thing about the island that no one seems to want to pull down—is here further propped up as a horribly malevolent and unfunny three-part thing about loveless marriage in overprivileged circumstances. Walter Matthau is a souring presence; Barbara Harris and Maureen Stapleton contribute their own gentle skills. (Gramercy, Juliet 1, and Greenwich; starting July 28.)

Plisetskaya Dances (1965)—The amazing red-haired Russian ballerina, who has a neck like

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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a longbow, dances in a Russian documentary. Take any child who has a crush on ballet. (Thalia; July 25.)

Point of Order! (1964)—Joe McCarthy himself is the star of this documentary film, made from the original TV kinescopes of the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954. (Thalia; July 21.)

Purple Noon (1961)—Maurice Ronet and Alain Delon as decadent Americans loafing in Italy—Ronet rich and vicious, Delon poor, amoral, and murderous. The director, René Clément, keeps this thriller (taken from Patricia Highsmith's "The Talented Mr. Ripley") in the sun-drenched-holiday style of travel posters, with homosexual hatred and envy festering. With Marie Laforêt as the shared girl friend. Cinematography by Henri Decaë. In French. (Thalia; July 27.)

Rebellion (1967)—Masaki Kobayashi, who made a famous anti-militarist trilogy, directed this story of a rebellion against feudal power. At the climax, Toshiro Mifune and Tatsuya Nakadai have a geometrically planned and handsomely choreographed swordfight. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting July 29.)

Red Beard (1965)—Kurosawa's film, close to two and a half hours long, is set in the slums of Japan in the nineteenth century. Mifune is Red Beard—a grunting, unscrupulous hero-doctor who keeps an essential clinic open by one-man Mafia means. Kurosawa is very interested by such resolute and uncommendable saints. The style of the film is flowing and full of high attack. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; July 21.)

Red Desert (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustration of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the pollution so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (New Yorker; July 22-28.)

The Red Tent—With Sean Connery, Claudia Cardinale, Hardy Krüger, and Peter Finch, directed by Mickail K. Kalatozov. (Music Hall; starting July 29.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl (Catherine Deneuve). (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 24.)

Ryan's Daughter—Gush made respectable by millions of dollars tastefully wasted. Sarah Miles marries Robert Mitchum but experiences rapture with Christopher Jones. David Lean directed, on a cosmic scale, from Robert Bolt's script. (Art. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through July 27.)

The Seven Minutes—From the Irving Wallace novel, with Wayne Maunder, directed by Russ Meyer. (U. A. East; starting July 23.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—The aura of magic, the modern erotic and psychological insights, and the ambiguities all contribute to the stature of Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with death; during the game, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In Swedish. (Elgin; July 23-26.)

Shaft—With Richard Roundtree, directed by Gordon Parks. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

The Sky Above—The Mud Below (1959)—A little about the Stone Age men of New Guinea and a lot about the ordeals of the intrepid men who made the movie. The documentary techniques are crude and include some obviously staged sequences. Written and directed by Pierre-Dominique Gaisseau. (Thalia; July 23.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 28.)

Song of Norway—The life and music of Edvard Grieg, turned into schlock. Written and directed by Andrew L. Stone. (Charles; starting July 28.)

Spies (1929)—Fritz Lang's stylish Gothic story of master spies, including rooms that fill up with water, and a loyal nurse who looks after a super-criminal in a wheelchair. One of Lang's best, of his best period. (Elgin; through July 22.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (New Yorker; starting July 29.)

Sudden Terror—Suspense story about a boy who witnesses an assassination. With Mark Lester, Lionel Jeffries, and Susan George, directed by John Hough. (Embassy 72nd St.; through July 27.)

Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Trans-Lux 85th St. and Midtown. . . . ¶ Waverly; through July 27.)

Summertree—With Michael Douglas and Jack Warden, directed by Anthony Newley. (Charles and Greenwich; through July 27.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A moist, romantic pastiche about a brain-damaged young man (Hardy Krüger) and a girl of twelve (Patricia Gozzi, who has the eyes of a Keane painting). Directed by Serge Bourguignon. In French. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 22.)

Sweet Smell of Success (1957)—Clifford Odets' idiomatic dialogue and Alexander Mackendrick's crisp direction make something very special out of this melodrama about big-city corruption. With Burt Lancaster as a columnist and Tony Curtis (amazingly good) as an ingratiating, blackmailing press agent, and Barbara Nichols and Sam Levene. Photographed by James Wong Howe. (Thalia; July 22.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy that, despite its crudeness as a film, was a box-office success. Jason Robards is the rebellious TV writer (whose rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV). With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, sort of. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through July 28.)

Throne of Blood (1957)—Kurosawa's wild and fine version of "Macbeth," with Mifune, set in sixteenth-century Japan. The sound track pounds with noises of armor and horses' hooves; Shakespeare's main sense is kept, and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, especially when the mists of the picture part to show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, which is one of the truly alarming shots in world cinema. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; July 22-25.)

Tosca (1958)—The Puccini opera, with Franca Duval and Franco Corelli. Directed by Carmine Gallone. In Italian. (Thalia; July 25.)

The Touch—A new Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. They live on bits and pieces of time, between gentleness and rage. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made, exact and very touching. Gould speaks English to Bibi Andersson; the married couple speak Swedish between themselves. The practical solution is aesthetically eloquent: two worlds, one closed, one raw and hesitant. (Baronet.)

Trial of Joan of Arc (1962)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records but directed as unemotionally as if Joan were a philosophy student taking an oral examination. Cold and mannered. In French. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 29.)

Tristana—Luis Buñuel's study of a grandee Spaniard who is the guardian of a ward played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of the crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty; it also uses that power to blaspheme which only he seems to possess in world cinema, anticlericalist though he is. In Spanish. (New Yorker; July 22-28.)

Two-Lane Blacktop—Failed attempt at an "Easy Rider" on four wheels. The most fully characterized figure in the cast is a souped-up Chevy that endearingly seems to be made out of a lot of kitchen utensils. Mindless stuff. (Beekman.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Waverly; starting July 28.)

Unman, Wittering and Zigo—David Hemmings plays a schoolteacher who has just left advertising in search of a new life, and finds himself in the mayhem world of Form VB in a minor English public school. The script is by Simon Raven, a writer who rather savors the vicious snobberies that Evelyn Waugh wrote about with more scorn, though Raven has a true enough ear. The story is a melodrama about a course of victimization imaginatively executed by privileged boys whose delight might be said to lie in pulling the wings off houses. The film is a great deal more local than "If . . .," let alone "Zero for Conduct," and a great deal less poetic than either, but it is done with talent, and some of the acting scenes carry a powerful charge. (Cinema II.)

Walkabout—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicatingly changeable English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Plaza.)

The War Game (1966)—The time is the near future, and a nuclear bomb has dropped on London in Peter Watkins' quasi-documentary vision of disaster. Generally considered a searing anti-war tract, though it's on the creaking-with-good-intentions side. (Thalia; July 26.)

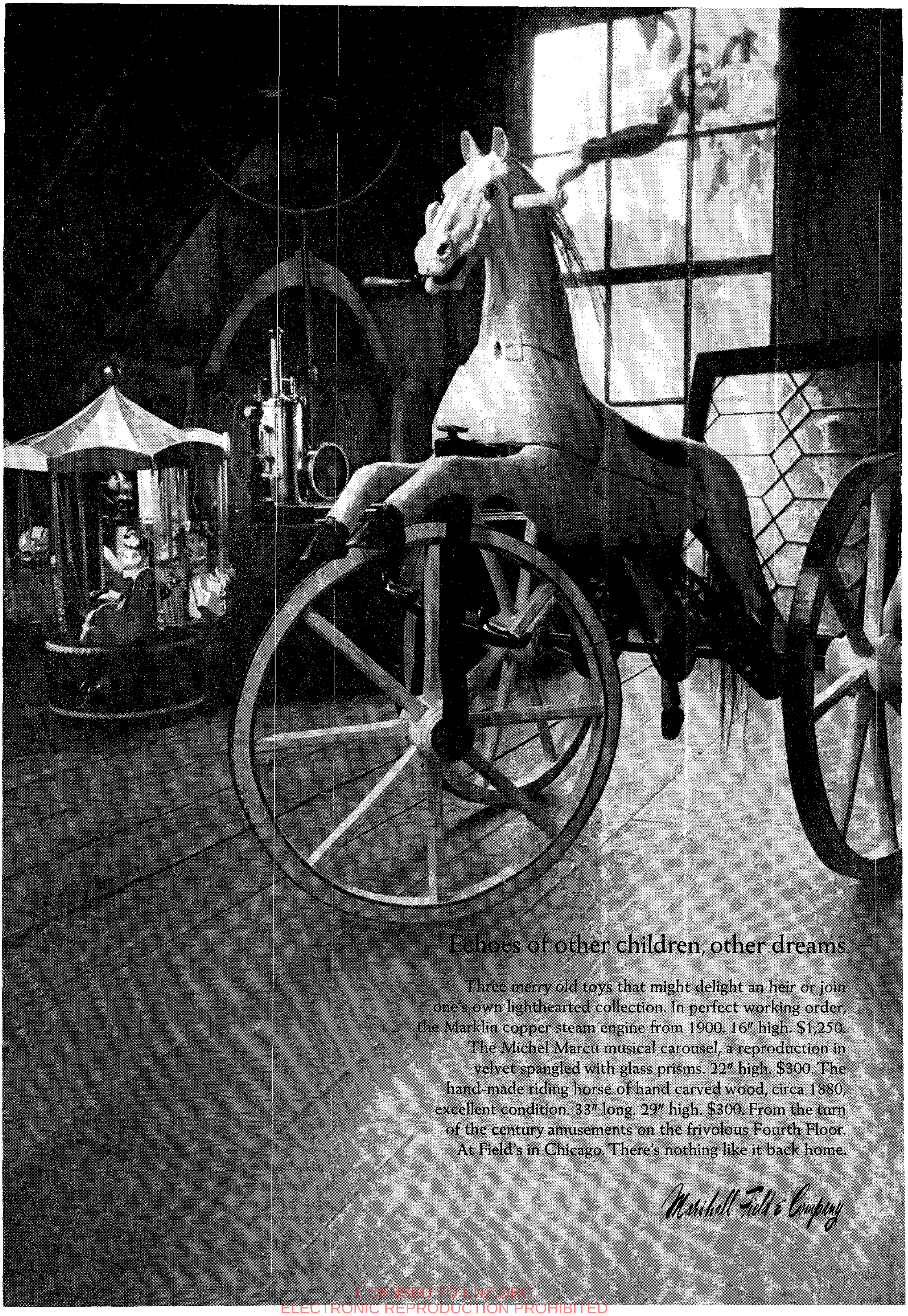
Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?—Ulu Grosbard directs this Manhattan fable, written by Herb Gardner, about a pop songwriter played by Dustin Hoffman. The writer is split down the middle; the world says he is a success, he says he is a failure. The scenes that include Barbara Harris or David Burns are tender and funny, but the whole idea leans on a convention of psychoanalytic slapstick that is going to be incomprehensible a couple of decades after the epoch of the couch. (Sutton.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's rather lumpy Odyssey (which is obviously the source of much of "Five Easy Pieces") has some fine scenes and many great images. Victor Sjöstrom plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Elgin; July 23-26.)

Willard—With Bruce Davison, Sondra Locke, Elsa Lanchester, and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Daniel Mann. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, Regency, and Symphony.)

Witness for the Prosecution (1958)—Billy Wilder's moderately entertaining version of the Agatha Christie courtroom thriller, with Charles Laughton wiggling his wattles, and Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor. (Thalia; July 24.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Waverly; starting July 28.)



Echoes of other children, other dreams

Three merry old toys that might delight an heir or join one's own lighthearted collection. In perfect working order, the Marklin copper steam engine from 1900. 16" high. $1,250. The Michel Marcu musical carousel, a reproduction in velvet spangled with glass prisms. 22" high. $300. The hand-made riding horse of hand carved wood, circa 1880, excellent condition. 33" long. 29" high. $300. From the turn of the century amusements on the frivolous Fourth Floor. At Field's in Chicago. There's nothing like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company

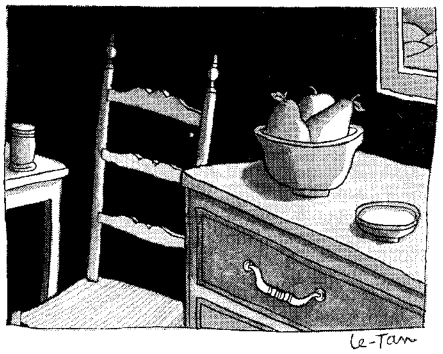
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IF we finally lose our freedom in America, we may well lose it without knowing we're losing it. Sheer forgetfulness—not to say amnesia—may well have a crucial role to play. We call our young people the Now Generation and exhort them to study the lessons of history, but it is the older generation, the generation in control in Washington, that looks to be most tightly glued to the urgencies of the present and most willing as well as most able to take drastic steps that would cancel a two-hundred-year tradition of political liberty. In all three branches of the government, but particularly in the executive branch, actions are being taken and statements are being made which elevate presumed needs of the moment—needs of "national defense," needs for "more efficient" law enforcement—above the fundamental principles of our legal system. In Congress, we have had the House Commerce Committee attempting to hold C.B.S. and Dr. Frank Stanton, the president of C.B.S., in contempt of Congress for refusing to submit some of the editorial files (including unused film) of the organization to the committee for inspection. In the executive branch, the lawless arrests of demonstrators in Washington in early May have been followed by the attempt to suppress the Pentagon Papers. And in the Supreme Court there were the three dissenting opinions in the case concerning those papers—opinions that themselves shook the First Amendment, and one of which suggested that the *Times* might be held responsible for future deaths in the Indo-China war.

At the highest levels of government, a new, unheralded anti-democratic philosophy of government is emerging. On every hand, one finds slack, demoralized citizens and legislators, increasingly willing to turn over their destinies to eager executive-branch management teams, who are bursting with energy and organizational skill but have only the most sadly diminished and debased ideas about what to do with their burgeoning power and their mushrooming organizations, and who, if they are not held in check, will almost certainly forget about our traditional concern with life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and will turn the country in the direction of their own natural bent, which appears more and more to be something like death, security, and the pursuit of efficiency. Certain of its elements can be seen in several statements by members of the present Administration. There was Attorney General Mitchell's remark, last month, that "a preoccupation with fairness for the accused has done violence to fairness for the accuser," which was followed by the question "Is justice served now by shackling the prosecutor and giving more weapons to the defense?" There was Vice-President Agnew's remark, more than a year ago, that an attack he was making on the press could be seen as an exercise of his "right to dissent." There was President Nixon's remark at one of his news conferences that during the May disturbances "the police showed a great deal more concern" for the rights of the people who were arrested than those arrested "showed for the rights of the people of Washington." These remarks have a disquieting common theme. Each of them leaves one with a picture of two equal sides squared off against each other for a fight—the Vice-President squared off against the press, the accuser in court squared off against the accused, the police squared off against the demonstrator. The aim of each side, these remarks seem to indicate, is to beat the other side. Although the Administration can hardly be described as a disinterested party as far as any of the three encounters are concerned, these remarks suggest that its interest is that of an umpire, who wants to make sure that neither side has an advantage. If the newspapers have a "right to dissent," then Vice-President Agnew must have it, too. If the accused in court has certain legal rights—"weapons," the Attorney General calls them—then the accuser must have them, too. And if demonstrators violate the rights of the people, then the police should be allowed to violate the rights of the demonstrators. In the Administration's view, the Vice-President, the prosecutor in court, and the policeman are like teams on a playing field who have been hobbled by arbitrary restrictions while the opposing teams—the press, the accused in court, and the demonstrators against the war—have been unfairly armed with advantages (rights). What the Administration wants to do is redress the balance, blow the whistle, and start the game over. The trouble with this is that the rights of the press, of criminal suspects, and of demonstrators were devised in the first place as a means of redressing what the men who wrote the Constitution saw as the enormous imbalance between the government, which is entrusted with most of the power in society (including most of the means of coercion), and the people, who are nearly defenseless. The accused, when he enters a court, cannot be armed, but the officers of the court are armed. A newspaper doesn't have the means to restrain the government from enacting a piece of legislation, but the government does have the means to restrain a newspaper from publishing an article. The laws that concern civil



liberties are meant to transmute the power of the state into justice. As a result, democracy has inefficiency built right into it. It deliberately throws up obstacles in front of impetuous Vice-Presidents, prosecutors, policemen, and troops. It restrains the people who exercise power by forcing them to follow elaborate procedures. It lets citizens loose to do nearly any foolish, ill-advised thing they want to do, but it does indeed, to use an increasingly familiar phrase, "tie the hands" of the President and of every other representative of authority. Compared to a Soviet Premier, for example, our President is bound hand and foot. At least, he used to be.

One more new idea about government that has emerged recently seems to go to the heart of the matter of rights; in fact, it seems to cut out the heart of this matter. It is the idea that the government has a "right" or a "duty" to "function." Two of the highest officers in the government—the President and the Chief Justice of the United States, who is the President's appointee—have now cited it. President Nixon brought it up in his last press conference, when he said he had pledged to "keep this government going," and Chief Justice Burger brought it up in his dissenting opinion in the case of the Pentagon Papers, when he said that in that case "the imperative of a free and unfettered press comes into collision with another imperative, the effective functioning of a complex modern government." Chief Justice Burger was joined in dissenting by Justice Blackmun, who wrote that "Article II of the great document vests in the executive branch primary power over the conduct of foreign affairs and places in that branch the responsibility for the nation's safety." The assertion that the government's "functioning" may be threatened is one of those slogans (like "supporting our prisoners of war") that throw you immediately on the defensive. Who can oppose the "functioning" of government? It is a sweeping, vague assertion that stands like a brick wall in the way of any intelligent discussion. If it should win wide acceptance, it could deal a roundhouse blow to our political system. The first thing that needs saying is that the Constitution doesn't mention any duty, right, or "imperative"—to use Chief Justice Burger's word—of the government to "function," or to "keep going." Nor, for that matter, does the Constitution "place responsibility" for "the nation's safety" in the executive branch. These are dubious generalizations of a kind that the framers of the Constitution wisely avoided. What the executive branch is sworn to protect is the Constitution, which is something much more specific than "the nation's safety." The Chief Justice's phrase "the effective functioning of a complex, modern government" is a phrase that should be paused over. "Effective," "functioning," "complex," "modern" are words that stand a good chance of replacing the old words that are suited to the inherently inefficient services rendered by the simple, old-fashioned government described in the Constitution—words like "freedom" and "justice." In fact, if you stop to think about it, an effectively functioning complex modern government may be just the thing we have to watch out for. Its imperatives could well turn out to be exactly what we should fight hardest to fend off. In the old system, there is no special provision for the government's functioning, because this is the subject of the entire Constitution. To have included a clause setting forth the government's imperative of functioning would have been to devise a wholly vague principle that could be invoked against any specific right that was actually named in the Constitution, as Chief Justice Burger has invoked his imperative against the right of a free press. In effect, it would have been to create a Counter-Constitution, which could be used by men in power to bypass the Constitution itself.

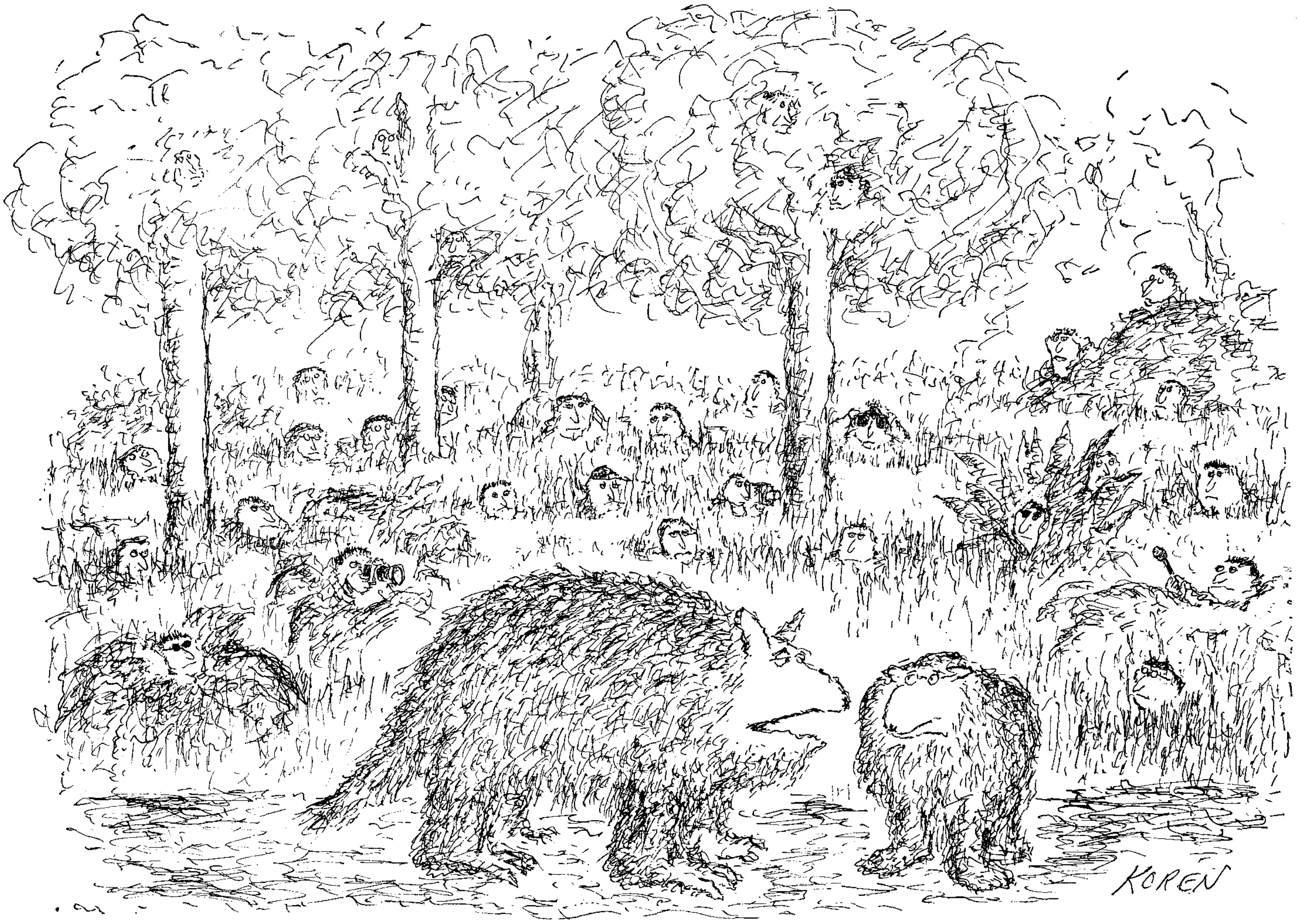
Evel Knievel

Some of the vital questions begging answers are: Why is art needed? How and for what purposes is it used in a particular society? What is needed and what is made?—*Introduction to "Tradition and Creativity in Tribal Art," edited by Daniel Biebuyck.*

EVEL KNIEVEL is a thirty-two-year-old native of Butte, Montana, who makes his living by riding a motorcycle at high speed up a wood-and-steel ramp, off the top, and into the air, with the intention of landing it on another ramp some distance away. Automobiles are usually parked side by side on the ground between the two ramps, and early this year, in Ontario, California, Knievel went over nineteen of them in one jump. Nobody else in the world has ever done that, or is willing to try. Knievel has almost killed himself nine times—a lot of things can go wrong—but Americans will pay good money to see him jump (make it or not make it), and next year, on Labor Day, Knievel hopes to attract several million customers to Twin Falls, Idaho, where he intends to make a mile-long leap over the Snake River canyon, using a jet-powered motorcycle. The week before last, in New York, wearing his red-white-and-blue-decorated white leather jumpsuit, he made four jumps in Madison Square Garden at the Auto Thrill Show, clearing ten cars—the maximum he could fit into the available space.

Knievel is a lean, handsome man with curly hair, a hard-looking exterior, a quick temper, and a good deal of humor, perception, and charm. From the choppy years of his youth he has retained the wary eyes of a cardsharp, a thief's nerve, the combativeness of a brawler, the aplomb of a professional athlete, the flamboyant instincts of a promoter, and the glibness of a con man. There are trace elements of Robert Mitchum, Elvis Presley, Captain Ahab, and an astronaut. When he is taking himself most seriously, delivering a solemn set of opinions, ad-lib homilies, and ponderous generalizations, he will abruptly stop and say, with a grin, "You can't con a con man." His vanity and temperament are considered unusual even by show-business standards, and he will give anybody bloody hell on a moment's notice. His courage speaks for itself. A writer once described Knievel as "the last great gladiator," and Knievel liked that well enough to have it inscribed in several places on the sides of a hundred-and-forty-thousand-dollar tractor-trailer in which he travels around the country. "They never saw anything like what I do," Knievel says flatly, "and they'll never see it again."

At 11 P.M. a few weeks ago, Knievel was having a late dinner with his family and some old friends in a restaurant in his hotel, near Madison Square Garden. They had just attended a screening of a new movie, "Evel Knievel," in which the hero is played by George Hamilton. Knievel's wife, a very pretty, serene, and gentle woman named Linda, and their three children—Kelley, ten; Robbie, nine; and Tracy, seven—were eating quietly while Knievel reminisced, gave opin-



"I know I'm being paranoid, but I think we should be a little careful about expressing ourselves too freely."

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ions, asked questions, and joked. "How'd you like the movie?" he inquired around the table—like a dealer asking "How many cards?"—and fixed his eye on each speaker, reading all he could from the replies. Knievel was amused by the portrayal in the movie of some of his old Butte friends, who appeared in a barroom sequence. "Remember that old guy in the bar who mentions the Conoco station? I was a security guard for a while, supposed to guard that place, and I robbed the owner about thirty times. Later on, I went back to Butte and gave him eight hundred bucks. I've paid back about sixty per cent of the people I robbed—all the ones who weren't insured."

He turned to the children. "How'd you like the movie?"

The children shrugged, grinned, and continued to eat their dinner. Knievel had finished his.

"Hey, Tracy," he said to the little girl, "give me some of your pork chop."

Tracy shook her head.

"Please, Tracy," said Knievel.

He continued to implore her, and finally Robbie reached over and cut a slice from the chop and passed it to his father.

Knievel thanked Tracy.

"How many ducks can Daddy kill with four shots?" he asked the children.

They answered almost simultaneously, "Five ducks."

Knievel beamed. "I got two with one shot one time," he explained to his guests. "I bet I've fished and hunted more than any son of a bitch in Montana. I got three shotguns in my truck. If anybody gives me trouble, I'll come out blazing." He paused. "And my kids know how to reload." He grinned.

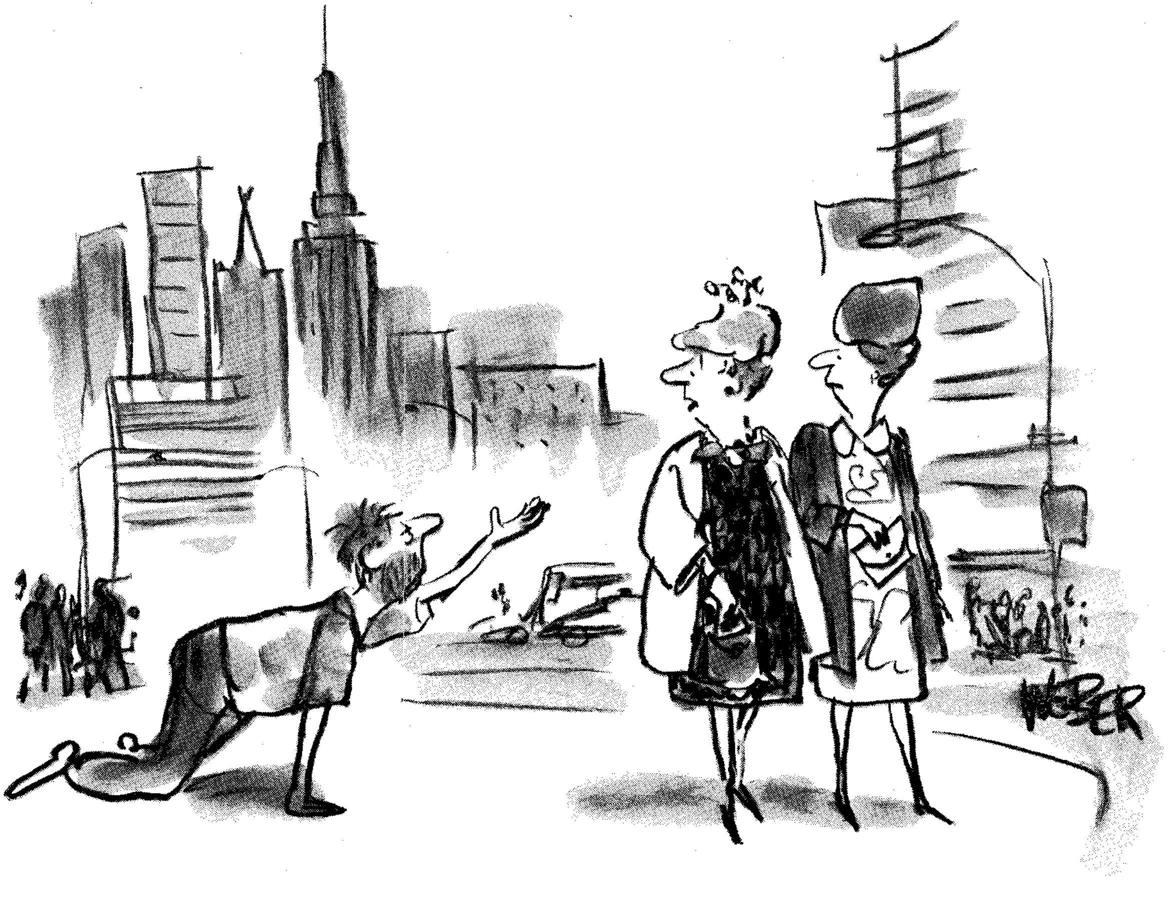
The children smiled, dinner was over, and Knievel hailed the waiter. "Put everything on my bill," he told the waiter, "and give it to that man over there"—gesturing vaguely into the distance.

A COUPLE of weeks later, two days before the opening at the Garden, Knievel was having a mid-morning glass of grapefruit juice in the same restaurant. "We were in the Poconos over the weekend, and my back got so sunburned I can't sleep," he said. "I've broken every bone in my body—except my neck—at least once, but right now this sunburn is killing me." (Knievel still limps because of a severe wipeout in Las Vegas three years ago, when he jumped the fountains at Caesars Palace.) He looked through some Polaroid pictures of his sons riding and making small jumps on their motorcycle in the Poconos. "I started the boys when they were about five, riding a minibike in Montana. I'd put them in an irrigation ditch with a rope tied to the end of the minibike, so they couldn't go too fast or get out of control; I'd run down the ditch after them, holding on to the rope."

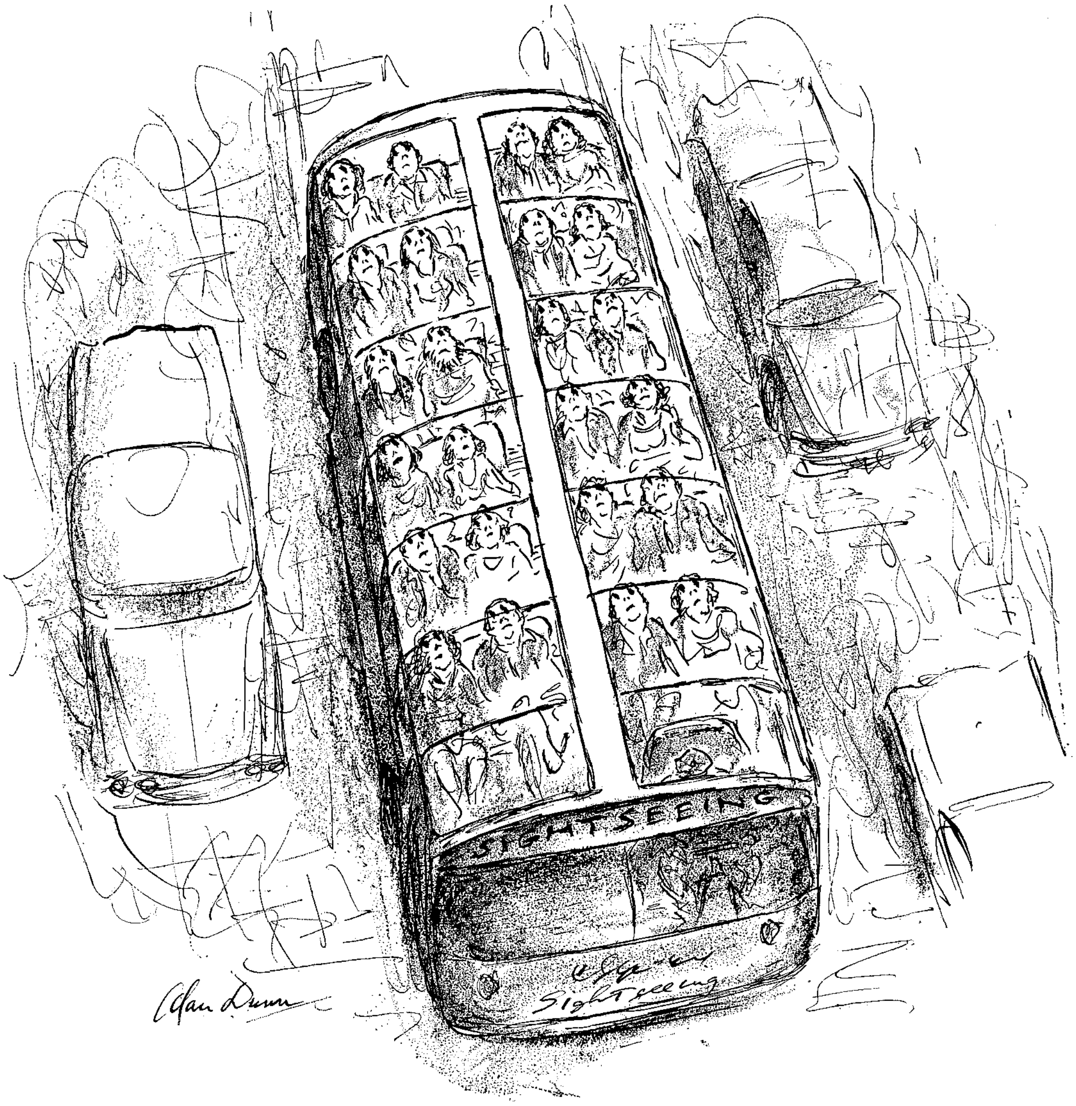
The talk turned to his home town of Butte. "Anaconda came in and tore up half of Butte—open-pit mining—and the whole town is undermined. Everybody in Montana depends on Anaconda. They've done a tremendous job, they're making a lot of money, and that's what life is all about. A lot of my friends were killed in the mines—by gas, by falling down shafts, by getting crushed. One was a skip tender, and a rock caught up with him. I worked underground in the copper mines when I was sixteen, seventeen, as a diamond-drill-hole operator—you drill a hundred feet with a brace and bit by hand, to lower the water level and keep the passages clear. Butte was a wide-open town. When I was a kid, the main activity was to go up and throw rocks at the whores, bang on the doors, and have the pimps chase us down the street. I was raised by my grandparents; my parents were divorced. My grandparents tried extra hard, but they couldn't understand me—you can't bridge that distance. My dad came back for a while when I was six, but we were too far apart by then. I was always a short, skinny little kid—I was eighteen before I really started to grow—but I could always do things other kids couldn't do. When I was eight, I saw Joey Chitwood's Auto Daredevils at Clark Park, in Butte. A guy jumped a motorcycle over *one car*, and I remember them saying, 'The last guy who tried that got killed.' I thought that was pretty wild. That night, I stole a motorcycle from a neighbor, ran it three blocks, then put it back in the guy's garage. Pretty soon, I was jumping my bicycle. I'd make a pile of dry baby's-breath, light it, and jump over it.

"I went through high school, but I didn't graduate. I was a very good pole-vaulter and hockey player, and I was Rocky Mountain ski-jump champion two years. First time I was arrested, I was sixteen. I fell in with these kids—you're broke one day, you don't know what life's all about—and we started stealing. I kept on until I was about twenty-five, and I never really got caught. I spent maybe a total of two weeks in jail. I was in a lot of barroom brawls, and I won thousands cheating at cards. I'd run a game with an old Indian friend of mine named Yellowbird. He's blackballed all over now—can't even go into the state of Nevada. He was unbelievable. He was so fast he'd change my cards for me and I wouldn't even know it. The town was full of pimps, hayseeds, and cross-roaders. [A cross-roader is a man who doesn't follow the roads; he goes across them.] One time, I was the steerer and found a hayseed, and we took all his money, then went and got his TV and all his clothes. A cross-roader might watch the game, and if he'd see the juice on the cards, maybe he'd stroke his nose or his chin, and that meant he wasn't going to butt in. If a man came in and we thought he was an F.B.I. or police, Yellowbird and I would call each other Tom or George—that would be the warning. When I was stealing, I'd go into a store and ask if they had fire-and-theft, pretend I was selling insurance. (I *was* selling insurance for a while—I sold a hundred and ten policies in one day in an insane asylum in Warm Springs.) If the man in the store said he already had insurance, and if his attitude was bad—if he told me to get the hell out—then I'd go back that night and rob him. I never carried a gun, never hurt anybody except the insurance companies, and they're bastardly thieves anyway. I'd climb up on the roof—cops never look on the roof; they're too goddam lazy, or too busy chasing goofballs and homosexuals—and I'd rip up the tarpaper, make some holes with a brace and bit, then pry up the section with a big screwdriver, tie a rope to the air-conditioner, and drop down. I can open any safe—Diebold, Mosler, Star, anything—but don't let anybody tell you you can *pick* a safe. There's only two ways to open a safe—you can beat the son of a bitch open or you can blow it. You can knock the dial off and peel the door, but I'm not going to tell you exactly how. Then you take the guy's stepladder and get out the way you came in. I drilled so many holes in so many roofs all over Washington and Oregon. It was a challenge, and I got a kick out of it.

"I had a terrible breakdown when I was about twenty-five. The police chased me across four states—I was in a Pontiac Bonneville, going a hundred and twenty miles an hour—and after that I just couldn't stand the pressure. I started changing my life, and I got back up. But my friends who stayed in got on drugs, and they're still doing it. Last night, I was on the phone four hours to Yakima, trying to get a friend of mine out of jail and into a mental home. His brain is scrambled by narcotics. I turned him down a couple of months ago, and maybe I made a bad decision; I didn't know how bad off he was. I like to help kids, work with kids in detention homes. Don't tell a kid what's



"I'm very sorry, but we're from Connecticut."



"And on your left the new World Trade Center."

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right and wrong. He knows what's right and wrong. Find out what his attitude and his aptitude are, try to help him where he wants to go. I've been everywhere talking to kids, working with them. This city is terrible for kids. I'm trying to arrange to take five kids out of here to Montana with me."

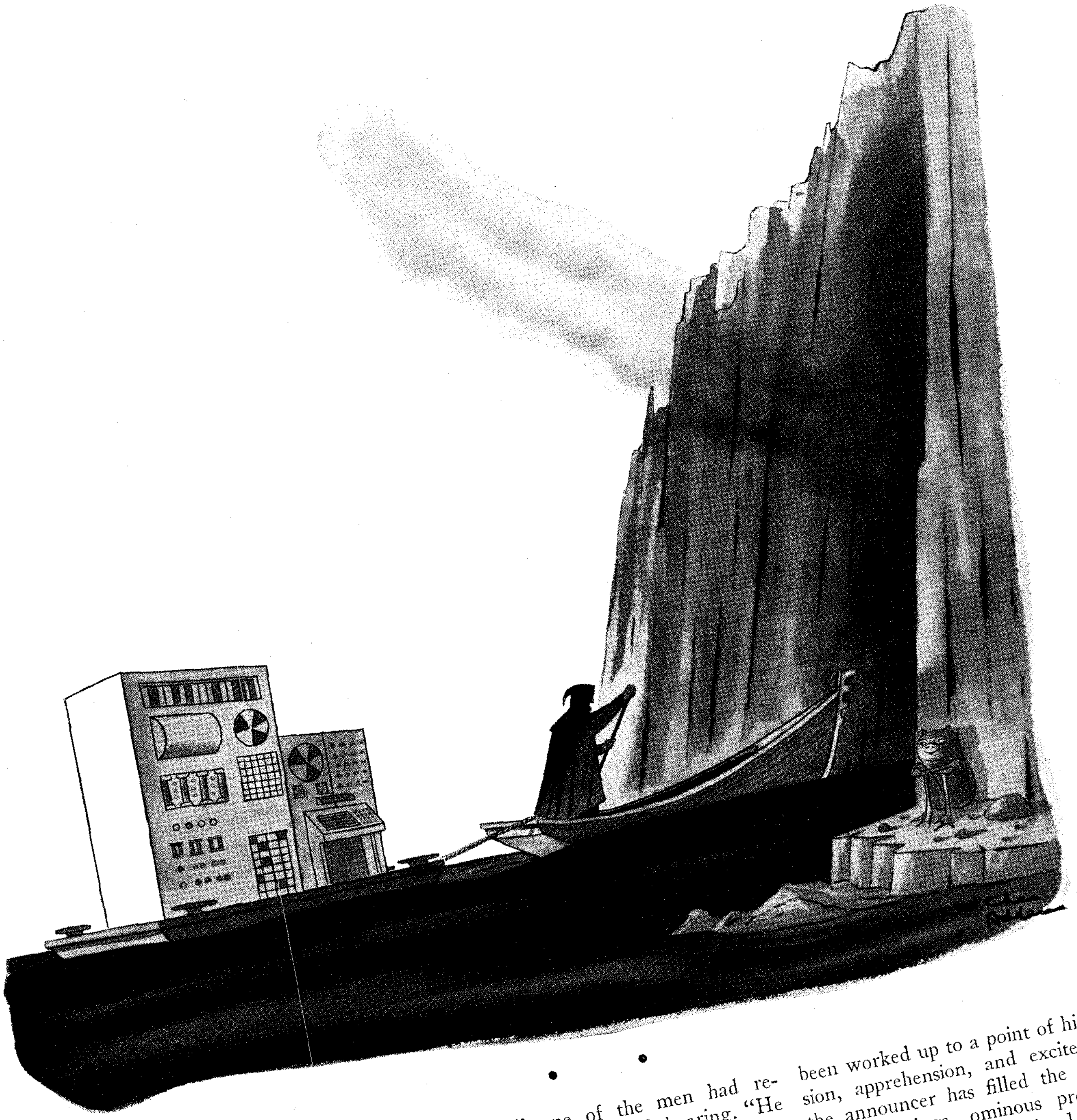
Knievel served a year and a half in the Army ("I hated it, bugged out as much as I could"); played pro hockey in Seattle; coached, managed, and played on his own hockey team in Butte; raced motorcycles professionally in California; had a Honda dealership in the state of Washington; and started Evel Knievel's Motorcycle Daredevils. "We had a travelling show. I'd do five or six stunts—ride through fire walls, jump over boxes of live rattlesnakes and land between chained mountain lions, get towed down a dragstrip at two hundred miles an hour holding on to a parachute. We slept in flophouses or in little hotels with signs that said 'Welcome Pensioners. Black-and-White TV. Free Coffee.' Now I've got a dollar in my pocket, and I travel in a hundred-and-forty-thousand-dollar trailer. Last year, I had two Rolls-Royces and two Lincoln Mark IIIs. Sometimes I keep a car for only a week or two. I like the newest and the flashiest. I've got an Eldorado right now." He said he has had only three ambitions in his life; one was to jump out of an airplane (which he did), another was to race at Indianapolis (which he hopes to do), and the third had something to do with Elizabeth Taylor.

He talked about the jump at Madison Square Garden. "I'll be riding a Harley-Davidson XR 750—a factory-produced racing machine. It uses ethyl gas. The ramps are wooden—four-by-twelves—seven feet wide, with steel supports, set at a thirty-degree angle. Before the jump, I concentrate on what to do—I'm worrying about the sparkplugs, the chain, throttle, tires, the r.p.m. at the takeoff point. I've missed nine times, but I don't have a death wish. Life to me is a bore, really, and jumping has replaced card games, ski-jumping, stealing. How some of the other people survive, I don't know. If it weren't for me, they'd have nothing to do—and if it weren't for them, I couldn't make a living. If I'm right with the man in the glass [mirror], that's all that matters. It's a challenge, like a ski jump. Everything is waiting, and then you've done it, and that's what your life is. I live to beat that challenge."

AT one o'clock the next morning—the morning of the day before the opening—Knievel was momentarily alone in the arena of Madison Square Garden. Since 10 P.M., he had been supervising the unloading of his ramps from his tractor-trailer, which was parked just outside the arena, on the fifth floor of Madison Square Garden. It is a huge red vehicle, in two sections. The rear is a van, containing the ramps, Knievel's Harleys, a Baja motorcycle that his sons use, and a white golf cart. The van is decorated outside with white drawings of Knievel jumping his Harley, the words "Evel Knievel Enterprises, Butte, Montana," an endorsement of Olympia Beer, and a drawing of a coiled snake with the promise "Snake River Canyon Jump, Labor Day 1972." The front section is designed for driving, dressing, and office use, and is decorated inside in Las Vegas Executive—black leather chairs, red wall-to-wall, wood panelling. A small plaque bears a quotation from Robert Frost:

> The people I want to hear about are the people who take risks.

During the earlier part of the evening, Knievel had angrily cursed an obdurate worker; yelled at others ("Don't step on the chrome!"); chewed out a moviemaker who had asked him to reënact something; shared hot dogs and soft drinks with his family, his promoter, his personal representative, three Harley mechanics from Brooklyn, and anybody else who wanted food or drink; insulted the promoter and the representative in lavish terms (both seemed accustomed to this, and appeared to enjoy it); delivered rambling indictments of the American Motorcycle Association, insurance compa-



nies, manufacturers, promoters, filmmakers, and assorted other individuals; told amusing stories of his recent activities; and conferred with the mechanics ("Someday that carburetor's going to cost me my neck").

Now he was alone in the arena. High overhead were the futuristic concentric circles of the Garden ceiling; all around were the rows and rows of empty seats—bland motel pastels. It was vast, desolate, and barren, and the air was full of flies. (The rodeo had just left.) The ramps, faded red, white, and blue, were lying in the middle of the arena; between the end of the takeoff ramp and the beginning of the landing was seventy-five feet of bare gray concrete. Knievel's plan for the jump was to start his motorcycle in the wings, gun it to seventy miles an hour, go up the ramp, take off, land on the far ramp, go out into the wings on that side of the arena, and somehow come to a stop before he hit the concrete sidewall of the Garden. "It can't be done," one of the men had remarked, out of Knievel's hearing. "He may be able to make the jump, but he can't stop." Knievel limped along down the middle of the arena, past the ramps—a sombre figure, his face set and grim. Suddenly, lilting music began to play over the loudspeakers.

AROUND four in the morning of the day of the opening, Knievel made his first trial jump, landed, zoomed into the wings, and smashed into the wall, injuring himself (one of the handlebars went into his groin; his legs were bruised) and wrecking the front end of his motorcycle. There was talk of cancelling the show, but Knievel decided against it. The motorcycle was repaired, and thin strips of corrugated rubber were taped to the floor of the Garden; these, it was hoped, would slow him down so that he could stop a few feet short of the wall.

Evening: The crowd watching the Auto Thrill Show in the Garden has been worked up to a point of high tension, apprehension, and excitement—the announcer has filled the air with lurid warnings, ominous pronouncements—and now Knievel, having raced his motorcycle back and forth on one wheel a few times, has gone into the wings. The ice-cream hawkers and the guards stand in the exits, watching. The audience moves to the edge of its seats. Knievel's Harley can be heard, and then suddenly he is tearing out of the wings—a flash of white suit and gleaming white helmet—and up the ramp, and he is free; he is in the air, standing over his motorcycle, flying in a graceful arc over the ten automobiles; and he lands smoothly, halfway down the far ramp, and is almost instantly out of sight again in the wings. The crowd roars, screams, cheers, applauds, and then Knievel rides back into the arena, one arm raised to receive the wild adulation of the crowd. The challenge has been met one more time.

LETTER FROM THE EAST

Allen Cove, July 9

TO give a clear account of what took place in the barnyard early in the morning on that last Sunday in June, I will have to go back more than a year in time, but a year is nothing to me these days. Besides, I intend to be quick about it, and not dawdle.

I have had a pair of elderly gray geese—a goose and a gander—living on this place for a number of years, and they have been my friends. "Companions" would be a better word; geese are friends with no one, they badmouth everybody and everything. But they are companionable once you get used to their ingratitude and their false accusations. Early in the spring, a year ago, as soon as the ice went out of the pond, my goose started to lay. She laid three eggs in about a week's time and then died. I found her halfway down the lane that connects the barnyard with the pasture. There were no marks on her—she lay with wings partly outspread, and with her neck forward in the grass, pointing downhill. Geese are rarely sick, and I think this goose's time had come and she had simply died of old age. I had noticed that her step had slowed on her trips back from the pond to the barn where her nest was. I had never known her age, and so had nothing else to go on. We buried her in our private graveyard, and I felt sad at losing an acquaintance of such long standing—long standing and loud shouting.

Her legacy, of course, was the three eggs. I knew they were good eggs and did not like to pitch them out. It seemed to me that the least I could do for my departed companion was to see that the eggs she had left in my care were hatched. I checked my hen pen to find out whether we had a broody, but there was none. During the next few days, I scoured the neighborhood for a broody hen, with no success. Years ago, if you needed a broody hen, almost any barn or henhouse would yield one. But today broodiness is considered unacceptable in a hen; the modern hen is an egg-laying machine, and her natural tendency to sit on eggs in springtime has been bred out of her. Besides, not many people keep hens anymore—when they want a dozen eggs, they don't go to the barn, they go to the First National.

Days went by. My gander, the widower, lived a solitary life—nobody to swap gossip with, nobody to protect. He seemed dazed. The three eggs were not getting any younger, and I myself felt dazed—restless and unfulfilled. I had stored the eggs down cellar in the arch where it is cool, and every time I went down there for something they seemed silently to reproach me. My plight had become known around town, and one day a friend phoned and said he would lend me an incubator designed for hatching the eggs of waterfowl. I brought the thing home, cleaned it up, plugged it in, and sat down to read the directions. After studying them, I realized that if I were to tend eggs in that incubator, I would have to withdraw from the world for thirty days—give up everything, just as a broody goose does. Obsessed though I was with the notion of bringing life into the three eggs, I wasn't quite prepared to pay the price.

Instead, I abandoned the idea of incubation and decided to settle the matter by acquiring three ready-made goslings, as a memorial to the goose and a gift for the lonely gander. I drove up the road about five miles and dropped in on Irving Closson. I knew Irving had geese; he has everything—even a sawmill. I found him shoeing a very old horse in the doorway of his barn, and I stood and watched for a while. Hens and geese wandered about the yard, and a turkey tom circled me, wings adroop, strutting. The horse, with one forefoot between the man's knees, seemed to have difficulty balancing himself on three legs but was quiet and sober, almost asleep. When I asked Irving if he planned to put shoes on the horse's hind feet, too, he said, "No, it's hard work for me, and he doesn't use those hind legs much anyway." Then I brought up the question of goslings, and he took me into the barn and showed me a sitting goose. He said he thought she was covering more than twenty eggs and should bring off her goslings in a couple of weeks and I could buy a few if I wanted. I said I would like three.

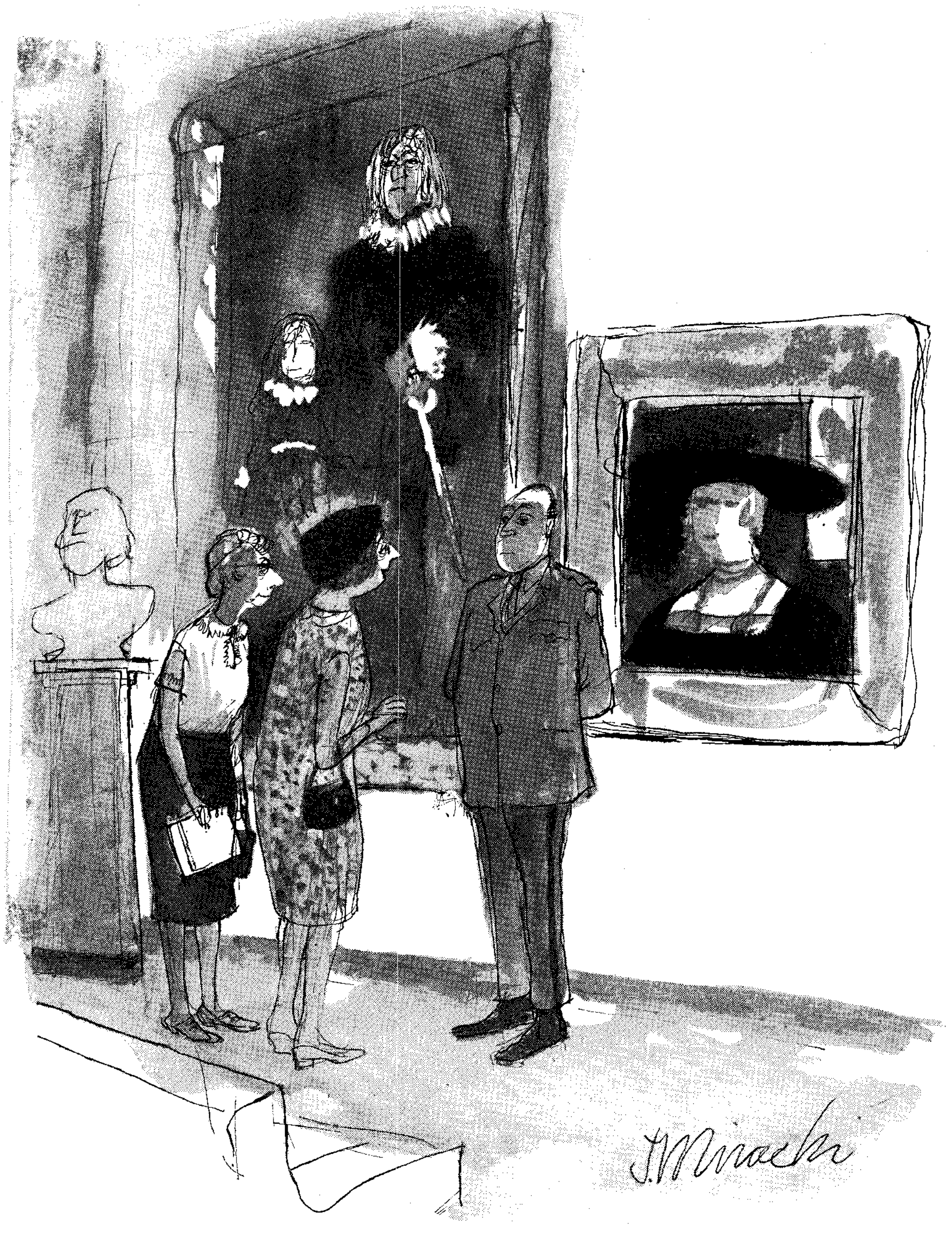
I took to calling at Irving's every few days—it is about the pleasantest place to visit anywhere around. At last, I was rewarded: I pulled into the driveway one morning and saw a goose surrounded by green goslings. She had been staked out, like a cow. Irving had simply tied a piece of string to one leg and fastened the other end to a peg in the ground. She was a pretty goose—not as large as my old one had been, and with a more slender neck. She appeared to be a cross-bred bird, two-toned gray, with white markings—a sort of parti-colored goose. The goslings had the cheerful, bright, innocent look that all baby geese have. We scooped up three and tossed them into a box, and I paid Irving and carried them home.

My next concern was how to introduce these small creatures to their foster father, my old gander. I thought about this all the way home. I've had just enough experience with domesticated animals and birds to know that they are a bundle of eccentricities and crotchets, and I was not at all sure what sort of reception three strange youngsters would get from a gander who was full of sorrows and suspicions. (I once saw a gander, taken by surprise, seize a newly hatched gosling and hurl it the length of the barn floor.) I had an uneasy feeling that my three little charges might be dead within the hour, victims of a grief-crazed old fool. I decided to go slow. I fixed a makeshift pen for the goslings in the barn, arranged so that they would be separated from the gander but visible to him, and he would be visible to them. The old fellow, when he heard youthful voices, hustled right in to find out what was going on. He studied the scene in silence and with the greatest attention. I could not tell whether the look in his eye was one of malice or affection—a goose's eye is a small round enigma. After observing this introductory scene for a while, I left and went into the house.

Half an hour later, I heard a commotion in the barnyard: the gander was in full cry. I hustled out. The goslings, impatient with life indoors, had escaped from their hastily constructed enclosure in the barn and had joined their foster father in the barnyard. The cries I had heard were his screams of welcome—the old bird was delighted with the turn that events had taken. His period of mourning was over, he now had interesting and useful work to do, and he threw himself into the role of father with immense satisfaction and zeal, hissing at me with renewed malevolence, shepherding the three children here and there, and running interference against real and imaginary enemies. My fears were laid to rest. In the rush of emotion that seized him at finding himself the head of a family, his thoughts turned immediately to the pond, and I watched admiringly as he guided the goslings down the long, tortuous course through the weedy lane and on down across the rough pasture between blueberry knolls and granite boulders. It was a sight to see him hold the heifers at bay so the procession could pass safely. Summer was upon us, the pond was alive again. I brought the three eggs up from the cellar and dispatched them to the town dump.

AT first, I did not know the sex of my three goslings. But nothing on two legs grows any faster than a young goose, and by early fall it was obvious that I had drawn one male and two females. You tell the sex of a goose by its demeanor and its stance—the way it holds itself, its general approach to life. A gander carries his head high and affects a threatening attitude. Females go about with necks in a graceful arch and are less aggressive. My two young females looked like their mother, parti-colored. The young male was quite different. He feathered out white all over except for his wings, which were a very light, pearly gray. Afloat on the pond, he looked almost like a swan, with his tall, thin white neck and his cocked-up white tail—a real dandy, full of pompous thoughts and surly gestures.

Winter is a time of waiting, for man and goose. Last winter was a long wait, the pasture deep in drifts, the lane barricaded, the pond inaccessible and frozen. Life centered in the barn and the barnyard. When the time for mating came, conditions were unfavorable, and this was upsetting to the old gander. Geese like a body of water for their coupling; it doesn't have to be a large body of water—just any wet place in which a goose can become partly submerged. My old gander, studying the calendar, inflamed by passion, unable to get to the pond, showed signs of desperation. On several occasions, he tried to manage with a ten-quart pail of water that stood in the barnyard. He would chivvy one of his young foster daughters over to the pail, seize her by the nape of the neck, and hold her head under water while he made his attempt. It was never a success and usually ended up looking more like a comedy tumbling act than like coitus. One got the feeling during the water-pail routine that the gander had been consulting one of the modern sex manuals describing peculiar positions. Anyway, I noticed two things: the old fellow confined his attentions to one of the two young geese and let the other alone, and he never allowed his foster son to approach either of the girls—he was very strict about that, and the handsome young male lived all spring in a state of ostracism.



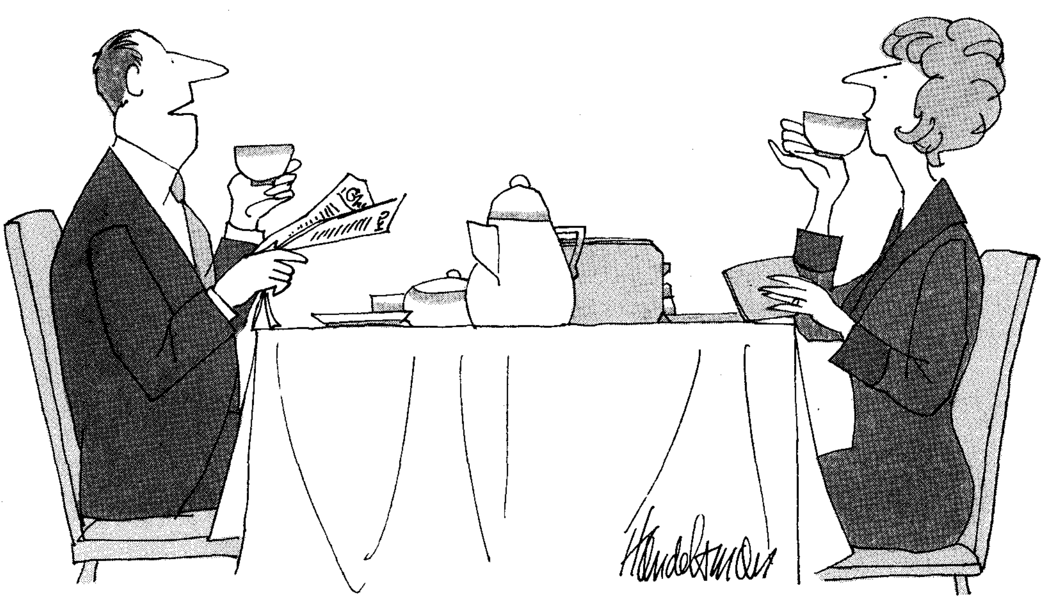
"My friend and I have a small wager. Are you or are you not packing a heater?"

Eventually, the pond opened up, the happy band wended its way down across the melting snows, and the breeding season was officially opened. My pond is visible from the house, but it is at quite a distance. I am not a voyeur and do not spend my time watching the sex antics of geese or anything else. But I try to keep reasonably well posted on all the creatures around the place, and it was apparent that the young gander was not allowed by his foster father to enjoy the privileges of the pond and that the old gander's attentions continued to be directed to just one of the young geese. I shall call her Liz to make this tale easier to tell.

Both geese were soon laying. Liz made her nest in the barn cellar; her sister, Apathy, made hers in the tie-ups on the main floor of the barn. It was the end of April or the beginning of May. Still awfully cold—a reluctant spring.

Apathy laid three eggs, then quit. I marked them with a pencil and left them for the time being in the nest she had constructed. I made a mental note that they were infertile. Liz, unlike her sister, went right on laying, and became a laying fool. She dallied each morning at the pond with her foster father, and she laid and laid and laid, like a commercial hen. I dutifully marked the eggs as they arrived—1, 2, 3, and so on. When she had accumulated a clutch of fifteen, I decided she had all she could cover. From then on, I took to removing the oldest egg from the nest each time a new egg was deposited. I also removed Apathy's three eggs from *her* nest, discarded them, and began substituting the purloined eggs from the barn cellar—the ones that rightfully belonged to Liz. Thus I gradually contrived to assemble a nest of fertile eggs for each bird, all of them laid by the fanatical Liz.

During the last week in May, Apathy, having produced only three



"I think the new state should be called New York. Let the apple knockers find another name."

eggs of her own but having acquired ten through the kind offices of her sister and me, became broody and began to sit. Liz, with a tally of twenty-five eggs, ten of them stolen, showed not the slightest desire to sit. Laying was her thing. She laid and laid, while the other goose sat and sat. The old gander, marvelling at what he had wrought, showed a great deal of interest in both nests. The young gander was impressed but subdued. I continued to remove the early eggs from Liz's nest, holding her to a clutch of fifteen and discarding the extras. In late June, having produced forty-one eggs, ten of which were under Apathy, she at last sat down.

I had marked Apathy's hatching date on my desk calendar. On the night before the goslings were due to arrive, when I made my rounds before going to bed, I looked in on her. She hissed, as usual, and ran her neck out. When I shone my light at her, two tiny green heads were visible, thrusting their way through her feathers. The goslings were here—a few hours ahead of schedule. My heart leapt up. Outside, in the barnyard, both ganders stood vigil. They knew very well what was up: ganders take an enormous interest in family affairs and are deeply impressed by the miracle of the egg-that-becomes-goose. I shut the door against them and went to bed.

Next morning, Sunday, I rose early and went straight to the barn to see what the night had brought. Apathy was sitting quietly while five goslings teetered about on the slopes of the nest. One of them, as I watched, strayed from the others, and, not being able to find his way back, began sending out cries for help. They were the kind of distress signal any anxious father would instantly respond to. Suddenly, I heard sounds of a rumble outside in the barnyard where the ganders were—loud sounds of scuffling. I ran out. A fierce fight was in progress—it was no mere skirmish, it was the real thing. The young gander had grabbed the old one by the stern, his white head buried in feathers right where it would hurt the most, and was running him around the yard, punishing him at every turn—thrusting him on ahead and beating him unmercifully with his wings. It was an awesome sight, these two great male birds locked in combat, slugging it out—not for the favors of a female but for the dubious privilege of assuming the responsibilities of parenthood. The young male had suffered all spring the indignities of a restricted life at the pond; now he had turned, at last, against the old one, as though to get even. Round and round, over rocks and through weeds, they raced, struggling and tripping, the old one in full retreat and in apparent pain. It was a beautiful late-June morning, with fair-weather clouds and a light wind going, the grasses long in the orchard—the kind of morning that always carries for me overtones of summer sadness, I don't know why. Overhead, three swallows circled at low altitude, pursuing one white feather, the coveted trophy of nesting time. They were like three tiny fighter planes giving air support to the battle that raged below. For a moment, I thought of climbing the fence and trying to separate the combatants, but instead I just watched. The engagement was soon over. Plunging desperately down the lane, the old gander sank to the ground. The young one let go, turned, and walked back, screaming in triumph, to the door behind which his newly won family were waiting: a strange family indeed—the sister who was not even the mother of the babies, and the babies who were not even his own get.

When I was sure the fight was over, I climbed the fence and closed the barnyard gate, effectively separating victor from vanquished. The old gander had risen to his feet. He was in almost the same spot in the lane where his first wife had died mysteriously more than a year ago. I watched as he threaded his way slowly down the narrow path between clumps of thistles and daisies. His head was barely visible above the grasses, but his broken spirit was plain to any eye. When he reached the pasture bars, he hesitated, then painfully squatted and eased himself under the bottom bar and into the pasture, where he sat down on the cropped sward in the bright sun. I felt very deeply his sorrow and his defeat. As things go in the animal kingdom, he is about my age, and when he lowered himself to creep under the bar, I could feel in my own bones his pain at bending down so far. Two hours later, he was still sitting there, the sun by this time quite hot. I had seen his likes often enough on the benches of the treeless main street of a Florida city—spent old males, motionless in the glare of the day.

Toward the end of the morning, he walked back up the lane as far as the gate, and there he stood all afternoon, his head and orange bill looking like the head of a great snake. The goose and her goslings had emerged into the barnyard. Through the space between the boards of the gate, the old fellow watched the enchanting scene: the goslings taking their frequent drinks of water, climbing in and out of the shallow pan for their first swim, closely guarded by the handsome young gander, shepherded by the pretty young goose.

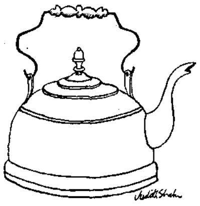
After supper, I went into the tie-ups and pulled the five remaining, unhatched eggs from the nest and thought about the five lifeless chicks inside the eggs—the unlucky ones, the ones that lacked what it takes to break out of an egg into the light of a fine June morning. I put the eggs in a basket and set the basket with some other miscellany consigned to the dump. I don't know anything sadder than a summer's day.

—E. B. WHITE

STEPHEN, STEVE, STEVIE

I'M remembering a certain August day almost three years ago. It was the day following Stevie's thirteenth birthday. In the morning, after we'd swum for a while, I lay on my side at the edge of the water and watched him and his mother playing a kind of improvised water polo with the red plastic football we'd bought on the way down to the beach. Moyra wanted me to join in, but I was content to lie still and enjoy the patterns they made in the blazing sunlight. When she threw the ball in my direction, I waited for the breaking wavelets to lift and slide it up to me, then lobbed it back between the two of them so that they would race for it. Stevie got there first, though Moyra could have beaten him by yards. She made it look as if she hadn't let him win. She reached him and saw that he was holding the ball in the air, and swam back very fast to where she had been, using the stylish and economical crawl I've always envied.

"Steve!" I heard her shout, and, hearing my name, I looked straight up into the sun, expecting the ball to come flying over from Stevie. I rubbed the glaring blindness out of my eyes, and then I realized that she'd called to him, not me. Several times lately she'd done that, confusing me. With three generations of Stephens in the family, we'd always kept to the convention of calling me Steve, our son Stevie, and my father Grandad Stephen. If Stevie ever had a son, he'd be the seventh of the Holroyd Stephens. My father, who was in hospital in London recovering from a hip operation, could dimly remember the first—his great-grandfather.



Stevie was holding the ball in the air again, his right arm flexed back, about to throw. He looked much too young to me to become a Steve; he was a big boy now, and obviously strong, but his movements had a strenuous clumsiness that reminded me of the way girls move when they act male parts in school plays. When he loosed the ball, I saw how the power in his throw had all come from his forearm; he hadn't learned yet how to coördinate the muscles of his leg and back and shoulder, as a man would, and transmit their strength along the arm to the fingertips. I smiled to see the way Moyra swam a few yards farther from him each time, to make him extend himself, and how she came back again into range but pretended that she couldn't reach him with her throw.

The day before, we'd taken him to choose his birthday present. I'd wanted to get him a transistor radio, but Moyra had insisted on letting him have the five pound notes in his pocket to spend in any way he wished. "Now that he's in his teens," she said, "we ought to let him decide for himself what he wants to do with his money. We'll go along with him, of course, to see that he spends it on something of good quality, but he's growing up fast and it will do him good to have that amount of cash on him." As it turned out, Stevie bought a transistor set and immediately gave me the three shillings change. He's never been very interested in having money. His thirteenth birthday appeared to affect him far less than it affected his mother. I was both touched and faintly irritated by the manner in which Moyra had chosen, quite suddenly, to treat him as though he were no longer a boy; it was arbitrary and artificial, calling him Steve.

They strode out of the water together, shaking their hair and breaking into a stumbling run as they reached the dry, hot sand. Moyra went straight to where we had left our clothes and began to rub her head vigorously, but Stevie kept running in a wide half circle, bouncing the ball, until he came to where I was.

"Have a kickabout?" he said.

"All right, then." I got up and, intercepting the ball as he bounced it, pushed it away from him and dribbled it along the watermark as fast as I could go. After about thirty yards, I back-heeled it, turned on the ball of my foot, and kicked it low and hard toward him. It was an awkward shot to gather, for it came at him about knee-high. I would have jumped, keeping my feet together behind the ball to gather it on my insteps, but Stevie stood sideways and tried to stop it with one leg. He missed, and the ball kept going until a wave sent a tongue of water up the sand in its path. Stevie ran back and picked it up.

"Handball!" I shouted. "You'll never make a soccer player if you pick it up."

He dropped the ball, took a few steps back, and lunged forward to kick. The ball rolled down toward the water as he began his run, so that he kicked it on the side, with the side of his foot. I started to run into the sea for it even before it swerved away from the line between us.

"See what happens if you don't get it smack in the middle?" I shouted as I pushed the ball through the water with my shins. "I'll send over another one like the last. This time, don't dangle your leg in the air and hope for the best. Keep your whole body behind it, and use your chest or both legs, according to how high it comes at you." And I kicked it to him, considerably higher than the last shot had been. He ought to have got his head up to it and made the ball bounce upward so that he could trap it comfortably when it fell, but he misjudged his jump and once again he had to run back. "Timing, timing!" I yelled.

He hit it square in the middle this time, and the shot would have been a good, accurate pass if the ball hadn't clipped the edge of a piece of stranded driftwood. I saw him look away angrily as I walked slowly up toward the patch of boulders that the ball was slithering over eccentrically. "Never mind," I called to him. "It wasn't your fault that time."

I gave him an easy ground shot—easy, that is, if it hadn't been for the top spin I'd put on it. He raised his foot fractionally too high, and though he stopped the ball's forward movement, the spin skewed it a yard or two to his left. "Always allow for the spin," I told him. "A couple of yards away, there'll be an opposing player ready to snap up the ball if you haven't controlled it properly. Try again. Look, you're not far away. Just push it—less than a kick—with your instep. A perfect pass. Come on."

It trickled to my feet.

"Tackle me," I said. "Come and get it away from me. Bet you can't."

I could see by his vexed face that he was determined to win the tackle. I waited until the very last moment before flickering the ball away from the side I was leaning toward. He crashed onto my shoulder with all his weight, and while he recovered his breath I trotted round him to the ball and sat on it. He bent over, pressing down for gasped air.

"Brute strength's no good, Stevie," I said quietly. "It's skill you need. Play the ball, not the man." I stood, and flicked the ball up, keeping it in the air—left toe, right toe, right toe again, little deft bounces, then higher, head, head, head, and down again, left toe, right toe. Out of the corner of my eye I saw him running, his arms flying. I stepped aside, letting the ball drop where I had been. It was his now, but he let it roll away toward the water. He went up the beach and I watched his exasperated walk to his pile of clothes, the slump of him onto the towel that Moyra spread for him. Until they were ready to go home, I ran up and down between the groynes with the football, controlling it with skills that I did not remember ever having. I was aware of my health and was exultant, and at the same time I was aware of how callous I'd been with Stevie. I'd been pitiless with the man growing from the resentful boy who was lying on the beach and looking away from me, rid of me.

When we got home, I followed him to his room, but he wrestled off my comforting.

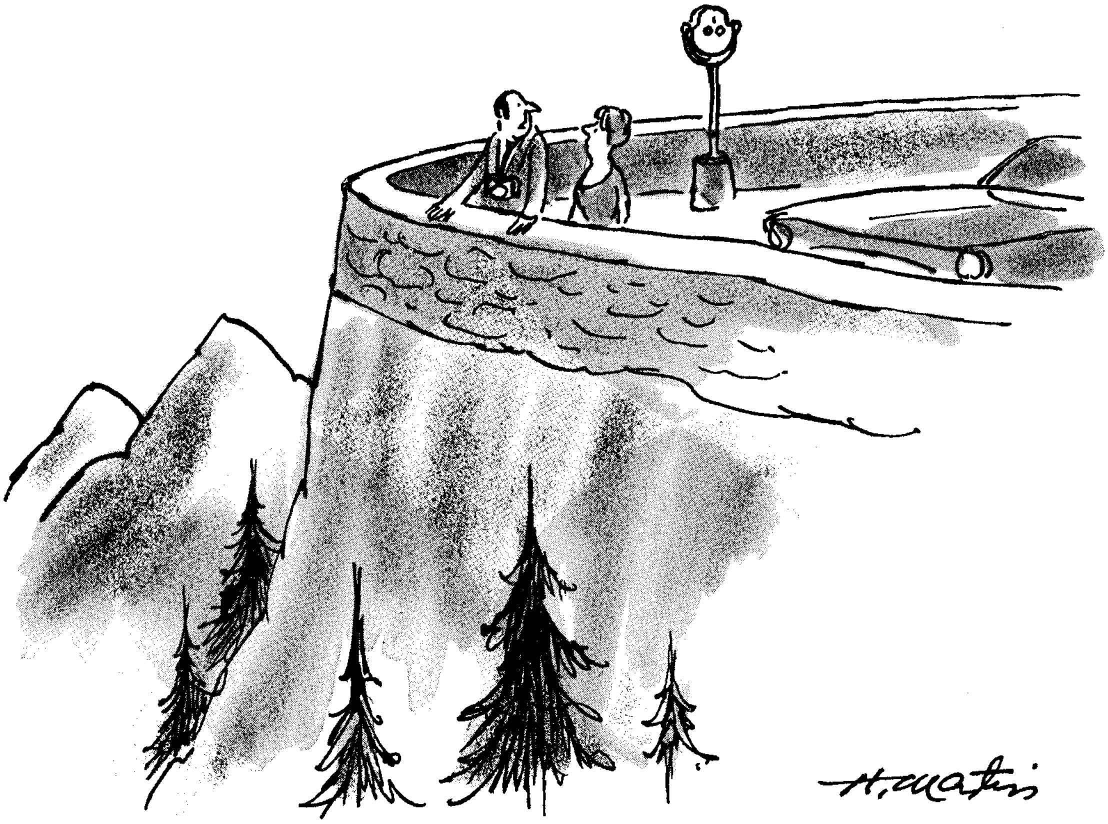
AFTER lunch, for the seventh time in a week of perfect summer days, I slammed the door behind me and dropped the latch. I was going once again to see my father, and I had the routine by heart.

A dusty afternoon sunlight used the village. I trod the soft squalor of mowings along the side of the cricket field, and once I was sure there was no one coming toward me I started to play the child's game of pretending to be a blind man. With my eyes almost closed from the glare of the day, I knew when to duck from the overhanging elm, when I should reach for and open and pass through the iron gate. My tread was silent over the shrivelling grass—the tread of a ghost—and the morning's exertion on the beach had left me a sort of throbbing, dazed fatigue. After a hundred yards or so (I was counting the steps), I had the strange but not unpleasant sensation that what I was doing was being translated at once into the language of memory. One day, I'd remember this odd sleepwalking through the village; already it seemed far off, embalmed in some other summer.

I reached the station and opened my eyes again, grateful for the cool penumbra of the booking hall. I bought my ticket to London, then climbed the ramp to the up-line platform, where I sat down to wait. It was, I supposed, a commonplace illusion that an ordinary happening should appear to be extraordinary. People have told me how they've had a curious sense of doing for a second time something that they've certainly never done before—for example, the American I spoke to in the old quarter of Geneva. He'd been convinced that in some previous existence he had stood in front of Rousseau's birthplace, wearing the same clothes, talking to me. It was alarming for him, I could see that; he knew it was impossible and irrational, but he also knew how he felt. While I watched my train getting nearer, it occurred to me that I had had the reverse of his kind of experience. Far from being disturbed by my phantom progress over the grass, I had emerged from it with a light-headed serenity. While the American would never be able to show that in some unfathomable dimension of space-time he and I had met before in that precise spot in Switzerland, I only had to wait for ordinary, understandable time to prove that this day in my life would be remembered as significant. Years might elapse before it did. In a field on the other side of the track, a sycamore trembled through all its leaves, though all the other trees near it were quite still in the taut heat; it was no more than a momentary shudder. My premonition had been like that, I thought—some stray particle of wind on a windless day, choosing to visit me briefly when my mind was most at rest. Already the excitement was over. The sycamore was steady to the sun once more, and I had my bland inner calm. Perhaps I was at the exact point in my life where, looking back from some time in the future, I might say, "That was when I was best off; that was when I was happy." My wife and son were well, and I was, and my father would be again soon. We had no worries. We had money in the bank. I could even imagine a dead self celebrating, in a strange anti-elegy, that quintessential moment of my present life's contentment.

The train pulled in. I found an empty compartment and tried to continue my line of thought, but the actuality of noise and movement ruptured the frail membrane of preposterous magic. Psychologists, after all, had pat explanations for such phenomena, and I didn't believe in ghosts. I was in a warm, dirty train on my way to visit my father in Guy's Hospital—not acting out a portentous drama for the benefit of my future self. I smiled, predicting what my father's reaction would be if I were to tell him of my experience; he'd put the back of his hand on my brow, hold it there for several seconds, and then pronounce, in a parody of bedside manner, "There's nothing at all to worry about. You've just got a touch of the sun."

He'd probably be sitting up in the dayroom for my visit today. The doctors had said how delighted they were with his progress after the operation; he'd even taken a few steps along the ward, using crutches. I wasn't sur-



"*Say, didn't we drink all this in last year?*"

• •

prised, for I knew of his immense, gritty strength in ways that no doctor could divine with instruments. In no time at all, they'd let him come home and he'd learn how to walk without a limp, after so many years of arthritic pain. It hadn't been his own idea to have the operation; he's the sort that would spend the remaining years of life enduring a crippling discomfort rather than give in to having it cured. I pestered and bullied him for six months before he agreed to have a consultant examine him. He has a vast dignity that has been built upon the principle of doing without. Finally, when I prevailed upon him, I think he was flattered by the prospect of being admitted to Guy's; I really think he'd have spurned any notion of going into an ordinary hospital near home. Eight days before, when we'd arrived at the reception desk with his old Gladstone bag, I'd noticed how he was trying not to grin his childlike delight at being in that world-famous hospital. This was where the poet Keats had been a medical student, he told me. He filled out the admission form, writing down my name as his next of kin. "That's so's they'll know who to send the bits to afterward," he said. A male nurse took him away. After twenty minutes he reappeared, still grinning, wearing pajamas and dressing gown. I felt a sudden anxiety, seeing him like this; he must have noticed, for he told me not to look so glum and he punched me hard on the shoulder and limped away. They were going to take him down to the operating theatre the following morning, quite early.

Uncomfortable after the surgery, unable to sleep, in his pride he refused the drugs that might have helped him. The first three evenings I visited him, I had to endure his pointless courage. When I arrived, I had to pull him up so that I could bend the pillows hard under his back, the way he liked them to be; he grasped my neck tightly, and I had to take his weight on my left arm while I fumbled behind him. It was a strange, prolonged, rough embrace, which might have been better left to the nurses, for I was too afraid of hurting him. But the point was that he refused to ask the nurses for anything, and I was the only person he had whose assistance was acceptable. When, with awkward concern, I lowered him again, he held on to me a second or two longer than was necessary and I had to say, "All right, Dad, you can let go now." Out of his exhaustion then, quietly he wept. His face turned away from me, he told me to take no notice of his trouble. I knew, of course, that it was just his post-operation depression and his despair at being physically helpless that put him apart from me in his tears. These were not tears that counted. I'd only once before seen him crying—when he heard of his brother's death in North Africa, during the Tobruk campaign. I stood by his bed, remembering how I sat among my toys then, watching his grief remove him farther and farther from me, and how, silently to myself, I excused him his withdrawal and waited for the spirit to come into him again. I played hushed, frightened games, and knew better than to try and prize his hard fingers from his face. Now, in the hospital, I was watching from the window behind him the blunt hulks of barges moving slowly up the Thames while I waited for him to return from his inner territories of fatigue and self-pity. At last he said, assembling his smile, "Good job you didn't bring young Stevie with you. Couldn't let him see me like this, could I?" But I told him over and over, in different ways, the tears didn't count. They were nothing. He nodded, keeping his eyes shut tight across his shame.

The next day, he was easier. He'd managed to sleep for a few hours and found the strength not only to listen to my conversation but to make his own. His demeanor was brittle, artificial, as if rehearsed, but undoubtedly he was getting better. He asked me to bring Stevie to see him the next time I came, and I did. We played a boisterous game of cards on the bed, letting Stevie win. "Don't bother to come every day anymore," he said. "There's really no need to. It's a long way for you to come, just for an hour. I'm

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Whitney Darrow, Jr.

doing fine now, and there's nothing I could possibly want. Look at my locker door—there's so much stuff in there I can't shut it properly. Give all that chocolate to young Stevie. I never eat the stuff—you know that."

But this evening, as the train arrived in Victoria Station and I gave up my ticket at the barrier, I felt a superstitious revulsion at going to see him empty-handed—as though any token gift would help speed his recovery; as though I'd be guilty of medical neglect if I didn't leave something on the top of his locker before I left him. I tried to think of something he might like. On the station fruit stall they had carnations, those hospital flowers: elegant little bunches of unnatural colors—green, blue, and brown, trimmed with sprigs of maidenhair fern; and I guessed how he would rage against a carnation that wasn't pure white or red. He likes flowers, but he wouldn't have cared for these sophisticated London blooms. Besides, sons don't give their fathers flowers—not in our family, at any rate. Hell, I'd do as he said after all. I bought an evening paper to read on the Tube. I'd leave him that.

TERRIBLE he looked, suddenly old, his hair wild and dry, his face sunken, cantankerous.

"I thought I said not to come tonight," his first words were. "Look at me. I wasn't expecting you. Haven't bothered to put myself straight."

"Of course I've come, Dad. I made no promises."

"Not the point. I said don't come."

"How've you been?"

He turned his head and mumbled something I didn't catch.

"What you say? You were going on well yesterday. Been out of bed?"

"Have I hell."

"Why not? Thought I'd find you in the dayroom, watching the telly."

"Didn't feel up to it. The damn fools let me get up too soon, if you ask me. I overdid it, and now I've taken two steps back instead of one forward. Here, put these pillows right for me, will you? You know how I like them to be."

"Can you pull yourself up?" There was a handle for him to grip, suspended from the steel frame over the bed.

"No. Let's get ahold of you like I did before. I can manage that."

He felt astonishingly heavy; his back was unyielding planks of muscle to my spread fingers. As I doubled the three pillows behind him, I prepared myself for him to weep as he had the last time, but when he released me he just subsided with an angry sigh. "I don't know why I ever let you persuade me to have it done," he said. "It's going to take months of this, having to ask people to wait on me hand and foot. Months."

"What else could you expect? You knew it was going to be a longish job."

"I knew it, yes, but somehow I didn't believe it. I believe it now, though. See that poor devil in the end bed? Three months he's been here, and he still needs a pair of sticks to get about. Ha! The doctor said I'd be able to go home after a fortnight. What does he take me for—a damn fool? I'll be stuck here for the duration. What a waste of time. I ask you, what a terrible waste of my time. When you get to be my age, you don't want to be cooped up with a lot of old crocks. Can you imagine what it's like, with nothing to do and nobody to talk to except a gang of cripples?" He gestured wearily.

"You won't be in here for more than another ten days at the outside. You can't compare yourself with the other patients and jump to conclusions like that. No doubt there's some very good reason why that man's got to stay in longer. Some complication. You'll soon be home, don't you fret."

"That's as may be."

"I sympathize, Dad. I know how maddening it must be for you, having to be dependent. You're just going to have to make up your mind to stick it out. Same when you come home. You'll have to come and stay with us for a while, so that Moyra can keep an eye on you. You won't be able to manage on your own for a bit."

He turned away again. I put the

evening paper on the bed, by his hand. On someone else's locker I saw a bottle of Lucozade—that's what I could have brought; I'd have to remember tomorrow. How long would it be, I thought, before he'd walk fluently, without a stick—even run, perhaps, and kick a football. Would there be a day when he'd say to me, "Thank God you kept on at me to have the operation done"? Of course there would. I was to blame for his present wretchedness, but it was for his own good. I told him about our morning on the beach, leaving out the details of my treatment of Stevie. He didn't say a word. Minutes went by. I talked for a while to the man in the next bed.

"Sorry to be so miserable," he said when I turned back to him. "You've been very good to me, and I've got no business taking it out on you. I'll soon get over it. I've been thinking a lot about what will happen when I leave this place. Will you and Moyra be able to put up with me, do you think? I wouldn't want to be any trouble to the pair of you. But, as you say, I won't be able to do much for myself."

"Forget it. We'll cope. Think about getting well. About walking without that pain. I'll take you for rides in the car. We'll wrap a tartan blanket round your legs." I meant this as a joke; it was an allusion to a picture of King George the Fifth that I'd pasted into a scrapbook when I was a small boy. I'd torn it out of a newspaper, believing it was a picture of my old Grandad Stephen, who had the same kind of hat as the King, the same kind of mustache, and who sat in a chair all day long with a blanket round him. My father didn't laugh. I thought perhaps he'd forgotten about the photograph. But if he did remember it he'd have been thinking about his own father. It was a foolish thing to have said.

There were five minutes of visiting time left. An orderly wearing a pale-green overall wheeled a trolley into the ward and began to make unnecessarily loud clatterings with knives and forks. It was the usual signal for visitors to begin saying goodbye. There was a sudden smell of fish and boiled cabbage. I looked at my father's face, to see whether he was going to say anything more, but he was staring past me. Until the bell was rung, I wasn't going to interrupt his thoughts.

I thought about the scrapbook again, and the photograph of the dead King. I'd have to get it out of the attic and show it to young Stevie. Somewhere, too, I had some snapshots of my grandfather; it would be amusing to see if the two men really were alike. Then I remembered something that I'd not thought about for years. My father always used to have a picture of Paul Muni, the film star, pinned inside the door of the cupboard where he keeps his few books. It had been cut from an old movie magazine—a sepia closeup of Muni in "Scarface." He'd had it for all the years that I was a boy, because of its striking likeness to his dead brother. I'd have to ask him whether he still had it. But not now. I watched the red second hand of the clock moving up through the last half minute till the bell rang, precisely on time. Relieved, I stood up and moved to the end of his bed. Usually we shook hands when it was time for me to go, but tonight I didn't want to.

"I'd better be off, then," I said. "Cheer up—you'll be all right. To prove it, I don't intend coming tomorrow, see?"

His eyes were still glistening from his staring daydream. "Do something for me, will you, just before you go?" he said. "My left heel's got sore from rubbing up and down the bed. I can't move my bad leg, so I have to keep moving the other one to get comfort-

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SAWDUST

1

Open, doll. Switch off your golden hair.
Unzip the cross-stitched seam at the base there
And let the pale, crushed monitors float free.
Look at the empty wooden interior,
Solid but fragile, a fingernail of skull . . .
You can break it apart like a piece of candy.
Open, open up. Mr. Sesame is here,
Miss Thorazine in tight gold velvet tights,
And Thomas Edison, inventing night life—
Aren't they a winsome, gruesome threesome?
They clash, dash forward with their curving knives,
Circling toward the two bull's-eyes ahead,
And out they go through two polestars of light.

2

Out to what? Did I say night life?
Septic dusk, the nets about to fall,
The silky excitement of a gypsy movie,
Magic cranked out of the ordinary:
Crowds—what crowds!—illusionary people!
Each, a silent telegram, goes by.
Satisfied hungers hardly suffice now.
Here: two lovers translating each other.
Here: a schoolroom balanced on a cliff.
Here: a street of epical negation—
Clothes that fall apart, food that cannot nourish.
(Only cheap places can pay the high rent now.)
The smog is trying to become more lucid.

3

Out of commission, gears mesh with anything.
Or rust. Sometimes it comes in cycles, say,
A little bit of both: frenzy and resting.
Violence pours from the vat of rejection
As if destruction were displaced affection.
Look at a tree. Then at the sawdust floor
Of one of those decorated, natural places
That mimic the taste of the turn of the century.
Though you can't see it, you know the connection.
So get the matches and the needles ready,
The chains, the belts, the paraphernalia—
The bulging, red-eyed children plunge again
Into the powerless mirrors of power,
Still wondering, as the gearshifts move,
If pain is a substitute for love, or love.

—Howard Moss

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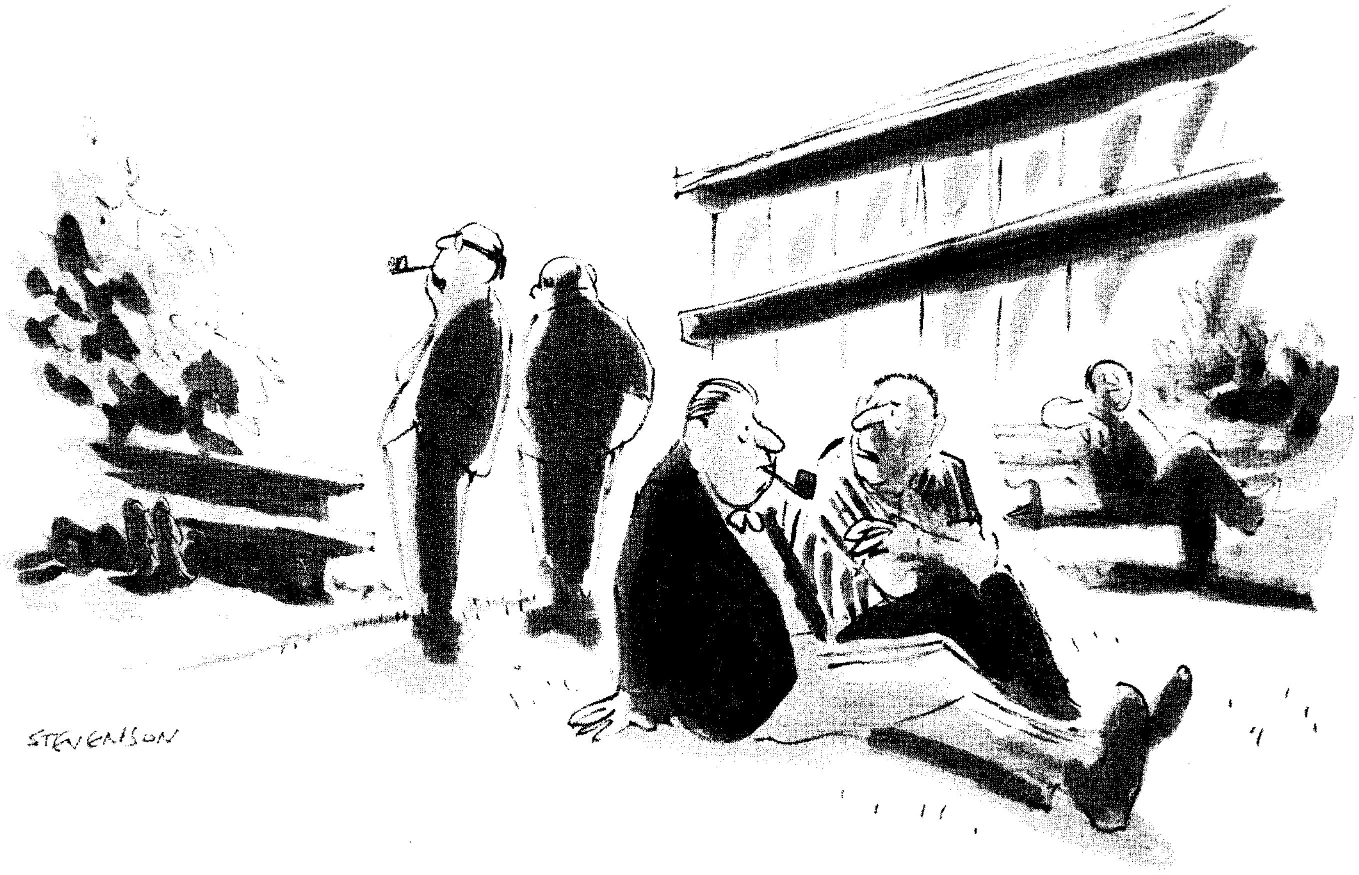


"I'm concerned about our think tank, Rudolph. There's been no leaking, but, on the other hand, there hasn't been much thinking."

• •

able. Wondered whether you could soothe it a bit for me with some talcum powder." He raised the sheet and drew up his left foot until he could reach it with his hand. "All round here," he said. He pointed to his ankle and then rested his heel on his palm.

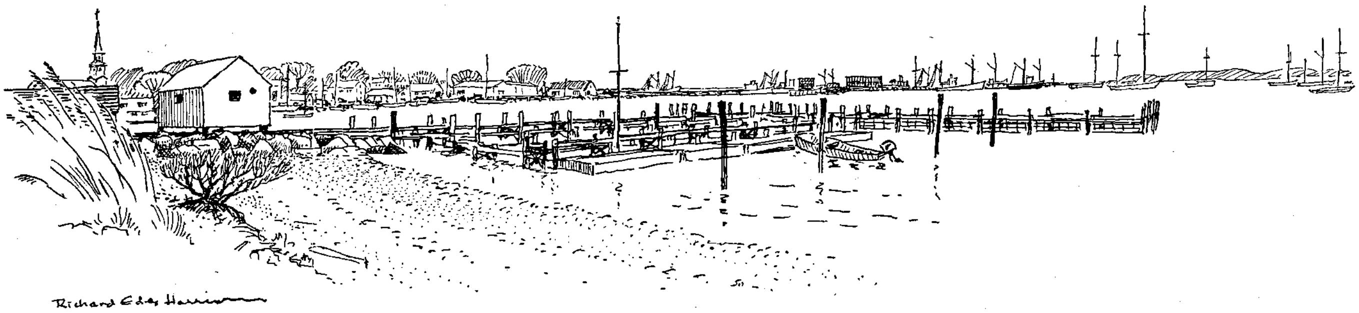
He could have done it perfectly well himself, without discomfort; he kept his foot where it was until I'd found the powder and shaken some onto my hand. I held his leg and he submitted to my tenderness, flinching now and then. I could see his heel was very sore and angry red. I wouldn't look at him, for I knew about the tears he was trying to keep from my sight. He pretended to be scanning the evening paper, and I pretended the job needed longer than it did. All the other visitors were leaving now, glancing toward me as they passed. The bell rang a second time, in short, urgent jabs of sound. "I'll get shot if I stay any longer," I muttered. I walked straight out, leaving him or the nurses to tidy the bedclothes and put the talcum powder away.

AND I remember how, halfway across London Bridge, I stopped and looked downriver. The beginnings of evening mist were rising up the black wharf sides, like spirits in a child's picture book. One late summer afternoon twenty years ago, I went swimming on just such an evening with my two friends from school. I'd have been about thirteen or fourteen. During our swim, the water had seemed in some way unnatural—indolent, as the sea had never been for us before. It was a special time. Later, we lay on the warm shingle in the last hour of sunlight, listening to the quiet lick of the incoming tide as it moved higher up the breakwater. We watched a school of porpoises rolling at the surface close inshore, where we had been, and we guessed that a shoal of mackerel had brought them. Mist began rising off the water—sea fret was the name we knew it by—and after a little while we could see nothing more of the porpoises. We knew they were still there, though, and we imagined their black shapes tumbling unseen less than fifty yards out. When we could bear the stillness no longer, we decided to swim out toward them. It was when we reached the edge of the water that I heard my father calling me back. He couldn't have been far away, but I hadn't heard his footsteps over the stones. I wouldn't look round, though I knew I couldn't pretend I hadn't heard him. I plunged into the water and swam strongly into the banks of mist until I knew I was out of sight. He kept shouting, "Come back, Stevie, it's dangerous. You won't know which way to go." But I kept on swimming, farther and farther out. I was too far to have to answer him. He couldn't swim, and there was no one else on the beach to help him. I'd never before disobeyed or challenged him in such a way; I was excited by my disobedience, by the silver sea fret, by the imminent violence of the porpoises. I floated on my back for several minutes, listening to his despairing cries. I felt strong and confident, and knew I could find my way back to the shore again by following his voice. When I was ready, I breaststroked casually to the shore again, and bore his loving anger without crying.

On London Bridge, as I leaned on the parapet, I saw the barges disappearing into the distant mist as the porpoises had done, and in my palm I saw the gray of the powder I'd rubbed into my father's heel. I tried to wipe it away with my handkerchief, but the stubborn pallor of it remained. I should have been callous with him and refused to do that small service. He'd let me soothe his skin as though what I did was a homage, and I'd allowed him to abdicate his father's tacit strength and become a patriarch. It was too early to tell, but I knew. —TED WALKER

PROFILES

THE VILLAGE—I



Man is matter transforming itself into the ideal.—*Nicholas Ogarev.*

THERE are two or three walkers in the village, but Frankie Keane is the one I generally pass at night. Frank is a middle-aged bachelor who runs the newspaper shop, Keane's News Office (a name that suggests, correctly, a place where news is retailed not only in printed form), and halfway up Water Street on a frosty December evening I meet him and his poodle, stepping quickly along. "How is it down your end?" asks Frank, making it seem as if we have come a long way to this momentary encounter. "Fine," I say. "And yours?" "Great," says Frank. We walk past each other, heading on. Similarly, coming the other way down Main Street on the first balmy night in June are Frank and his dog. "Lovely night, Frank," I say, opening the proceedings. He replies, "It is. Though a bit cold down your way still." And we pass. I appreciate Frank's subtle awareness of the lower temperature in my part of the village, which is barely a quarter of a mile south of this spot "uptown." By midsummer, chances have improved of finding people out-of-doors, if not actually walking. On a sticky night in late July, after dinner, I find Frank chatting with the LaGruas, outside their appliance store, on Water Street. Maurice LaGrua is the town tax collector and the photographer for passports, school pictures, and weddings. The store is one of a dozen, including Frank's, that make up the small commercial center of the place. From here, on this kind of night, still and hot, you can hear harbor sounds—the chatter of an outboard motor or a brief and perhaps accidental blast of a foghorn. The fog has lifted for the first time in three days, so that down in the parking lot on the Point, the tip of the peninsula on which our village—Stonington, Connecticut—stands, you can see as far as the inner breakwater, or even Wamphassuc Point, on the other side of the harbor. Mosquitoes are abroad, biting. I wonder what ever happened to all the mosquito-eating purple martins that were supposed to take up residence in a many-storied martin family dwelling that the Stonington Historical Society (whose members are not usually fond of apartment houses) was given a few years back and erected on the lawn of the old lighthouse at the Point.

My walk has taken me from the Point, where I live, up Water Street; past the former Atwood Machine Company, now the Packaging Division of Monsanto, a big nineteenth-century brick factory building; past the Harbor View Grill, whose view is mostly of the Monsanto parking lot; past Camacho's Delicatessen and the Bindloss hardware store; then past a stretch of houses (those on the left side being waterfront property), before I reached the main business section—Ernie's Delicatessen, five real-estate agencies, three antique shops, three barbershops, two liquor stores, two grocery markets, Ed's Cleaning, the Lure (high-season sportswear and knickknacks), the Finale (formerly Cameron's Coffee Shop), the Stonington Department Store, and the Thrift Shop. Paul Schepis (pronounced "Skeps") is the owner of the liquor store I frequent, and the barbershop to which I go, as infrequently as I can, since I hate having my hair cut, is Squadrito's. (These names are real, though here and there in this account I have changed a few names, details, and times.) At the moment, we seem to be favoring the Stonington Market, run by the Chiappones—relatives of Mr. Schepis—over Roland's Market, run by Roland Albamonte, though we used to go to Roland's and may yet return there.

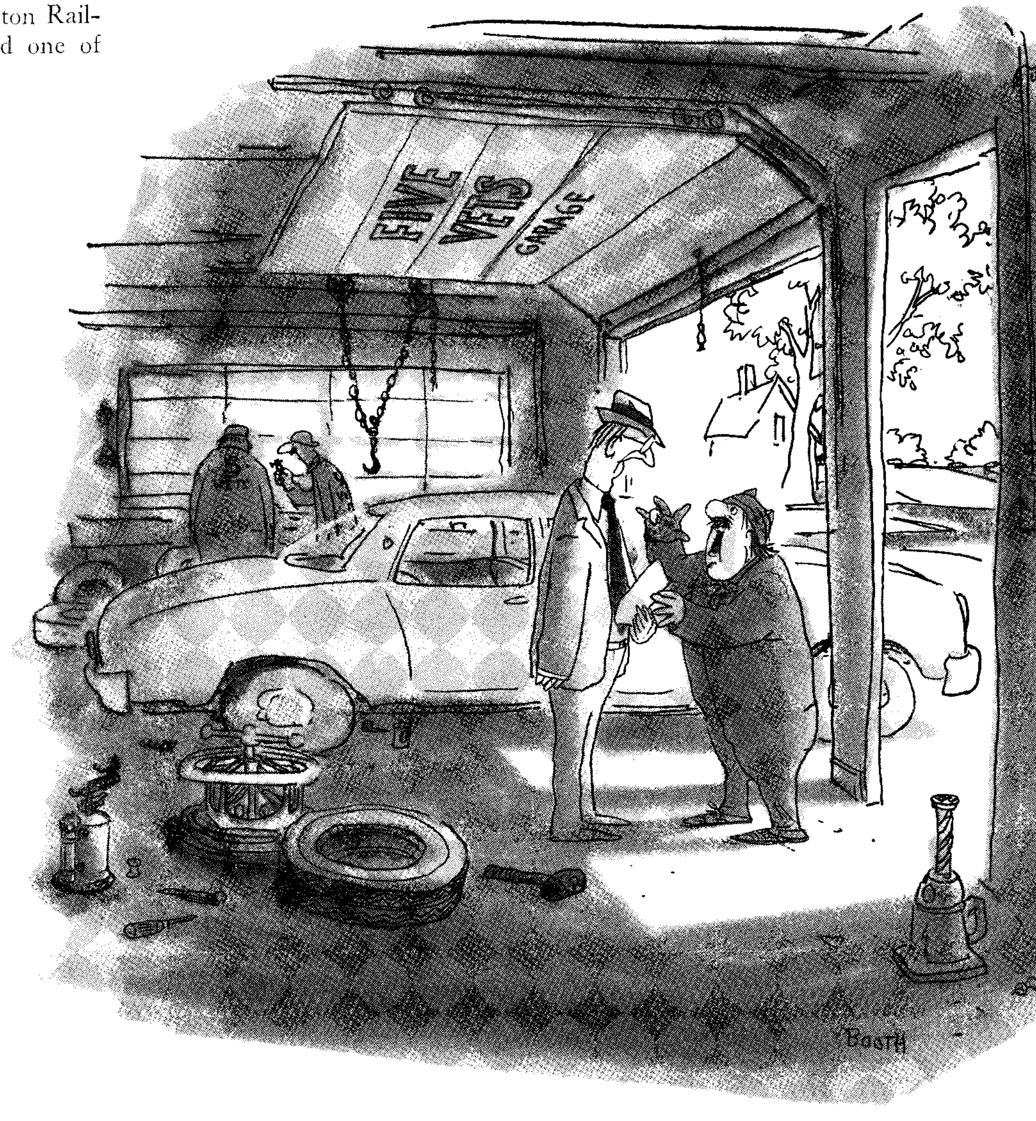
I have reached Wadawanuck Square, which babysitters call "the park." The square is formed by Water Street and Main Street on the west and east sides and by Broad and High Streets on the north and south. In the middle sits the Stonington Free Library, a marble-columned mausoleum-like structure, and paths reach out diagonally through the grass to the corners of the square, under thick, high trees. On three sides, the square is flanked by large frame houses, though there is a smattering of businesses: the drugstore, the Stonington Craft House, and the Book Mart. The doctor's house sits on one corner, and diagonally opposite it is the Culbert Palmer house, a huge Victorian horror, which I covet, and in which the Culbert Palmers (also of Fifth Avenue, New York) dwell mainly in summer. I disapprove of such part-time tenancy, though I don't know them, and though the houses of the village generally seem more real to me than their inhabitants; certainly the houses have been here longer than those who now live in them. They are anchors, shelters, devices for incorporating people into a place. And for that reason they need to be lived in. On the north side of the square are the post office and St. Mary's Catholic Church, both imitation Colonial, the post office the less pretentious.

I continue up Water Street to the railroad tracks, where a barricade closes the old crossing. The one road that connects our part of Stonington with the rest of the town and state climbs over the northern end of Main Street (which then runs into Water Street) and over the track on a steel viaduct, which the village burgesses are always pestering the railroad authorities to keep in better condition. The railroad—formerly the New York, New Haven & Hartford shore line, now part of the bankrupt Penn Central—cuts across the broad neck of the peninsula, making our section of the village a sort of island. As I walk across the weed-ridden gravel of the station parking lot, a passenger train comes through, with the lights shining out from the windows of the rocking parlor car, the diner, and the coaches, and with the wheels rattling, the diesel hammering, and the horn hooting for the Wamphassuc crossing. Some of the windows have been cracked by thrown rocks. The overheated wheels of trains often throw out sparks that, in dry spring weather, cause grass fires and keep the village firemen busy. The only train that stops in the village now is a two-car Buddliner running from New London to Providence, at seven-twenty-one on weekday mornings. It returns from Providence at six-twenty in the evenings. To get it to stop, you have to hold out your hand, indicating that you are seriously intent on taking the train. In the old lighthouse on the Point, now a museum, is the last ticket sold in the Stonington station, in 1949—a one-way from Stonington to Westerly, donated by Billings Fairbrother. The present station is an open-fronted lean-to on the up, or Boston, side of the tracks, and there is very little to show that the village was once the bustling terminus of the New York and Stonington Railroad, which in 1832 received one of the first two railroad charters in Connecticut, giving it the right to run a line from Providence to Stonington, where it would connect with steamboats for New York. Major George Washington Whistler, the painter's father, was assigned by the United States Army to survey the route. The first locomotive to pull a train into the village was called the Roger Williams; the passenger cars in those days were like stagecoaches with flanged wheels. Since there was no Episcopal church in Stonington then, the Whistlers used to go to Westerly every Sunday morning in a private railroad car, drawn by horses. In the eighteen-forties, the steamers that ran overnight from Stonington to New York were called the Oregon and the Knickerbocker. Subsequently, trains began running all the way to New York, but the trip was slow, because they had to be loaded aboard ferries to cross the Thames and Connecticut Rivers, at New London and Saybrook. When bridges were built at these points, the steamers were doomed. Although the ferries had added only five minutes or so to the run (the trains had to stop anyway, for wood and water), they had added an excitement that some passengers could have done without. Dickens wrote, after making the trip from New York to Boston:

> Two rivers have to be crossed and each time the whole train is banged aboard a big steamer. The steamer rises and falls with the river which the railroad don't do, and the train is banged up hill or banged down hill. In coming off the steamer at one of these crossings yesterday, we were banged up such a height that the rope broke and the carriage rushed back with a run down hill into the boat again. I whisked out in a moment, and two or three others after me, but nobody else seemed to care about it.

Now pedestrians can walk without much danger across the shore line, having casually looked for the Patriot or the Merchants' Limited, or listened for the new Turbotrain, which, because of a sharp bend in the tracks here, crawls through the village. The tracks were less of a division before the road viaduct was built and a footbridge was constructed at Elm Street, but despite the present feeling of separation the northern section of the village, across the tracks, has many large and prosperous Victorian houses—not at all wrong-side-of-the-tracks houses—together with the Town Hall and a new Community Center. There is a velvet mill in this area, too, but the auto dealers have deserted their former premises here for new showrooms on U.S. 1.

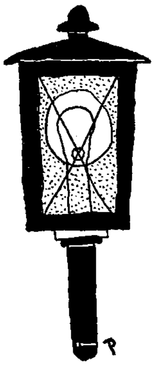
The railroad is at least holding on longer than the interurban trolleys. I walk for twenty yards or so along the old interurban right-of-way, grassed over but scarcely more visible than a Celtic track or Bronze Age barrow. In this part of the state, there was a Groton-Mystic-Stonington-Westerly trolley system, with connections to Norwich. For thirty years, spanning the turn of the century, trolleys in the Northeast provided an excellent local public-transportation service. Henry Ford did them in. I walk back under the via-



"Your bill comes to forty-eight dollars more than we estimated, because that little black thing with a lot of wires going into it needed fixing."

duct—itself an act of tribute to the automobile and to drivers who don't want to stop and wait for passing trains—and swing down Main Street, past the lumberyard and the Catholic rectory. Here is another house I covet—a pure and simple eighteenth-century two-story white frame house belonging to Grace Zaring Stone, the novelist. Grace Stone was married to a naval man and spent years on the China station; she knows about gunboats, and was once under fire on the Yangtze River. I pass Henry Chapin's gambrel-roofed house, No. 52, which we rented during our first winter in the village, and where, for six years or so, a white-chalk-on-white-paint four-letter word remained visible on a clapboard under the study window. I admired Henry's obstinacy in leaving it there, demonstrating (to the Attwater boys or whoever followed them as scourges of Main Street property) that he wasn't intimidated by the word.

Next door to Henry's is the old Baptist church. It has been converted into living quarters by a lady possessed of Oriental tastes, high style, and a low budget. Now with willows, Indonesian flowerpots, and a fence craftily constructed of old white shutters supplementing its Victorian stained-glass windows, the former church adds an exotic touch that is less incongruous on the Main Street of a New England seafaring town than many traditional-minded newer residents might think. Stonington ships used to sail to Macao and Canton. A retired seafaring man, the president of the Historical Society, and his wife are to be seen at dinner as I pass their house, a few doors on. The curtains are drawn back, so that anyone going by may see how an Early American couple ate. The antique furniture is impressive. The candlelight is atmospheric (though perhaps, to be really in keeping with a time when candles were very expensive, oil lamps would be the thing). A few years ago, the clapboard front of the house was entirely renewed, with clapboarding cut and routed in late-eighteenth-century style, and painted in a creamy-brown Valley Forge mud color. From here, it is only a few yards to the Portuguese Holy Ghost Club. The Portuguese began to arrive in the eighteen-forties, having been picked up, at the outset, in the Azores and the Cape Verdes by Stonington whaling ships in need of crews. Now, somewhat disguised under names like Henry and Roderick, their descendants form nearly half the population of the village.

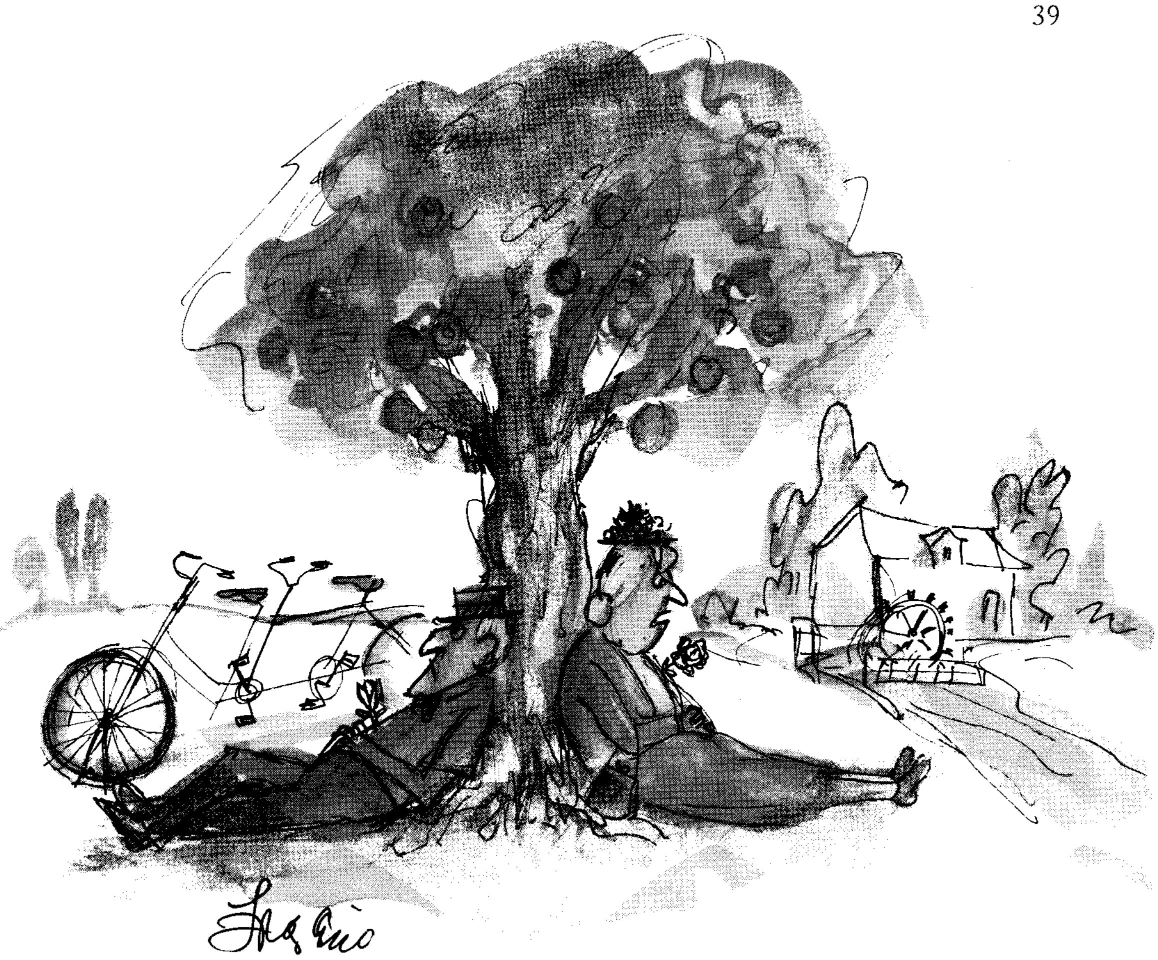


Approaching Cannon Square, I make out the bulky shape of Miss Trumbull, dressed in the old sweater and trousers she wears year round, sitting in the dark on her collapsing, unpainted, vine-covered porch. I hear her say to her old golden cocker spaniel, "Be still. Be still." And then, simultaneously, she and I say to each other, "Good evening." Miss Trumbull is one of a long line of Trumbulls who have been pillars of this community, and her house is hungered after by many people. Quite a few are affronted because it has gone unpainted for at least thirty years, the shutters are disintegrating and the roof shingles rotting, the attic skylight has no glass in it, and the garden is overgrown. At night, no lights appear behind the shabby half-pulled-down brown blinds. Miss Trumbull is always affable when she is encountered in Camacho's Delicatessen. She has neighbors so house-proud that they polish the copper pipes in their basements. Tonight, our "Good evening"s ricochet off each other, and I feel distinctly and gratefully that we are two individuals—two human beings aware of one another.

At Cannon Square, which is smaller than Wadawanuck Square, Water and Main Streets again run close together. In front of the Greek Revival columns of the village bank (now a branch of the Hartford National Bank & Trust Co.), two black cannons point south and southwest—iron barrels on wheeled wooden carriages. In August, 1814, from a site near the present Monsanto building, these guns fired at a small fleet of British ships attacking the town. In a big glass case in the bank, above the filing box of savings-account records, is displayed the flag flown by the defenders over their battery, and among the sixteen stars and sixteen stripes are the voids—like giant moth holes—made by British cannonballs. In winter, children walking home from school play on the guns, sitting astride the barrels as if on horseback. My daughter Liz once found a silver dollar an arm's length inside one of the barrels. I wonder if the person who put it there knew that a child would find it, and that it was the sort of thing a child would never forget. One cannon points at a corner of the white house on the south side of the square. This house is built on the site of Captain Thomas Swan's tavern, where the defenders of 1814 regaled each other with tales of their heroism. The other cannon points at Monsanto.

Now and then, we hear rumors that Monsanto, which, among other containers, makes plastic bottles, is about to close, and there are residents—particularly on Main Street, where the heavily loaded trucks from the factory rumble—who wouldn't be unhappy if it did. The long, three-story brick building looms over a section of Water Street, keeping out the sun. Real-estate agents think of how many prime waterfront homesites they could conjure out of the property. Nautically inclined conservationists speculate about marine laboratories or oyster hatcheries to make fit use of the spot. On the other hand, I (liking it the way it is) tend to make malicious suggestions that the place, which is usually called the "shop" (short for "workshop"), would make a splendid giant discount store, like many other former New England mills, with its present discreetly lighted Monsanto Company sign replaced by garish advertisements heralding the day's or week's specials. It has had plenty of prior uses. The oldest part, a handsome masonry building overlooking the harbor, once sheltered the Trumbull Horseshoe Nail Company. The Joslyn Firearms Company took over in 1861, then went out of business with the end of the Civil War. In 1866, the Standard Braid Company was a brief tenant, and in 1876 the Atwoods established a manufactory of machines for the making of silk goods. (In their heyday, Atwood's made eighty per cent of the world's silk-manufacturing machinery.) They finally sold out in the late nineteen-forties, and now, in the plastic age, the factory works three shifts. Mornings and afternoons, on the lower-than-street-level ground floor, the men at their lathes look out at the legs of young mothers walking their children to the beach. At night, as I stroll by, I look in to see a machinist with a micrometer measuring the aluminum mold he is making. You can hear hammering, tapping, and drilling, and all sorts of machine hums and whines. During their lunch break, the men sit on the low retaining wall running around Cannon Square and discuss baseball and cars and the cost of going to a doctor. The factory is a good antidote for a tendency toward quaintness; it removes from the village a possibly cute edge.

At the Point, above a stone commemorating the 1814 battle, looms a grandiose aluminum flagpole, topped by a golden-eagle weathervane that generally seems a little out of phase with the flag below. The pole was a notion of the village Chamber of Commerce. A collection box has been installed at the base to help pay for it and for the flags: a small fifty-star model, flown in windy weather, and a larger flag, reserved for nice days and special occasions, which one assumes was a giant-economy-size bargain, because it has only forty-eight stars. A constant slap and ting of halyards comes from the aluminum pole. Round about, one hears music from car radios, accompanied at night by a nearly silent throb from entwined and huddled teen-age forms. Far enough away from the one street light overlooking the beach, the darkness is firm. On the outer breakwater flashes a white beacon, and from the inner breakwater one that is green.


"Well, here we are in the shade of the old apple tree, down by the old mill-stream. We've come here on a bicycle built for two. You're wearing a tulip, and I'm wearing a big, red rose. But have we recaptured that old magic?"

• •

I amble back up the beginning slope of Water Street and turn right on Omega. Omega is the last cross street in town. The name makes one wonder whether they were all classicists in the mid-nineteenth century, putting columns on houses and names like Troy and Ithaca on their towns, or whether it was just the jargon of the time, like "blastoff" and "A-O.K." (I imagine a contemporary model city called Scenesville, with better-class housing on Uptight Avenue.) Here, halfway along Omega, lives Joe Mello: trim little house, trim garden, and a trim garden shed, which in the mid-nineteen-twenties used to be packed to the roof with Scotch, rye, gin, and rum, landed by night at Joe Osling's dock, near the corner of Omega and Hancox Streets. Osling's dock went in the '38 hurricane.

I turn left, and it is seventy-five yards along School Street, on the top of the hill, to my house. On someone's roof, the motor of a rotating TV antenna whirs and the antenna turns, seeking one of the distant channels that are best received here by this expensive means. The lights are out in most of the other houses, where the men rise at six for the morning shift at Electric Boat, in Groton. On Main Street, summer people often leave a light on when they are back in the city, to keep burglars out; in reality, the inhabited houses are those that are blacked out at ten. When we first lived here, in Henry Chapin's house, we were disappointed that it took Herbert O'Keefe, the plumber, two days to come round to fix a leak. But when he finally showed up, at lunchtime, he said that he had been around the last two mornings at seven-thirty and, not getting any response to his knock, had assumed we were away. On School Street, as I walk along, I look at the parked cars to see whether mine is boxed in or is boxing anyone else's in. Here many of the houses are two-family ones without garages, and many families have teen-age children with cars. In several cases, the territorial imperative manifests itself in people's belief that they own the patches of road in front of their houses, and sometimes those in front of other people's houses, too.

I step up onto my porch. A cool gust of wind wafts down the street, and as I go in I whistle two notes to let Margot, my wife, know I'm back—it's me. I shut the door behind me and turn the lock. When we go out or away, we leave the house unlocked, but at night, at home, perhaps from a feeling of being defenseless while asleep, we bolt the doors, rolling the stone into the mouth of the cave.

ON School Street, summer is generally inaugurated with a fight. On a Sunday morning, I can hear the Pasquales, just home from Mass, going at it. Mr. P., having parked his gleaming, washed-twice-a-week Pontiac, yells at Mrs. P., "Don't be so dumb! She ain't going anyplace today!" His stentorian, high-pitched voice is not much different from Mrs. Pasquale's as she yells back from the kitchen, over the noise of her washing machine, "I didn't *say* she was going, so who's dumb!" Doors open, and several women come out to sweep their steps and see if this is going to develop into the real thing. Mrs. Lambrechts' upstairs window goes up with an aluminum clatter, and then a mop comes out and shakes violently for a moment; next comes a pillow, followed by some blankets, which are left over the windowsill. Mrs. Lambrechts, who is London-born, has retained not only a Cockney accent but her British prejudice about airing bedclothes. She is not just listening to the Pasquales; she is doing what she would be doing anyway.

The next afternoon, I hear Mrs. Vevarous coming home from her day with the Trowbridges, who have bought the Stickney mansion, on Wamphassuc Point, and—according to a lady of artistic taste I know—"super-Sloaned it." Mrs. Vevarous was once the Trowbridges' full-time maid, when they were summer people, and now, one morning a week, Mr. Trowbridge comes in one of his cars to pick her up, halting with the engine running outside her door. At nine, Mrs. Silva comes out to call something over to Mrs. Lambrechts. The women of the street have indoor and outdoor voices—the outdoor voice honeyed, smiling, rather put on, and the indoor voice loud, growling, good for screaming at children and sometimes, outdoors, for yelling at Henry Wilson about the way he parks his car. At nine-thirty, Mrs. Evelyn Cole, the elderly real-estate lady, honks the horn of her Plymouth outside the Narcizzis', and Mrs. Narcizzi comes out to collect Mrs. Cole's weekly basket of laundry from the back seat. I suppose the day will come when all the women on School Street have washers *and* dryers; at the moment, respecting their electricity bills, most of them do without the latter. By lunchtime on washdays, they are out in their yards or, if they are tenants of an upstairs apartment, have opened second-floor windows and are leaning out of them to peg their wash to clotheslines that run through squeaky galvanized pulleys. While they do this, they call over to neighbors who are doing the same next door. The two-family houses have two-family clotheslines running to the backs of the houses from high crosses of Lorraine at the foot of each garden. The women get a great deal of pleasure from seeing their wash well hung out, the white sheets draped in symmetrical arcs between the clothespins, men's shirts nipped neatly by the tails, and socks all hanging with their toes pointing in the same direction.

What is known about me and my family is certainly greater than the knowledge that neighbors would have of us in the city. Drawn curtains proclaim our late-rising habit, just as electric lights kept on and garbage cans put out at night for early-morning pick-up let people know we go to bed pretty late. We have more security than privacy. Not many cars pass down the street, and the stopping of any car attracts the attention of several householders. From my attic study, I can see who is calling on the Arrudas or on Mrs. Neto. Once a week, in the afternoon, an insurance man calls to collect Mrs. Neto's weekly premium. She doesn't like to pay it. The insurance man knocks on the door. He knocks and knocks; Mrs. Neto doesn't answer. After a while, he starts calling, in soothing tones, "Mrs. Ne-to, Mrs. Ne-to." When this doesn't produce the desired effect, he walks down the street to a few other houses to collect from other clients, perhaps checks to make sure that Mrs. Neto's florid-tangelo Oldsmobile is parked in the neighborhood, so he knows she really is at home, and finally goes back to her door, knocking more loudly now, and shouting, "Come on, Teresa, open up! I know you're in there!" This works. Mrs. Neto appears, in a vivid dressing gown; the door is opened wide enough to let the insurance man in; and in a minute or so he reappears, the account book in his hand having one more figure in it.

One day, a young man called Curt Lynch brought back some sailing gear I'd lent him. Curt was home for a week before going overseas for military intelligence. He had parked with two wheels on the opposite sidewalk and then come over and stood talking at my front door. Suddenly he half turned and his eyes lit up; the intelligence service trains people to be observant, but it can't train them to keep their eyes from lighting up. "Golly," he said, "do you know there are at least four people standing behind different windows of the house across the street, watching us?"

If there is anything like a quarrel in the street—for instance, between the Morrises and Henry Wilson about the Morrises' rosebush, which Wilson chopped down because it was touching his fence, or between Mrs. Dollart and Mrs. Neto because the young Dollart boys have been calling Billy Neto a sissy or because Mrs. Neto, tired of hearing Mrs. Dollart refer to the holy candles burning in her front window on feast days as black superstition, has called Mrs. Dollart (to her face) a heathen devil (although Mrs. Dollart is well known to put aside her Protestant ethic to attend the Tuesday-night bingo in St. Mary's Catholic Church basement)—then, when the combatants are out in the street, people do more than peek around curtains or lift the venetian blinds. They start polishing their front-door knobs or washing their cars—anything to get a better view. Mrs. Neto has a finely tuned senser for knowing who is on the street, and sometimes when I emerge

THE MAKERS OF RAIN

We sit at the top of the Pyramid of the Magician
Our last day in Uxmal, afraid
Of the sheer steps and the ranks of the rain gods,
The rows of Chacmuls in stone with their high-flung, fanfaring noses.
Having guided ourselves this far, we look
At the ruined ball court and, beyond, the iguanas basking
In the cracked fretwork of the Palace of the Governor,
The stone jaguars mating in the plaza
By the broken phallus, and, with its jammed perspective, the quadrangle
Where four classes of priests took charge of the rain.

Not even the Governors were allowed this high to lord it
Over the land from the mouth of the temple
Whose intricate façade is a Chacmul's face
Behind our backs. Not daring to ask for a change in the deep sky,
We wait for our lives to topple
Like the rest, though our hands hold us together, balancing
Our love against the weight of evidence
That has caved in one whole side of this pyramid.

We are masters of nothing we survey,
But what the Magician did from here—chant with his arms outstretched
Over a dying city or reach halfway to the clouds sailing aloof
Over the maize fields—is ours to try, since we believe in magic,
Believe we can climb to it slowly, being frightened,
That it can break suddenly out of stone or out of the dry air.
As priest and priestess of ourselves, before praying for rain,
We weep to show it how.

—DAVID WAGONER

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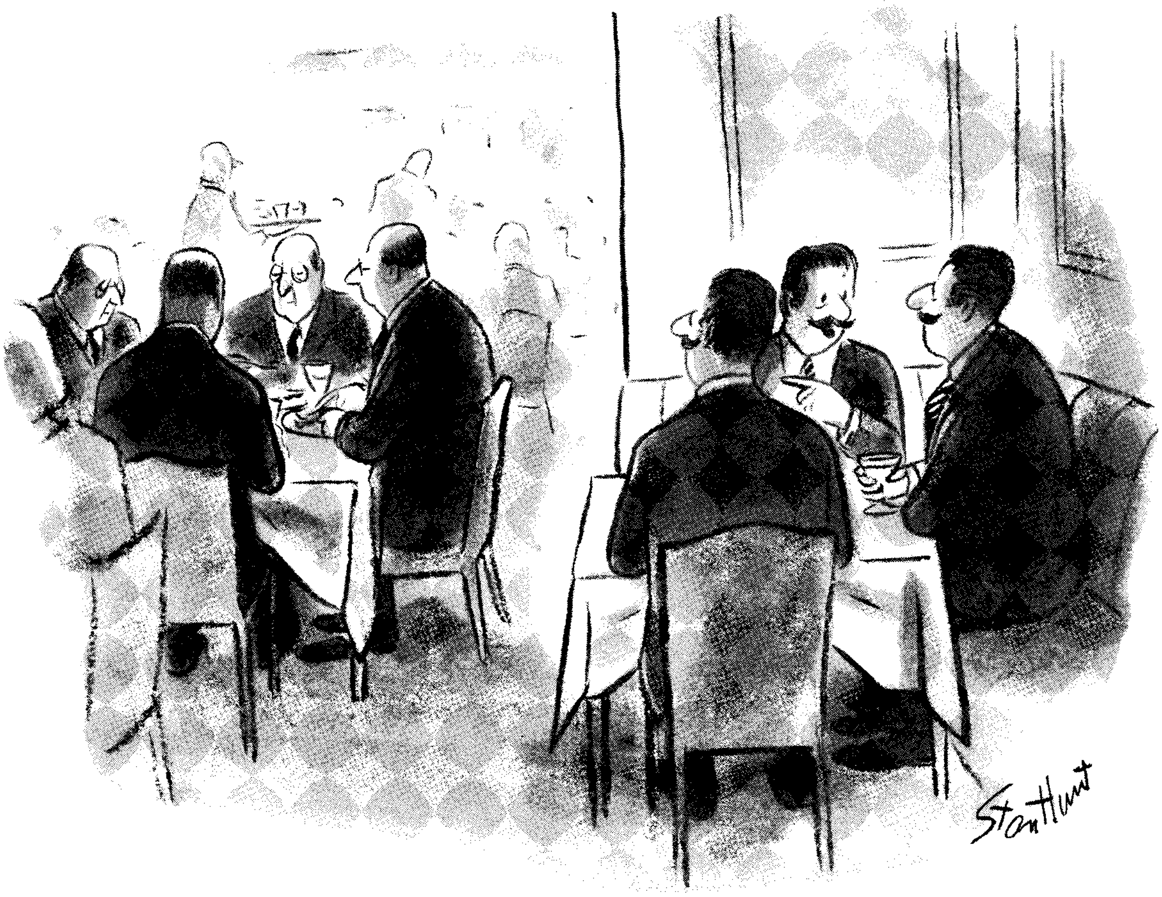

"Did you ever notice how like attracts like?"

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she will pop out of her front door, acting surprised to see me. Sometimes she has a pot of hot spaghetti for us, sometimes a question. She used to be a saleswoman for Avon Cosmetics, and in those days it was "Oh, good morning. Say, does your wife use Deep Carnation lipstick?" Now, a very successful saleswoman of local real estate, she says, "I was wondering if you have any friends who might be interested in this little property I've just got listed—only in the low twenties. A good buy."

We went away one weekend and let some friends use the house. On Monday morning, as I bought the *Times* from Frankie Keane, he said, "I saw lights on in your house Saturday night. Since you were away, I thought I ought to tell you." I've developed similar traits, glancing out of the front-room window to see if the car being parked has locked bumpers with mine, and keeping an eye on the garbage cans of the Tripps, my next-door neighbors. Sometimes I put the cans out, if they've forgotten to, or put them back in, if they've forgotten to do that. On rainy evenings, I occasionally sneak into their yard to move a garbage can if it is sitting under a leaky gutter of ours, since otherwise it pings loudly all night.

I'm not sure this Stonington system would prevent an unpremeditated murder, but it would probably turn up ample evidence about the criminal—and that may well serve as a deterrent to premeditated crime. I read recently in a study of the formation of American small towns ("As a City Upon a Hill," by Page Smith) that when Longmont, Colorado, was established in the late eighteen-sixties, its founders declared in their charter, "No man is integral within himself. We are all parts of one grand community, and it behooves every man to know what his neighbor is about."

THE patterns of our family expeditions in search of food are usually governed by the amount of food and the amount of money involved. Roland's, the Stonington Market, and Camacho's in general charge more for their goods than the larger chain stores in Mystic and Westerly do. It isn't long—twenty years or so—since there was a store on nearly every street in the village; for sugar or salt or a box of matches you had only to go down the street or around the corner. The little store buildings are still there, some used as garages or ground-floor attics, some converted into living quarters, with curtains hung gypsy-tea-parlor style across the plate-glass windows. The store on School Street now belongs to a Navy couple, who rent it out when they are away to people who seem to suit the still only half-converted nature of the place: poor families with many children, pale with late-night television and a diet of potato chips and soda pop; or groups of young submariners with big cars and expensive motorcycles. When the tenants finally leave, we realize again that we live on one of the quietest small-town streets anywhere in the industrial world.

Mrs. Sadie Cunha, a seventy-seven-year-old widow who now and then babysits for us, was telling me the other night what she and her husband lived on in 1914, when they were first married. He brought home eighteen dollars a week once (in her words) "he got his trade" as a machinist, and five dollars of those eighteen were immediately put in a building-and-loan association. Their rent, for a ground-floor apartment in a house on Trumbull Street, was seven dollars a month. Groceries and kerosene for cooking cost her two dollars and sixty cents a week. "Things were cheaper then," Mrs. Cunha said, meaning not just monetarily cheaper but proportionately cheaper. "You were putting something by—you could save something." Mr. Cunha also got two dollars and fifty cents a month from Mrs. Stanton for tending the furnace at her house, raking ashes, putting out the rubbish, and doing the garden. He always had a boat, and Mrs. Cunha says he used to put a new engine in it every few years. She still lives in the small house on Omega Street that they moved to from the Trumbull Street apartment, a block away. She is proud of the fact that she has lived in only two places since the day she married.

We spend thirty-five dollars or so a week at the A. & P. in Westerly, and probably another ten or fifteen in the village stores—a total sum that an economist at the New York State Social Services Department has called the minimum for a family of four (and we are six) to spend on groceries in the New York metropolitan area. We are outside that area, which helps, but we are probably encouraging the creation of a smaller metropolitan area of our own by not shopping for everything in the village but instead driving to a larger place to buy more cheaply in quantity. Seemingly, the people who do all their shopping in the village are the rich and the hard-up. The Limas, on our street, have their groceries delivered by Roland's truck. At Stonington Market, where we indulge ourselves by buying the good vegetables—and, now and then, when we feel well off, the good meat—wealthier folk send or phone in their shopping lists and pay their bills monthly.

Sometimes I find in a coat pocket or in the glove compartment of the car a list in my wife's neat writing, made on the back of a mimeographed note from the school or on a cardboard lid from a children's game for which some of the indispensable parts have been lost. The list is for food already long consumed: cans of Italian tomatoes, tomato paste, a package of Italian hot sausages, two cans of orange juice, English muffins, Wheat Chex. And though the meals themselves are past, and the conversations and indigestion that went with them not even a memory, I find that reading a statement of what we live on has an interest—perhaps an archeological, time-capsule sort of interest. Hamburger, chicken pot pies (five for eighty-nine cents), ham-lamb combination, cod, haddock, eggs; rice, noodles, spaghetti, lasagna, Rice Krispies; frozen vegetables, fresh vegetables, lettuce, tomatoes, oranges, apples, bananas, mushrooms, carrots, onions, cherries, peaches, grapefruit; marmalade, peanut butter, jelly, ketchup; soda, tonic water; bread, butter, margarine, cheese, sandwich meats. And, of course, we also need floor wax, Ivory Snow, toothpaste, toilet soap, shampoo, toilet paper, paper towels, Kleenex, Vicks, aspirin. The variety of such mundane lists is staggering if you jump back a little more than a hundred years, when most people's food was seasonal and consistently monotonous; bread was the staff of life and the measure of existence.

Although we continue to use the Westerly supermarkets, I feel guilty about it. What in some ways makes the village is our ability to walk to a store for necessities, and if everyone shopped in our middle-income, cost-conscious way the village markets would not exist. (In recent years, the village has lost its shoe-repair shop, its jewelry store, and its funeral home.) There wouldn't perhaps be any great decline in cheerful shopping; in fact, the people who work in the Westerly A. & P. seem a good deal more sincerely friendly than those who serve in a couple of our stores. The village stores have to pay more because they buy from wholesalers in smaller quantity. What we have to pay a little more for is convenience, for the opportunity to pop in in passing, or to hand a child three or four dollars and say, "Run down to Mr. Segal's and get yourself a new pair of sneakers."

Mr. Eli Segal is the owner of the Stonington Department Store, which has one department and is run by him and his wife. He often isn't in the store when a customer enters; he may be across the street at Ed's Cleaning, or up at Squadrito's, returning the barbershop copy of the New York *Daily News*. When he isn't there, you can walk around the deserted store (a large ground-floor room crammed with clothes counters, shelves, and cardboard boxes from which merchandise has not yet been unpacked) and look for what you want. By the time you have found it, or reached the conclusion that Mr. Segal doesn't have it, in he will come. The children call him Mr. Seagull. He is a plump, egg-shaped man with tousled gray hair, wearing a white no-iron shirt, a silk tie, and a button-front wool cardigan, who usually greets you with a look of inquiry rather than a spoken question.

In the summer, I always buy a pair of sneakers and a tennis hat from Mr. Segal. In the fall, I generally buy a pair of corduroys and some socks. Time was when I got a slight markdown, or at least a remission of the state tax, which Mr. Segal took upon himself, but these days Mr. Segal no longer seems to think me in danger of abandoning his store for a giant drive-in discount clothing center, and I pay full price. (I admit that the full price quoted by Mr. Segal is often encouragingly less than the price marked on the box. "See," he'll say, "I'm charging you three ninety-nine, and they went up to four forty-nine last week.") I point out to him that this year's corduroys were two dollars dearer than last year's—up from five ninety-five to seven ninety-five. "Two reasons for it!" shouts Mr. Segal, who either is deaf or finds that a strident, fairground voice is good for business. "The cost of living! Everything's up! And, second, these are Perma-Press—no-iron. All baked in ovens!" He adds, in a final rousing cheer, "If you don't like 'em, bring 'em back! You know my policy!"

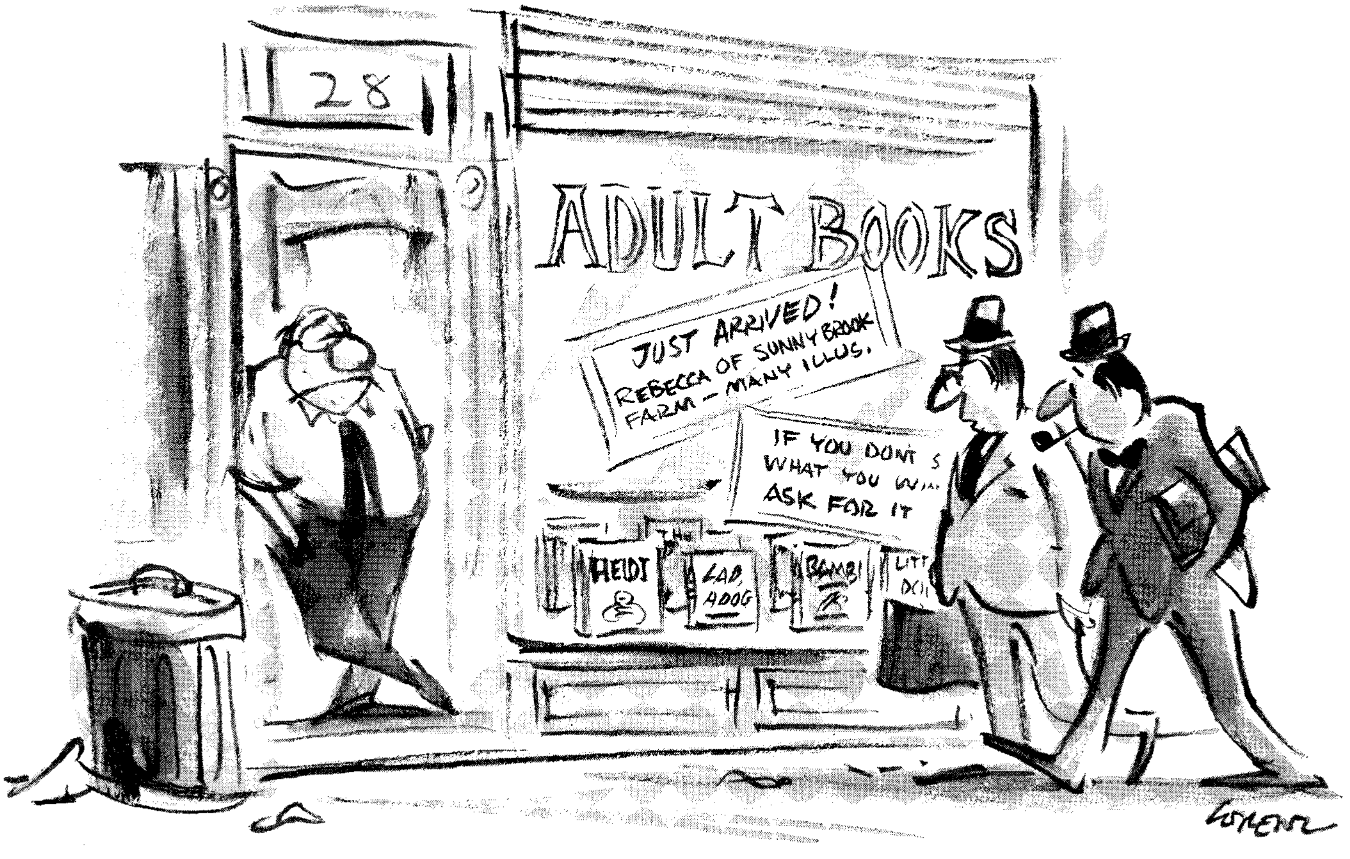
Mr. Segal has two brothers with haberdashery stores in other parts of Connecticut. If you go into his store on a weekday morning for a pair of nine-and-a-half sneakers and he doesn't have them in stock, he will say, "Sold the last pair yesterday. But I can get 'em for you by Friday." And so, from one brother or the other, the sneakers come—the Segals having at their common disposal a stock of goods effectively three times as large as that in any one of their stores.

Clearly, to run a store is to hand over a good part of yourself to the world. Mrs. Hirsch, at Camacho's, will spend minutes helping a child pick out several cents' worth of candy. Some people get tempted by the idea of being shopkeepers and set themselves up selling antiques, exotic foods, or handmade leather goods, and sometimes they succeed even though the demand hasn't been evident and their stuff is neither good nor cheap, because people realize that running a store isn't just a hobby or a pastime with them—it is what they mean to do. Mr. Camacho is thus somebody one may identify preëminently as a slicer of salami and a maker of grinders—a man whose watering of window plants and letting down of awnings are the visible mechanics of being a delicatessen proprietor. Camacho's, we call the place, even though the outside sign says in large letters "I.G.A. Market." In the village, it is hard to think of a successful business that isn't familiarly named—or, if not named, called—for one refers to the Stonington Market as Wiggie's, and to the Book Mart as Dorothy Brown's.

At close quarters as we are, we have some of the delicate problems the French face in whether to *tutoyer* or *vousvoyer* someone in business—in our case, whether or not to use first names. The liquor store used to be run full time by Paul Schepis, an elderly Italian gentleman whom—because of his age and dignified bearing—I have always called Mr. Schepis. Then he decided to take life easier, and handed over the active management to his grandson Charles Chiappone, a large young man whom the customers all call Charlie. After a few months of doing the same and having Charlie in reply call me Mr. Bailey, I took the plunge. I was buying our weekly gallon of red Fior di California. I said, "Charlie, why don't you call me Tony?" Charlie smiled, a bit embarrassed. "Oh, I couldn't do that, Mr. Bailey. It wouldn't be right. I wasn't brought up that way." The next couple of weeks or so were a difficult period for us. I felt as though I had made him feel like an encyclopedia salesman. I couldn't bring out "Mr. Chiappone" and no longer felt quite justified in calling him Charlie. But it wasn't many bottles of wine and cashed checks later that we were back in an orthodox young-businessman/respected-customer relationship, with me calling him Charlie and him calling me Mr. Bailey, as if nothing had ever upset this delicate balance. At the gas station, Al Palmer had a few months of calling me Tony; it coincided with my ownership of a declining Renault Dauphine, which spent much of the time at his establishment. Now, with a going Saab, I am again Mister. Roland Albamonte, the proprietor of Roland's Market, has days when he calls me Tony and other days when he just nods, but with him it may be the effect of the weather or the general state of trade. With Bob Stillman, at Bindloss Fuel & Hardware, I have arrived at an intermediate stage where to call each other Mr. This or That obviously strikes both of us as too formal but we haven't yet found the moment to make the leap to first names. Is it the people who have no village competition or simply those of warm and open character with whom there are no doubts and hesitations? Frankie Keane at the news office, Andy Perry at the lumberyard, and John Victoria at the post office—they and I first-name each other unconcernedly, and sometimes, perhaps, even with a feeling of pleasure that we respond to one another in such an easy, man-to-man way.

UNTIL this spring, when it was brightly remodelled, the gloomiest place to pass at night was the Harbor View. Rosy-fingered neon illuminated the cheap brick surround of the bar window, and, glancing in, I would see the long bar with perhaps two men sitting at it, a long way apart; the man who designed the long, straight bar had no conception of comradely drinking. The Harbor View is the sole survivor of seven bars that used to thrive in the village. They did well with the success of the fishing fleet, roughly until the end of the Second World War. Charlie's burned out a few years ago, and is now an apartment house. The Sea Village Restaurant, where you could also get a drink, is now a motel. Apart from the Harbor View, the only drinking place is the Portuguese Holy Ghost Club. Its flags (Portuguese and American) fly at half-staff whenever a member dies, whether from drink or from other causes, and the flags seem to fly at half-staff quite often. When we first came to School Street, I used to see one man coming home from the Holy Ghost—moving slowly up the street, stopping now and then to rest against a house—sometimes in midmorning or early afternoon, and then, very soon, he wasn't making it anymore; he would be found lying on a sidewalk or slumped on someone's steps. He went away for a while, presumably to a hospital, and came back looking gray and thin. He sat on his own steps, saying nothing. And then the flags flew at half-staff at the Holy Ghost.

Most people drink at home. Of the two liquor stores, one changes hands fairly often; Schepis's is more favored by steady custom. At Christmas, Mr. Schepis and Charlie Chiappone have always handed out gifts to their regulars—a bottle of Johnny Walker Black Label, a bottle of champagne—and if you protest (probably not too vigorously) Mr. Schepis says, "No, no, you're good to me all through the year. At Christmas, I'm good to you." Until about six months ago, there was generally an official notice posted prominently on the back of the cash register. It declared that the proprietor, by order of the Board of Selectmen, was not allowed to sell his wares to the person whose name was typewritten in the blank space provided thereon. Sometimes a woman was named, sometimes a man—there were two regulars on the blacklist. Alcoholics Anonymous has a substantial membership in the vil-



"I guess it's really true what they're saying about the New Sentimentality."

lage. One young woman discovered this when, on first moving to the place, she tried to start play readings and picked a Monday night for the inaugural occasion. Only one person showed up, and it was explained that she shouldn't be offended—it was simply the night of the A.A. meeting. Those who drink moderately and enjoy it, and now and then perhaps get nicely drunk and enjoy it, too, may be tempted to say that idleness and overindulgence in liquor go together. When men at Electric Boat find themselves underemployed (as in the case of a member of the welding union waiting several hours for a member of the draftsmen's union to come and chalk a line on which he can weld a fitting), they drink. When men sit at home reading the *Wall Street Journal* and brooding about the fortune that has made it unnecessary for them ever to have a job, they drink. Yet, even so, we may make more sober use of our leisure—and greater leisure at that—than our hardworking predecessors did. In "As a City Upon a Hill," there is a quotation from one Reverend Mr. Sherlock Bristol, who recalled that in the mid-nineteenth century, in his home town of Cheshire, Connecticut—a place about the size of Stonington—there were "eight distilleries of cider brandy in full blast, from twenty to thirty cider mills, half a dozen taverns all selling brandy and whiskey at three cents a glass. . . . Was it strange then that my mother and I counted over fifty drunkards within the circle of our acquaintance? . . . Was it strange that in one winter we buried ten men who died with delirium tremens, out of a population of two thousand people?"

S
P
Judith Shahn

On consideration, one scarcely wonders that the temperance movement got such a start in New England. On several occasions in the nineteenth century, Stonington voted to go dry, and in 1905, when the village voted to go wet again, it was only by a majority of five votes. But by the twenties and the time of the Volstead Act, when the whole country went dry, Stonington had become vastly more open-minded. You could walk around the village and hear the sound of kettles in Portuguese houses and corks popping. None of the maintainers of the law much had their hearts in enforcing it. When the Coast Guardsmen went off duty, they would walk across to the other side of Bindloss's dock and play poker with the men from the rumrunners. The local police didn't consider rumrunning quite the same as ordinary lawbreaking. Joe Mello told me, "There was so much gravy around in those days the police wanted part of it, too. My uncle used to hand some of it out. He was given money by two of the big dealers, a Portugee and an Italian guy who used to stop at the old Rhode Island Hotel in Westerly; they told him to take care of the cops around here. But there was one cop, Dave Brooker, who figured he hadn't got his full share. So he pulled a raid on them one night when they were unloading over on Lord's Point. My uncle got fined a hundred and a quarter and they put him inside for thirty days. Another time, the local cops brought in the state troopers from Groton. They caught my stepfather down at the fishing sheds where the Sea Village Motel is now. He knocked out one of the troopers. They shot at him and broke one of his legs. Then all the neighbors came out screaming and there was a little riot, and for a while—till reinforcements came—the troopers stood with their backs to the sheds. Considering all the guns and rum and money, there wasn't much blood spilled. Now and then, someone got beaten up. And one night, when I was over in Montauk, a couple of trucks got hijacked. No one shot to kill."

In Stonington, knives flashed now and then when a dealer found a few cases missing, and a little pressure was applied until the man who had brought the liquor in from the sea found some that had "accidentally" fallen under the dock during the unloading. There were landing places all around the village. Fishing boats were going in and out constantly, as well as the fast boats built for the purpose by the shipyards in Mystic—the Black Goose and the Gander are two names that Joe Mello remembers. One morning, a runner named Smiley O'Hara dumped his load right in the harbor while he was being chased by the Coast Guard. People went fishing for bottles for years afterward. It was, at least in Joe Mello's memory, a very good time: "I got paid ten cents a case for unloading. The boats averaged five hundred cases aboard, so that made fifty bucks a trip. I was eighteen going on nineteen. It was fun. They'd generally break a case and give each man a bottle. I don't think liquor ever tasted as good afterward as it did then—at least, until they started cutting it right on board the boats with grain alcohol. The first shipments was aged—great stuff."

Walking on summer nights, one can drop back into the past on the sounds of lobster boats, the staccato combustion noise from air-cooled exhausts, and the sound of fireworks set off by boys in anticipation of the Fourth. As I cross Cannon Square, I pass the big three-family house built on the site of Captain Thomas Swan's tavern. The stagecoach used to halt here. Here, too, a cache of gunpowder was fortunately discovered during the British attack in August, 1814, when the powder for the defenders' cannons had run low.

Some nights when I'm walking, I remember I am doing something that one couldn't always take for granted. In medieval English towns, well after Magna Carta, one of the precautions taken against violence and theft was a prohibition of night walking. In London, in summer, one could walk until eight; after that there was a curfew. A book called "Street Life in Medieval England," by G. T. Salusbury-Jones, relates that in Beverley, Yorkshire, "strangers were expected to retire indoors earlier than natives of the town, and their hosts had to be prepared to swear to their good behavior or else they could be shut out at nine o'clock." Some American towns have recently enacted similar ordinances—in a few cases, directed against teen-agers; in others, against anyone found on the streets after nine or ten, whom the police may arrest. To walk without any feeling of strangeness or insecurity, it is necessary to be in a community where change is moderate and considered, where the scale of streets and houses remains close and human. Forced into cars, we are suspended; our contacts are deceptive and diminished. People driving down Water Street often wave at people they know whom they see walking, and are offended when the pedestrians do not recognize them behind the shining windshields of their cars, or do not, simply by seeing the car, identify the owner. At the moment, I know three people who drive red Volkswagens, but should I for that reason wave at every red Volkswagen I see and feel foolish when the car turns out to be driven by a stranger? So one stops looking at cars as they pass on Water Street. One stops waving. On the other hand, I say hello or good morning to other people walking, even strangers.

CONTACT is what the village is all about; we can't avoid people. We have neither the highly charged, haphazard confrontations nor the anonymity of the large town or city. It behooves us to know people. This atmospheric imperative goes to the heads of some new arrivals, and they throw

more than sound
LOVE

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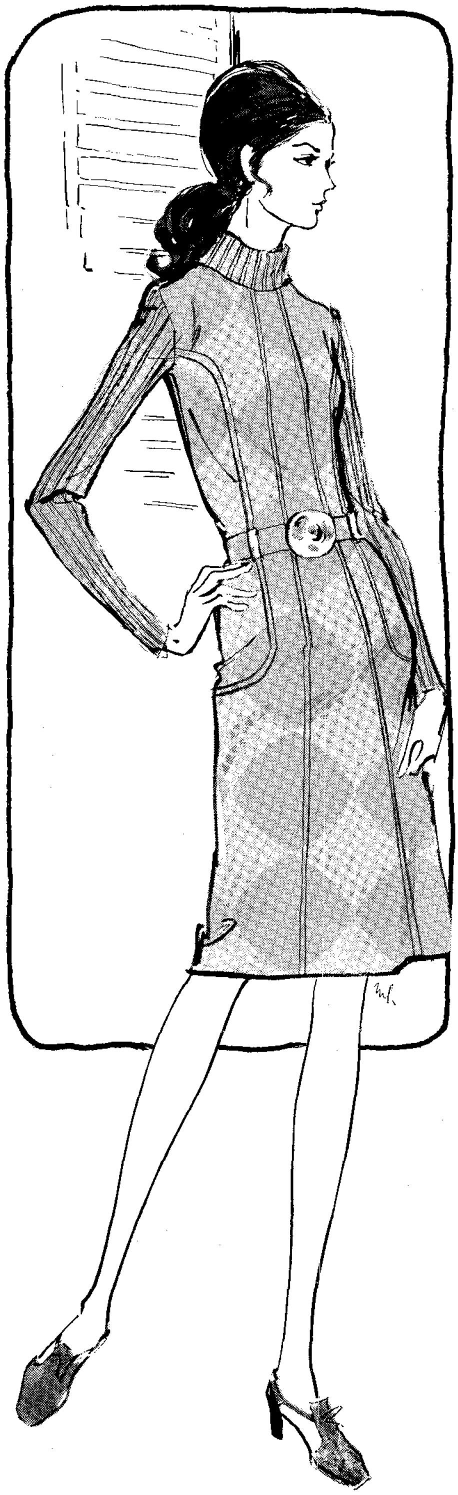

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PURE VIRGIN WOOL

themselves into the village head first, without finding out the depth of the water. Some of them hit their heads, some plunge downward forever. The Coogans moved to School Street and within a week were first-naming most of the people, quarrelling with the others, joining the P.-T.A. and the Young Republican Wives, and taking collections for the Heart Fund. The P.-T.A. disbanded, people went on calling them Mr. and Mrs. Coogan, the Democrats continued to run the village, and after a year the Coogans moved. The Merryweathers came to Water Street and did over an old house with a fancy architect at great expense and gave a large party every Saturday night, to which people went for a while to meet the celebrities whom Lois Merryweather brought to meet all her new friends, and after a few seasons the Merryweathers began to find the village boring and moved along.

On other newcomers involvement creeps, though it may become just as intense. A number of years ago, while I was doing my military service in the British Army, I was sent to what was then the Gold Coast (now Ghana). There the tour of duty for young officers was restricted to a year, but for one or two even this was too long—they got involved. One man I knew used to dress in the evenings in a mammy cloth—the colorful cotton robe that the Africans swaddle themselves in—and ride his motorcycle out to a small fishing village near Tema. He had become friends with the chief of the village, and once a month, while the village drums sounded, he would go down to the sea with his black mentor and hurl his monthly ration of one bottle of Gordon's gin into the high surf to propitiate the sea god. Before his tour of duty was up, he had what the medical officer called a breakdown and was shipped home to England screaming "Africa! Africa!" In our village, there are several individuals who have deliberately cast off a former existence and become villagers. From what little one knows of their carefully concealed backgrounds, successful, dominating parents lurk there, and these black sheep climb into local clothing—sometimes quite literally, in the form of fishermen's work clothes—giving their business suits to the Thrift Shop and their alumni bulletins to the library. Some become involved in local issues on what seems to them the side of "the common people." Once in a while, when the strain set up between their upbringing and their chosen role begins to tell, they throw Gordon's gin or its emotional equivalent into their own psychological surf.

Responsibilities form a reinforcing mesh into which individual lives are poured like wet concrete. Looking for evidence of mutual aid, Prince Peter Kropotkin, the Russian anarchist and geographer, found it most prevalent in village communities. Our own selfish needs in respect to children, books, sports, and entertainment get us involved in common enterprises. A woman from New York who spends summers in the village said recently, "I'll look after your children today if you want. Then I can get you to drive me to Westerly station on Sunday night." This is the sort of bargaining that goes on all the time in the village—though with the perhaps crucial difference that it is rarely outspoken like that. People do things for other people and know that sooner or later things will be done for them. Our friend from the city hadn't yet learned that we take it for granted—that there is no need to conduct the deal in such point-blank detail. There are common denominators of help. Children are one, and houses and boats are others: if you help someone lift a boat out of a garage, you can count on him to help you step a mast or assist at a launching. The other day, Al Sousa, at one end of School Street, was laying a new sidewalk, and Tony Previty, from the other end of the street, came to give him a hand with making the forms for the concrete. A few days later, when Tony Previty was painting his garage doors, down the hill came Al Sousa with a brush to do some painting.

On School Street, I was introduced to this interdependence quite early. I had bought a large second-hand gas stove in Norwich, and it had been dumped on the sidewalk outside the house by the trucker who brought it to the village. It weighed nearly two hundred pounds. I needed help to get it into the house and into place in the kitchen. A week or so after this was done, one of the men who had helped me called up while we were having dinner and asked if I could give him a hand. It turned out he wanted a hand with a hospital bed, which had to be taken from a barn to the house of a man who was dying. There we dismantled the bed he usually slept in, while he sat in an armchair and coughed, and his wife looked on and thanked us. Then we set up the heavy iron hospital bed, which could be adjusted to bend and slope to fit his pained body. At the end, she thanked us, and the man, who died three or four days later, said thank you, and the man who had brought me said that he was sure the sick man would be more comfortable now. Outside again, it was a night full of stars. The man who had asked me to come thanked me, apologetically. I said, "Don't be silly. I was glad to be able to help," and meant it.

Children are the great joiners and levellers. We decided soon after coming to it that School Street was dangerous for children, with two-way traffic, parking on one side, and a couple of blind corners at top and bottom. My neighbor Peter Tripp and I drafted a petition, which Margot, my wife, then seven months pregnant, took from house to house on School Street. She thus got to know people and what the inside of their houses looked like, and let them know something about us. Everybody signed, the petition was presented to the warden and the burgesses, the street was made one-way, and for a while there was a pleasant sense on the street that we had done something together in the best interests of everybody. (There was also the satisfaction of being able to shout at drivers unfamiliar with the new traffic pattern, "One-way street!") Similarly, Margot—looking for a low-cost way of getting a preschool child off her hands in the mornings with some benefit to the child—started a coöperative nursery school, in which each young mother took a turn teaching. This group's dues were a dollar a month—enough to buy crayons and paste and paper. Some of the "girls," as they referred to one another, wanted higher dues, because it didn't feel like a real organization without them, but the dollars mounted rapidly enough to pay for a swing as well as the necessary supplies. Accommodation was found in the Sunday-school rooms of the Episcopal church. (When those quarters were eventually needed as an apartment for an elderly organist—or so the rector claimed—the group moved on to the Congregational Sunday school, next door to the minister's office, but that minister was deaf, and they were able to use the place a good deal longer.) Some girls were not very good at teaching, and when their three-day turns came around it seemed that one could tell, because the children came home whiny and frustrated. Some had had teaching experience, or had read books on the Montessori method. And some just fell into it, inventing games and songs and taking the children for long, tiring walks. Margot said it was sheer hell for the three days one taught but worth it for the mornings of household peace in the seven or eight weeks that separated one's turns at teaching. She also said that in the school in good moments you could hear a bubbling, humming sound; it was all the children singing softly and privately—la-la noises mainly, but now and then a few words thrown in. (In Russia, they used to play songs of Leninism continuously to small children in school, but I believe they found eventually that the children shut out this irrelevant distraction by making their own songs.)

The co-op nursery school has had a few small dramas. One child bolted himself into the Episcopal toilet and couldn't undo the bolt. The woman in charge that day lost her head and called the police, who came and broke down the door. There was then a sizable carpenter's bill, sent on by the vestrymen, and some feeling among some of the young mothers that the bill could have been avoided if the woman had called a carpenter rather than the police in the first place. One woman's son proved uncontrollable and unteachable; he spent his mornings waiting for opportunities to sock other children. So a conference was held by the other mothers. Should they ask the woman to remove her son? Should they give any reasons? Should they tell her that her son was in need of professional help? This, they decided, was the right thing to do—but then who would tell her? It was a nasty job; there were no volunteers, and Margot, as the founder of the co-op, found herself with the job, which she dreaded. But, for the sake of all the other children and the mothers doing the teaching, it had to be done. The woman concerned was not at all upset. She seemed relieved, Margot said; she and her husband had suspected that things were wrong and had been waiting to have their fears corroborated. They welcomed a push in the right direction. They then consulted a child psychologist, and in a year or so the boy was much improved; he had also got used to his interloping baby brother by then.

In a place this size, the mechanics of help remain personal; institutions tend either not to exist or to be federal, a long way away. When Doris Manchester woke up in a hospital after an ulcer operation she couldn't afford and wasn't insured for, the first person she saw was the rector, who told her, among other things, that she wasn't to worry; everything was taken care of. She said later that she didn't know exactly who the people were who had subscribed to a fund to pay all those

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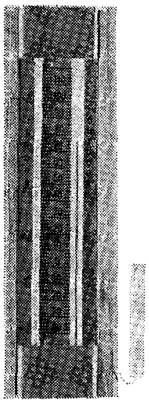

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expenses, but she had a good idea. Doris was the widow of a brilliant, unsuccessful inventor, and after he died she turned to making curtains and slipcovers and being a companion to wealthier widows. At the other end of the social spectrum are the Yateses. In a larger place, they would be welfare cases. Indeed, even in the village they may get some town assistance—I'm not sure. Mr. Yates is quite often drunk and unemployed, though everyone who runs something in the town has made a desperate effort at some time to employ him. Mrs. Yates is battered, varicosed, with ten, or maybe at this point eleven, grubby kids, screaming, fighting, dragging themselves up. You see her pushing an old baby carriage full of laundry down to the laundromat, and Margot, who has talked with her there, says she is a friendly woman. That is not the point (and why should we be surprised that the poor and uneducated and disadvantaged are, can be, friendly?) but, rather, that being on the parish in Stonington and on relief in a city like New York are two quite different things. Here the Yateses are not cut off in a zone of welfare. Cleaned up a little, or sometimes not, two or three of the children are to be seen playing with Jessica Richmond, the daughter of a stockbroker whose house has recently been renovated at a cost of at least fifty thousand dollars. Mary Yates turns up with my daughter Liz at Evie Dodson's hospitable front door and is invited to go for a sail or a picnic on the Dodson yacht with some Dodson children. Old Mr. Yates, the grandfather, still works a shift at the velvet mill and keeps a protective eye on the whole brood. He knows the value of the house the younger Yateses live in, which sharp real-estate people, seeing its exterior dilapidation, are always trying to persuade the younger Yateses to sell. Where would they go? There is no promise in the metropolis for the Yateses. I can think of no place in the world where they would be better off than where they are.

People pass clothes on to us, and we pass them on to other people. Thus, although we have once in a while seen the inside of Saks and Bonwit's, and the Robles haven't, their ill-nourished children are just as likely as ours to be wearing a seven-year-old's chic little lightly used jacket or a previously owned cashmere sweater. Scarcely less personal is the Thrift Shop, staffed by volunteer ladies and open on weekdays from one till four. Here all sorts of clothes, furniture, and knickknacks, given free, are resold for the benefit of the Community Center. When people

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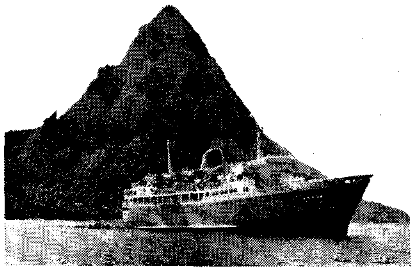

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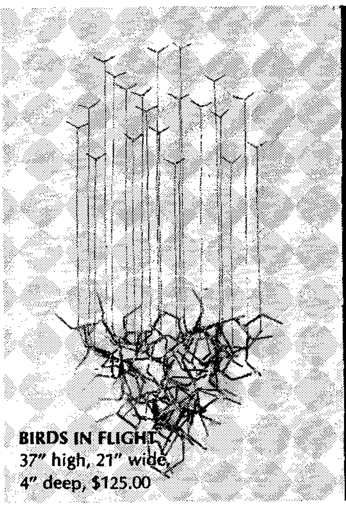

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ask us enviously where we got our antique steamer trunks, with their first-class Berengaria labels, we answer, "The Thrift Shop." Charlie Storrow's splendid tweed jacket, which his wife, Anne, gave him for his last birthday, came from the Thrift Shop, as did the suit of long woollen underwear (bearing a Cash's name tape "Henry Davis") that I wear when winter sailing, and the white Palm Beach suit I wear to summer weddings. The underwear cost fifty cents, and the Palm Beach suit cost three dollars—which is perhaps a big enough investment when you consider that I have been invited to only one summer wedding since I bought it. The Thrift Shop is an excellent source of ice skates and snowsuits for children. It is not so good for books or china or paintings. The books tend to be old chemistry textbooks or Chamber of Commerce guides to Argentine industry. Margot suspects that there is a certain stock of clothing permanently circulating through the village, going in and out of the Thrift Shop. She bases this assumption on the fact that she saw Elsie, the checkout lady in Roland's, wearing a blue-flowered dress that was once hers, and that Henrietta Owens was looking at her strangely at the Bodkins' cocktail party. "I think this used to be her stole," said Margot. In the spring, the rich old ladies in Watch Hill, Rhode Island, along the coast just east of here, clear out their houses, and connoisseurs of the Thrift Shop claim that that's the time to keep an eye on what turns up there.

The Thrift Shop has another advantage: If you want to throw something away that has a chance of being useful to someone, it is closer than the town dump. But going to the dump certainly has its own fascination. The children like to go there when I take a load of old newspapers, garden debris, or accumulated cellar junk. What appeals to them may be what appeals to me: the plume of gray smoke rising above the surrounding woods like a signal, leading one to it along the Greenhaven road; the high wire gate, set in a high wire fence, on which are stated the hours of admission and the necessity of being a resident of the town; and, once one is inside, the fires of blazing rubbish, the pickup trucks backed to the edge of artificial cliffs, and a gruff, grimy dumpmaster—the man who runs the bulldozer and has the pickings of old bathtubs and pipe and anything that looks of value—shouting as you drive up past a barricade of rusty oil drums (meant to guide you to the section of the dump currently being used) and making sure that you aren't about to dump wet garbage in the scrap-metal section or throw tree limbs in with the garbage.

At the dump, seagulls drop down for quick pickings. Their numbers increase every year in proportion to our own increase and that of our debris. Now and then, a rat scurries across a pile of sand planted ready for the bulldozer to cover the refuse. The dumpmaster fiddles with an old truck and a crane that he uses to grab up scrap iron and steel, in the shape of old stoves and kitchen sinks. He one day caught Margot making off with a tree-pruning implement that she'd failed to realize had been put aside as part of his rightful spoils. I once found and successfully bore off a dozen massive hickory logs, which blunted two saws but burned many nights in our Franklin stove with slow heat and subtle fragrance.

THERE is one house that, even at night, I walk by with a slightly quickened step. The lady who lives there is not, as far as I know, a window-watcher, but she has—to put it with an ambivalence she might appreciate—a well-known tongue. When I run into her, her conventional greeting is rapidly followed by a question that has depths and dimensions below and beyond the surface burden: Who bought such-and-such a house? Why haven't the So-and-So's been seen for a long time? I suspect her imagination, and I grant her all sorts of terrible fantasies. If she sees me walking by at night, she is bound to wonder what domestic melodrama has driven me onto the streets, or in what sequestered nook of the village (the old railroad-station lean-to, maybe, or the back pews of the Catholic church) I have been conducting an assignation with (and here the mind, given so little scope by reality, had better take wing) that hopeless but rather sexy girl in the post office—the one who can never remember the standard airmail rate to Europe but whose mouth, like a mail slot, is always just, invitingly, open. Without a doubt, gossip in the village reflects the depth of one's interest and the time one has served here. On the lips of new arrivals it seems shallow and unknowing, striking the sort of note that inspires no answers in a village veteran—in fact, has a contrary effect, jarring him into silence. But with time and acquaintance gossip becomes more subtle. Also more profoundly forthright on occasion, as when Mary Feathers said (knowing she was unloading a brand-

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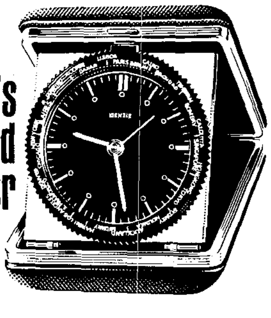

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new, surprising fact about someone known and liked), "Johnny Dickenson's leaving his wife for Marge James—he's madly in love with her. But then I don't think Marge will leave Boris, do you?" Marge did not.

Gossip in the village often concerns itself with money, involving someone's absconding with church funds or going bankrupt. It is also concerned with sanity; going mad is generally referred to as "going to Norwich," which is where a state mental hospital is situated. At any one time, three or four people from the village will be in Norwich. For some reason, gossip rarely has to do with the several homosexual couples who live fairly inconspicuous and respected village lives. They don't flaunt their eccentricity. In return, they don't receive any particular disapprobation. As far as the village merchants are concerned, they buy food and drink like everyone else. Socially active people are enchanted to have their company at parties—they are "different." Occasionally, one hears of a tiff, but then matters mend, as they do in most of our heterosexual marriages. There are other cases where sex is more of a stimulus to gossip. One man, married and with children, once a year stands in his front-room window and exposes himself in full view of the family across the street. The first time this happened, the family called the police; the second time they called some friends in, more for comfort than out of malice; and now when it happens they treat it like a television program they'd rather the younger children didn't see. They set up a diversionary activity—playing Scrabble or making fudge. "He just stands there looking sad," one child said to his parents, perhaps having learned something about the variousness of the human animal.

The lack of privacy enforces a morality of sorts. "You can't get away with much in the village" is how one older villager put it to me. Of course, this affects only those people who care what other people think, but then they seem to be the great majority. In the minority was the young girl who several years ago, after losing her fiancé in a car accident, went and laid herself down on the New Haven railroad tracks. She was seen and rescued before a train came. However, what people talked about was not the understandable act of throwing herself on the tracks but the fact that before doing so she took off all her clothes.

THE cannonballs that sit on stone pillars at the entrance to the library drive are black, round, and a little pockmarked. It is hard to think of them as whistling over the village and splintering through the clapboards of a house, or even thudding into a vegetable patch or herb garden. One might say, sentimentally, that it is hard to think of them as being fired in anger, except that there was indeed very little anger on the part of those who ordered them to be fired. They were an expression of policy. "Sir, I have the honour to send you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, a dispatch which I have this day received from the Honourable Rear Admiral Hotham acquainting me of the result of an attack which he had directed to be made upon the Town of Stonington by part of the Division of His Majesty's Ships under his orders." So wrote Vice Admiral Alexander Cochrane from his flagship Surprize in the Patuxent River on August 29, 1814. A few weeks before, he had received this word from Commodore Hotham, from his flagship Superb off Gardiner's Island:

> Sir, His Majesty's Ship Ramillies and the [ship] Terror Bomb having joined me at this anchorage on the 7th Instant, and being informed by the officers who had commanded here, that the Town of Stonington has been conspicuous for preparing and harbouring torpedoes, and giving assistance to the insidious attempts of the Enemy at the destruction of His Majesty's Ships employed off New London, it appeared to be more deserving of the visitation prescribed in your Order of the 18th Ultimo, than any other place on this part of the Coast. . . . I therefore directed Sir Thomas Hardy on the 8th Instant, to take the direction of such an attack on the Town, with the Ships and Vessels named in the margin, with a view of destroying it by their fire, as he might find practicable, conformably to your order alluded to; and enclosed I have the honour to transmit to you an extract of the report of the execution of it, with a return of the casualties on board the Dispatch on the occasion. The destruction of the Town has not been as complete as could have been wished.
>
> Ramillies
> Pactolus
> Dispatch
> Terror Bomb

And this from Hardy:

> On the evening of the 11th I directed Captain Sheridan to throw a few more Shells and Carcasses [a form of cannonball] into the Town, which not setting the Houses on fire as expected, I this morning anchored the Ramillies and Pactolus as near as we could place them to the Shore, from the shallowness of the water, and both Ships fired several broadsides at the Town, which was very much damaged, altho' from the houses being constructed of wood, none were seen to fall.

This was in the last year of the last Anglo-American war. England was winding up her long struggle to free

Europe of Napoleon and protect her world mercantile hegemony. On this distant Atlantic flank, a rigorous naval blockade had proved to be the most effective way of counteracting the nuisance that the Americans were making of themselves. The prime cause of the subsidiary conflict had been the impressment of American seamen into the British Navy. Even so, it wasn't a very popular war with Americans, especially in New England, where trade suffered. But in time the blockade became infuriating. The British fleet hung along the coast in all seasons and all weathers, displaying unlauded seamanship of high skill in the process, occasionally landing a party to buy cattle at the going rate, or chasing a schooner that tried to make a run for it. It was a war in which each side treated the other with ceremony; officers served as pallbearers at the burial of the fallen foe. A young English midshipman, interred at Stonington with full honors, had been killed while boarding a privateer disguised as a merchantman. Earlier, ten British seamen and an officer had been killed when they boarded a schooner that was carrying not only provisions but a charge of dynamite, planted to blow up for the occasion—one form of "torpedo" or "insidious attempt" that annoyed the British. In July, 1813, a mysterious diving machine was seen off New London. According to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, it was "the invention of a gentleman [what else?] living at Norwich." The British regarded such innovations as not cricket. There is also reason to believe that the visitation prescribed by Henry Hotham for Stonington as the "more deserving" place was the final reaction to unexpected American assaults on British settlements across the Canadian border.

The British commander on the scene, Sir Thomas Hardy, in whose arms Horatio Nelson had died at Trafalgar (and of whom Nelson had said, "I never knew Hardy wrong upon any professional subject"), failed to give the impression that he had his heart in this venture. Along the New England coast, Hardy had the reputation of being a humane and just officer, interested only in keeping Stephen Decatur, the American commander, and his ships bottled up in the Thames and in preventing American privateers from operating. His squadron arrived off Stonington on August 9th, a Tuesday, the weather (according to the log of the Ramillies) moderate and fine to begin with, though later on, when a flag of truce was sent ashore, it was "light airs and fine." Hardy's message gave the inhabitants an hour to get themselves and their belongings out of town, but he then allowed three hours to pass. In the village, of a hundred tight-packed wooden houses, there was consternation but no great panic. The old, the sick, and noncombatants left for neighboring farms; valuable possessions were carted off, buried in gardens, or lowered into wells. One old lady who didn't leave was Hulda Hall. Attended by her granddaughter, she was dying of consumption in a house near the defenders' battery, which consisted of two eighteen-pounders and one six-pounder behind a breastwork four feet high.

The battle began that evening at eight, when the British fired shells, carcasses, and Congreve rockets into the town. The defenders fired back as it got dark, aiming at the British ships when they were illuminated by rocket glare. And so it went on, fitfully, through Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, while the weather stayed fine. The British bombardment killed two horses, wounded five or six men, and set fire to a number of houses. In all, forty houses were damaged—eight or ten "essentially so," and two or three ruined. Mrs. Hall died on Wednesday morning and was buried. The British sloop Dispatch was hit by the well-directed fire from the village, and lost two men killed and twelve wounded, as Hardy later reported.

The gunner in charge of the Stonington battery was a man from Mystic, five miles away, named Jeremiah Holmes, who had learned the gunnery trade during an enforced three-year service in the Royal Navy and must have taken pleasure in demonstrating to the British how well he had mastered their skill. Several times, flags of truce went back and forth as the village magistrates tried to convey to Captain Hardy both their strong disapproval of what he was doing to their town and their hope—proudly stated—that he would cease and desist. They assured him that no torpedoes were being fitted out here. (In 1964, Jeremiah Holmes' grandson recalled that the master gunner did in fact have a torpedo stored in his cellar.) Hardy was upset about the situation of the wife of the former British vice-consul in New London, Mrs. James Stewart, and demanded that she and her children be sent aboard the Ramillies. The village fathers said that this was out of their

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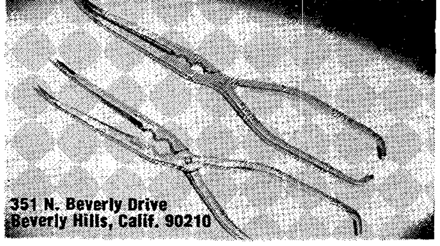

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power—and later wondered, a trifle maliciously, why Captain Hardy had this sudden need for Mrs. Stewart. In any event, Hardy, on the occasion of one of their visits, pointed out to them in his cabin the couch on which Lord Nelson had died.

There were long lulls between British bombardments. In the village, the regional home guard, the militia, finally arrived in strength and insured the place against a British landing. They were kept busy putting out fires. On Friday afternoon, Hardy and his fleet hauled away from the town. Going down Fishers Island Sound, the Ramillies ran aground for a time. To get her off, several tons of drinking water had to be pumped overboard and a length of anchor cable chopped away.

DESPITE the lack of general patriotic sentiment (Connecticut, for instance, wouldn't allow its militia to serve outside the state), the British attacks on shipping and on small towns like Stonington had, as Alfred Thayer Mahan, in "Sea Power in Its Relation to the War of 1812," pointed out, the eventual effect of bringing the meaning of the war home to the American people—though perhaps one could better say "Wareham people" or "Pettipaug people" or "Stonington people." Stonington was now bathed in the light of history. Violence had waved its melodramatic hand over the place, and the village would never be the same again. Something singular had happened to it. The event was immediately glossed and glorified, in local talk and in ballads such as one by Philip Freneau: "It cost the King ten thousand pounds/To have a go at Stonington." In Congress, an American general declared, "There was one achievement that sheds lustre on the American character, the defense of Stonington. . . . It was not rivalled by the defense of the Sandusky, the attempt at Niagara, or the victories of Erie and Champlain." And though later historians have been a little less confident of the battle's quality (one of them has found the chief interest of the Battle of Stonington in the great difference between the accounts of the fight rendered by the two sides), in Stonington it became a moment to be celebrated. On the hundredth anniversary, in 1914, there was a parade of sixteen fire companies, a historical pageant, motorboat races, and speeches. "When our forefathers defended this place against the attacks of the British, it was not simply for the sake of their own families and their immediate descendants," said Dean Otis E. Randall,

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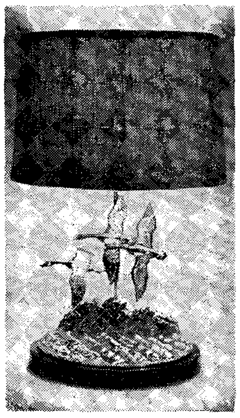

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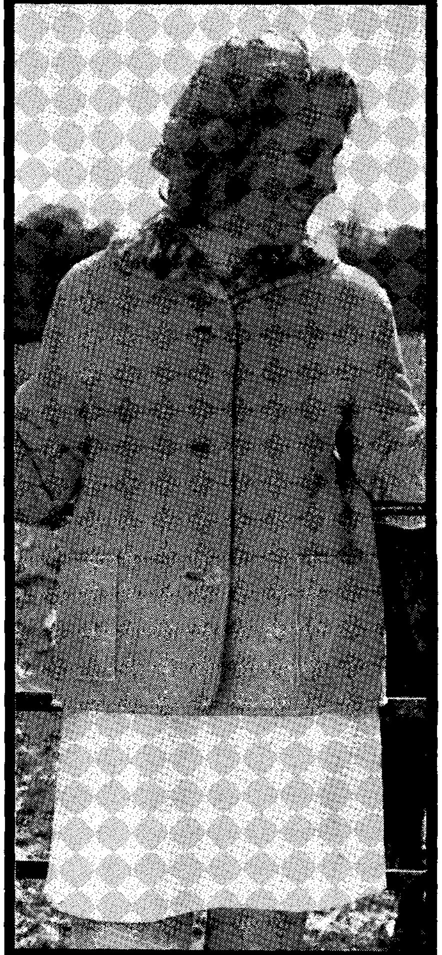
of Brown University, a great-grandson of Colonel Randall, the militia commander. Perhaps so, but even if the motives of the defenders were neither broader nor nobler—were nothing more than an urgent act undertaken for their sakes and the sake of their village—it made Stonington a defended site: a particular place that particular men had risked their lives for.

The cannons sit now in the square, and children play on them. Yet something they remind us of has been taken out of our hands since the Treaty of Ghent was signed in December, 1814, ending that war, and Hardy was made a Knight Commander of the Bath. Obscure treaties now defend us, and intricate weapons in underground silos; hot lines pass messages far over our heads. No local magistrates carry flags of truce. We have no battery ramparts, no watchtowers or beacons, except far off on the Canadian tundra and in offices where men watch electronic data-processing machines. Young men from School Street depart to fight in a war they feel less connection with than their forefathers felt with the War of 1812. Patriotic bumper stickers are rare in Stonington, perhaps because people realize there is no proper way to nail a flag to a mast anymore.

Because of all this, I find that I look almost with affection at the nuclear submarines, carrying Poseidon missiles, as they leave and enter New London Harbor. They are ships, crewed by men, and, black and dangerous as they seem going down the Thames and across the Sound, they are susceptible to contact and understanding. I know men who help build them and men who sail in them. They are not only tangible but vulnerable. There are several young women in the village whose husbands were lost on the U.S.S. Scorpion. My friend Yale Lewis served for several years on a sub based in New London. He would be at sea for two or three months and then home in the village for a month, ferreting the skunks out from under his house, on Gold Street. I had dinner with him one night aboard his submarine, which was an older, diesel-and-electric-powered boat. I was surprised to see how many things in the sub were still done by hand; there were many valves with big bronze knobs that had to be turned, and all sorts of manual levers. As I passed close to one set of levers, Yale said urgently, "Hey, don't lean against them!" For dinner, we sat at one end of a little table in a sort of aircraft-interior space and ate while, at the other end of the table, a few feet away, three officers who had clearly had long practice in pretending that other people weren't there were gloomily attempting to balance the ship's books. There seemed to be a number of items they were having trouble adjusting and accounting for. It made me think of the notes in the Ramillies log in regard to tons of water and fathoms of anchor cable.

IN summer, the village seems smaller and more intense than it does the rest of the year. For a week or so in early June, the permanent villagers feel particularly oppressed and irritated. They duck indoors at the sound of city people shouting to one another in the streets. City people have louder voices—they are used to raising them above the noise of sanitation trucks, air-conditioners, and jackhammers—and most of the villagers would be embarrassed to carry on a conversation in a tone that all the neighbors could hear. The invasion of traffic is another unsettling thing. I hear myself abruptly abandoning my own sensibilities and yelling at a high-school kid who is dragging up Water Street in a two-year-old Mustang with beefed-up rear springs, "*Slow down!*" Peering groggily from huge station wagons, Midwestern families dangerously drive the wrong way on Water Street, on which local pedestrians are conditioned to looking only one way before they cross. There is even less parking room than usual on School Street, and, feeling more than ever engulfed in Megalopolis, we drive around the block looking for a space, and snarl at the sight of New York or California license plates. Some local people jet off to Europe or go to stay with relatives in Vermont. They then rent their houses at seasonally inflated prices, and the rest of us are jealous of the new arrivals from the city who can afford such rents.

It takes us nearly a month to get used to them, though the adjustment process is well lubricated. July swims forward with cocktail parties, dances, dinners, picnics, and poker games. Summer people are energetic about putting down immediate roots. The phone rings all the time, and invitations fly back and forth. By August 1st, natives with boats have fled on long cruises—or, at least, after saying they are going on long cruises, have gone and anchored off the western breakwater. Margot, by then, has taken to getting up early and calling people we scarcely know to say thank you for the invitation, we're sorry we can't come. Even if we want to, we often can't, because



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babysitters are in short supply and are hard to hold on to. Year-round residents are supposed to be understanding when their hitherto dutiful young child-minder says, "Do you mind if I sit for the Perkinses' house guests this weekend?" How can they deny the girl the chance to better herself by looking after a pair of chic children, watching color television, and coming back later on with sulky notions of raising her price to a dollar and a quarter an hour?

Walking past the MacPhersons' late at night, I hear highly amplified rock music, and although I always have a marvellous time at the MacPhersons' parties and think Mr. MacPherson is a very good sort and Mrs. MacPherson is nifty, I for a moment resent them and all the vivid, knowledgeable people that congregate around them. The summer imposes this love-hate thing. Some are fair-weather friends. How lucky you are to live here all the time, they say while packing up to go back on or just after Labor Day to well-paying city jobs from which, they also say, they will at some point retire so they can come to live here year round.

The intensity of things is enhanced by doldrum weather. It sometimes closes in from mid-June to early August, enshrouding the whole tight-packed peninsula in warm, opaque moisture. The water seems closer on all sides. On such calm, foggy days, you can hear all the sounds of the water—diesels thumping on the fishing draggers, the pop-pop of outboards, and people calling to one another over the noise: "Harry says there's three feet of water in here. What d'ya think, Al?" and "Watch out, Harry, I can see the rocks!" There are foghorns, and the bell buoy off the outer breakwater, and the slap of halyards on the flagpole.

Off the Wadawanuck Club dock, you can hear the voice of the junior sailing instructor: "George, if you can't act like a good sport and quit, you'd better not show up here again." Some invisible small boy is loudly protesting that George hit him amidships, and, farther off, several other children are yelling that they are lost. The club is a sixty-year-old summer institution. It is at the head of the harbor, and its small, single-story clubhouse offers several porches, a large indoor room, cloakrooms, and a kitchen. Outside are changing rooms, a short stretch of lawn, and six tennis courts. At low tide, the beach is made up mostly of small, slimy rocks; at high tide, a protective net does an imperfect job of keeping out weed, eel grass, and whatever else comes up the harbor. There are sailing and swimming lessons for children, tennis tournaments, and races every Saturday afternoon except in the winter in a fleet of unhandy fibre-glass boats, chosen as an uncostly compromise between a racing boat, a daysailer, and a trainer that didn't need much maintenance—the fact that children would be far better off learning to sail in boats that were fun, were capsizable, and needed looking after having been ignored. On summer afternoons, young mothers find the club beach a useful place to deposit their children while they sun themselves and exchange notes on husbands, house guests, and housewifery. Older matrons, eating chef's salad on the porch, try to ignore the children but now and then get upset by the pre-teen hubbub. On Thursday evenings, there are cookouts, which were originally intended as family picnics en masse but now, perhaps expressing an unconscious need of the older adults to forget such familial responsibility, are more drink-in than cookout. Parents of small children stay at home, protecting their impressionable young from the sight of the senior citizens weaving happily through the charcoal smoke.

Some people who aren't club members accuse the members of prejudice, but I suspect that prejudice within the club exists in about the same proportions as it does outside. Perhaps because one expects it, it is more obvious there. There are no black members—a condition that reflects, for one thing, an almost complete lack in the local population. Jewish members have had to be fought for, and so have Frenchmen and poor intellectuals. Plump, well-invested ladies, mindful of which schools their daughters went to and where their own clothes were bought, tend to be intolerant of anything that looks like rocking the Mayflower, and it isn't surprising to find every once in a while that, say, one in ten of them is anti-Semitic. One such dowager, describing a long-haired hippie boy brought home by an adored granddaughter, said to me, "Well, at least his name wasn't Rosenberg." It took me a few seconds to catch on. I know several people called Rosenberg, and had never thought of them as having a significant name.

My own intolerance is aroused by spoiled teen-age boys in overpowered outboard boats charging around the harbor, making waves that swamp dinghies and cause cruising boats to roll at their moorings, and filling the air with clouds of offensive blue exhaust. I also get annoyed by the legalistic approach to small-boat racing, for it detracts from the pleasure of the Saturday-afternoon races—which often seem to be won on the floor of the clubhouse in after-the-race protest meetings. A French girl once quoted to me, "Life is desperate but not serious." It is a remark that few people in the club would have made, life for them being very serious but rarely desperate.

Sitting on the rocks at the Point on a summer night with a fog thick enough to hide the navigational lights on the buoys and beacons and the air so still there is no slap of halyards against the flagpole, one finds it possible to think of earlier arrivals. I sometimes imagine a longship snaking around Napatree, the oars pulling smoothly, the lookout keeping an eye on the edge of the beach. A stone, supposedly with runic inscriptions, was found up at Weequetequock, a few miles from the village, in the nineteenth century. I have a feeling that the Vikings were the first summer people here. In "The King's Mirror," a book of advice written by a Norseman for his son, one reads, "Make your ship good to look upon, then skillful men will come, and the ship will be well manned. Make your ship ready for the sea when the summer starts, and navigate in the best part of the summer, and always have reliable ropes in your ship, and do not stay on the sea in the autumn if you can help it." Up in the woods behind Old Mystic, there are curious semi-underground shelters—little vaults roofed with flat stones—for which no one seems to have an explanation. Were they fortified summer houses? Certainly, if the Vikings did get here, coasting down from their winter quarters in Iceland and Greenland, one suspects that one understands what sensations of outrage, what feelings that their territory was being violated, were felt by the natives—the Skraelings, as the Vikings called them—perched on this peninsula. Wadawanuck was the name that the Indians used to call it—at least as it was recorded in the will of William Chesebrough, in 1667. But, unlike the Norsemen, Mr. Chesebrough came to stay. In his will, he left to his sons the long point of land that is now the village. —ANTHONY BAILEY

(This is the first of two articles on Stonington.)

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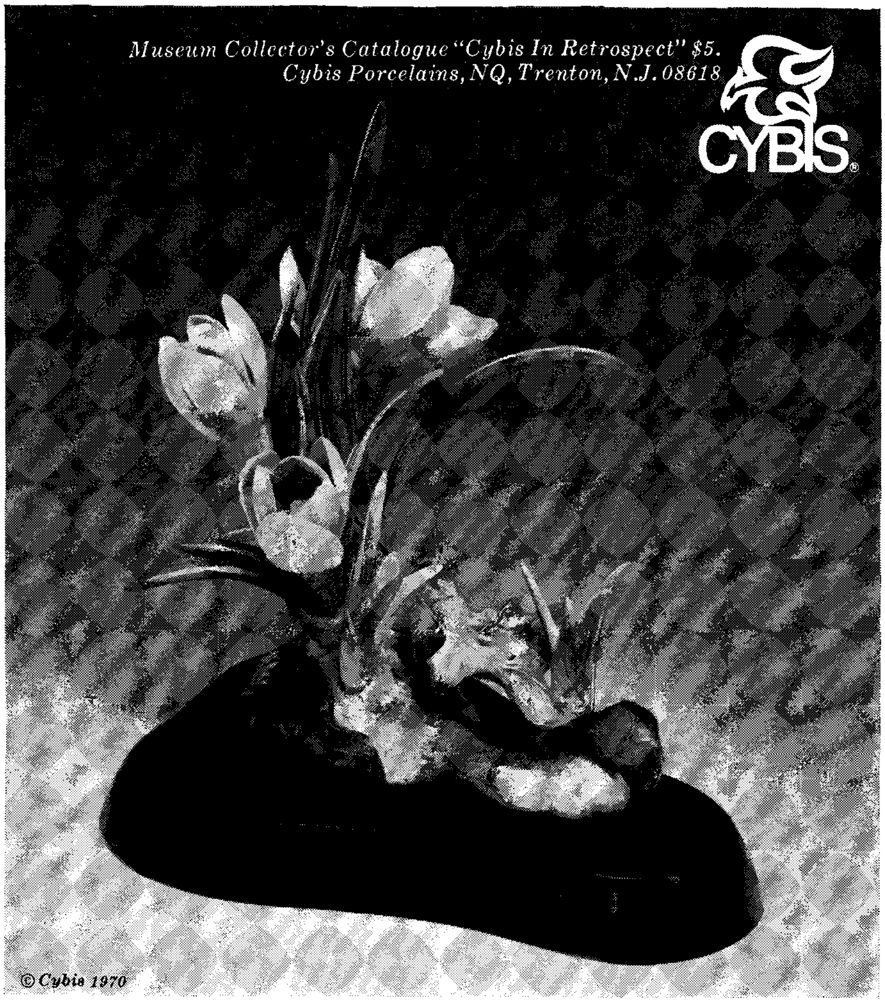
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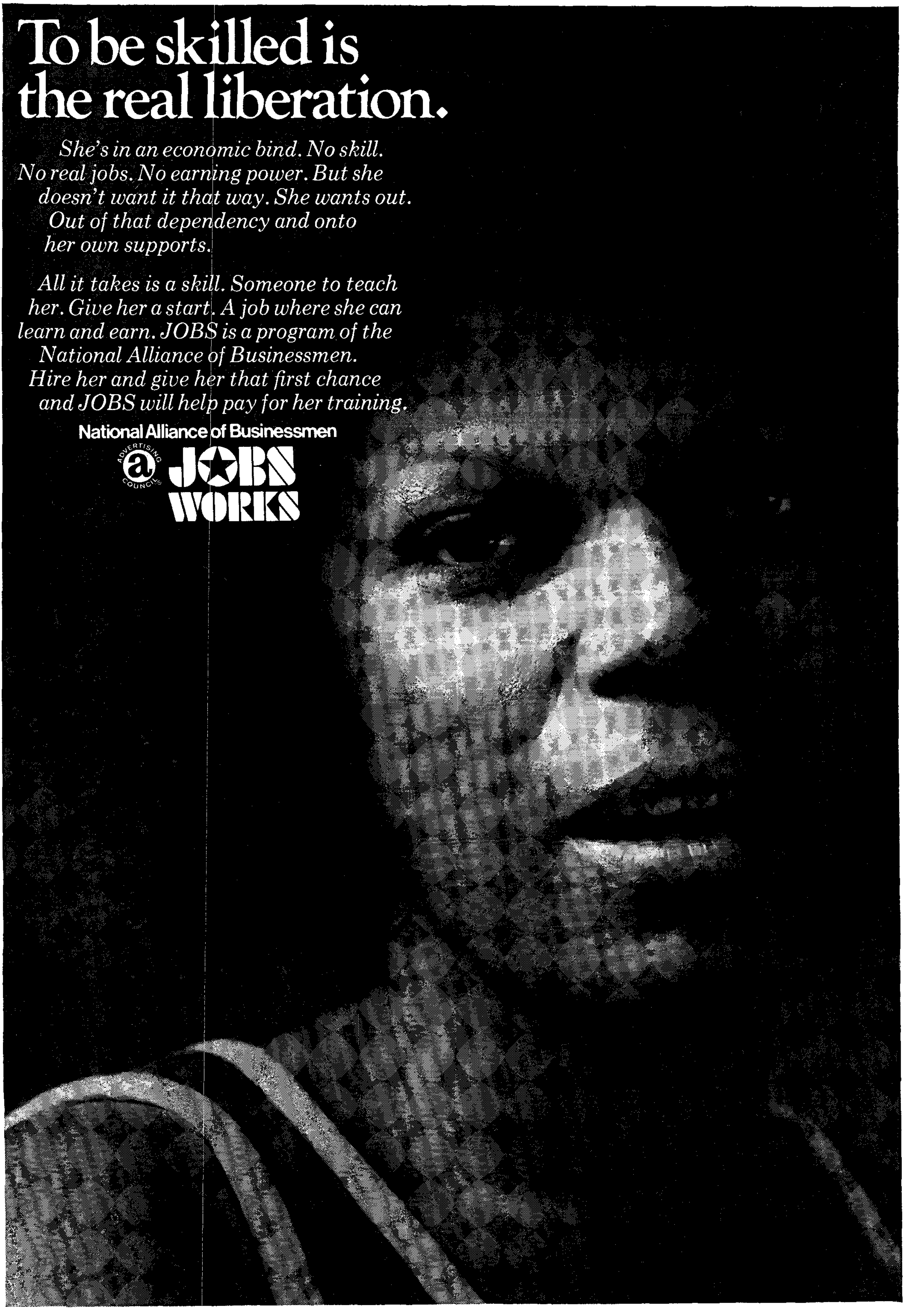

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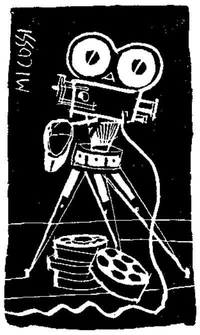

SOME are more mortal than others. Ingmar Bergman's new film, "The Touch," the best about love he has ever made, is a record of a man who brings into the existence of a calmly married couple his own feeling that death is something that has to be ambushed daily. The couple, Swedish, a doctor and a housewife, are played by Max von Sydow and Bibi Andersson. Their names are Andreas and Karin, and their life is fine. The invader, whom they are each and differently devoted to, is a German-American Jew called David, played by Elliott Gould. He lives as if he were running onto the end of a blade. Who would think that Elliott Gould, whose American pictures have cast him as a gusty hell-raiser, could have the great technique and responsiveness to tip the balance for an alien director who sensed that he could play a figure of ancient trouble? The Swedes speak English to him and Swedish between themselves. The practical solution is aesthetically perfect. The hesitancies and the intimacies are precise: one closed world, known and fluent; one not mapped, and dangerous.

David's self-hatred bites his bones. This isn't the Elliott Gould we know. He even looks different in Bergman's picture, which was photographed by Sven Nykvist. The lowering, poetic head, often seen in closeup, has huge power and gentleness. The character loathes himself very confusingly for anyone fond of him. Sometimes the touch of his affair with Karin soothes him, but sometimes it drives him into a fury because he so powerfully dreads the loss of it. The dread practically makes him precipitate the loss, like a man so horrified by his own mortality that he kills himself. The two others live their lives as if everything were going to last forever; his behavior is a trap for anticipated death, laid in a rage, with him shivering behind the hedge. What is he bringing into the lives of these two happy blond neutralists, this rancorous man? Elliott Gould's acting has always had an edge of danger, and Bergman uses it wonderfully.

Karin's mother has just died. At the beginning of the film, Karin is racing to the hospital too late. No crying in the room. A nurse brings her the wedding ring. She escapes then into the dark somewhere and hides to weep. David looms into her sanctuary and puts on the lights. "Can I do something for you?" "Turn the lights down, please. Please leave me alone."

A while later, when Andreas has treated David for what is said to be some kidney trouble, David is spending an evening with the two of them. Alone with her for a few moments, he blurts out that he is in love with her. She pays no heed, it seems. Turn the lights down, please. Please leave me alone. We're *happy*, her silence yells. David persists in talking out loud. He first saw her when she was crying at the hospital, he says. Her face blocks him. Perhaps she remembers him, perhaps not. "You were sitting in the cloakroom crying. *I fell in love with you*," he says. The affair they have later shuttles between the same extremes of concern and clamor, and always seems rooted in that moment at the hospital when Karin was unlike herself and didn't want to be seen, and when David was touched and caught up by the sight of a fellow-sufferer. Most of his family were killed by the Nazis. He was brought up in America. Now he is an archeologist, digging up a past that he can't leave alone. You can watch his mind sometimes wrecking the present for him by going over and over old soil. The film uncurls slowly, in time with what Karin takes in. One learns only much later that he was treated by Andreas not for kidney stones but for putting his head in a gas oven, and that he has a lethally attached sister in London who has known about Karin all the time when Karin has never heard of her.

After the first dinner, when the insurgent has left, Andreas and Karin go to bed. The intimacy between them seems exact. They are without suspicion, joking and muttering, like erotic twins. The peculiar chaos of David's presence that evening can be ignored. Andreas, an intelligent, watchful man with the outward style of someone boring, was showing home-movie slides: Karin and the children, and some studies of orchids. The orchids drove David mad. "Haven't you a picture of your wife nude?" he said, off the top of his head. The couple forget, for the moment.

Bibi Andersson has never before given such a performance. In the scenes between Karin and Andreas, everything is long-established and light. The attachment is feathery. No peril exists. When she goes to David's flat and begins to fall in love with him, she behaves with the same instant trust but also borrows some of his raw impulse. On the first day, he loses his nerve and can't stop talking bashfully about the weather and her clothes, which she has already changed ten times with a self-mocking and sad chagrin over what she looks like; she is the one who gets them to bed. Her legs are rather too short and her bottom is too big, she says, gabbling the most touching breakneck inventory of herself. "Shut up!" he seems to be yelling at her. "I'm a monster, don't you realize? I can't manage you if you're going to be nice." It takes him months to deal with the pure, sweet key of her feeling for him. Meanwhile, for the first time in her life, she takes on the onus of duplicity. Hard. Bergman cuts backward and forward between the couple's pretty, cultivated house and David's flat, which is near some building site with screaming buzz saws. Moments of the affair seem benedictive. The two of them live on bits and pieces of time, and he flies into rages about the bourgeois domesticity that he accuses of robbing him. For a while, she pulls him out of the mud. She hasn't an idea, this flaxen wife, of what she has taken on, and perhaps the very fact that she doesn't know it is what transforms him. He looks at her with amazing softness, unseen by her, while she reads a poem to him in Swedish, laughing at herself a bit, and then tries to translate it. What's the word? To do with fireplace. Something they had long ago. "Hearth," he says. The paradox is that she and Andreas probably have five hearths, and that it is David, the antiquarian, who is dragging her into the world of buzz saws. The film is partly about a man introducing someone he adores to the very sophistication about mortality and extinction that he loves her for not having.

"The Touch" is also about compacts. David gets furious with Andreas for ever mentioning again that he tried to kill himself. We agreed not to, he says, to get out of the impossibility that he is in the middle of being confronted with an Andreas talking about the major compact between himself and Karin. The most powerful of David's agreements, moving and deathly, turns out to be with the congenitally ill sister in London. Her blood runs in him, in every way. "We are inseparable," she says to Karin in London at the end of the film, smoking endlessly, looking scared, clumping around in heavy shoes and an embroidered cardigan to offer a drink in a flat that she and David are in the midst of moving from. The attachment between brother and sister is the adhesion of flesh to a live electric wire. In hindsight, her possessiveness and fright have been there in David's bad moments with Karin all through the film.

Like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna," the two other masterpieces of this great time in Bergman's life, "The Touch" has the most subtle and complicated interest in the idea that intimates' identities pour in and out of one another. Karin sometimes wondrously manages to empty David of too much past. With Andreas, she is the vessel of their solid married life; she sees her husband changing, but she thinks it is a matter of her own changed way of looking at him—changed by secretiveness about being on the telephone, or by fear of suddenly looking incomprehensibly happy. She doesn't know that he is trying desperately not to be flooded with the blackness of David's spirit. Long before she does, we pick up that he understands what's happening. There is something unmistakable about the longing and silence of the way he hangs on to her one night when they are on their way to bed, with him looking at her achingly in the mirror while she looks at him in it and avoids noticing his expression. "The Touch" is a picture floodlit from within, sometimes halcyon, always transparently fond of its characters—people with three quite different styles of grownupness. David combats life, living on some adrenalin of grievance, rooting up old anguish in the middle of the present. How to contain the indwelling historian, how not to tot up accounts. Andreas is a classical man whose only inflexible rage is directed against the Romantic view of suffering. He is, after all, a doctor. Karin was used to being able to manage; a love without equanimity throws her off balance. Bergman's screenplay for his people is simple and expressive. Karin's hesitations in speaking English are part of the eloquence of it: "I've lost my, whatever it is, footing," she says. Her insights into what she and this difficult man could do for each other are the same as his, but they have them at different times. "Please, let me go now," she says to David when he has grabbed her out of a shop onto the street, and she says it obviously hoping that he never will, but his hands at once fly away from cupping her face, because he is on trust to himself to pretend that it's easy. His pledges and pleas come too late, when he has returned months after leaving Sweden without a word. She had fled to his flat and found it abandoned, with her letters stacked in the only drawer that had anything in it. The film is full of acting moments that are physically miraculous, like brilliant fish drawn up on a line, like the memories of everyone. In this scene in the empty flat, she simply walks up and down very fast, as people do when they are in pain. And then she stands near a wall and props herself against it with her forehead. I once saw a great race horse do that when it was about to die, as though it only had a headache.

"CHRISTE eleison . . . and they shall be *one flesh!*" yells an excitable nun in an all-girl and entirely loopy reënactment of the marriage service, muddled up with the words of prayers that have pierced the souls of the convent dwellers about as much as cocoa pierces the soul of a schoolgirl. The central subject of "The Devils," made into a film by Ken Russell on the basis of Aldous Huxley's "The Devils of Loudun" and John Whiting's paler, fork-tongued play, is the contagion of sexual hysteria that broke out in 1632 in a convent of Ursuline nuns at Loudun. It was a place without any marked gift for the spiritual. The nuns, who were mostly noblewomen given the boot by stingy families saving the cost of dowries, were the embattled representatives of Catholicism in a half-Huguenot city when such divisions had just been rending Europe. Impervious for all that to any sense of inhabiting events, they skulked rather primly inside their libidos, took up footling hobbies, and ruminated on the cud of being all of them in love with Father Grandier, a Jesuit wise enough to remain a secular priest. France was nominally in the hands of the young Louis XIII, a *flâneur* keen on amateur dramatics and repelled by women, perhaps because of the bawdry of court talk and by the doings he had seen in the successive bedrooms of a lecherous palace at a time when architects had not yet hit upon the idea of corridors. The true ruler of the country was Richelieu, whose loathing Grandier had once rashly earned by exercising his technical right to walk

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The film, historically neither very informative nor wise, shows us a Loudun trying to defend its right to keep its fortress walls. In France at the time, such city walls represented to the monarchy an intolerable inclination to self-government, and Richelieu orders them to be destroyed. Grandier sees their significance and does what he can to save them, in between love affairs, and the writing of an exquisitely casuistical treatise against the binding nature of a priest's vow of celibacy, and marrying a girl in an antinomian ceremony that gives him the parts of both priest and groom, and daily using to the utmost the power of the confessional to excite tepid spirits. The strapping young humanist in Jesuit's clothing, a ram in a biretta who looks more prince than priest—played by Oliver Reed—becomes the object of displaced lust for practically every one of the nuns in Loudun. They moon after him, these clowns and bunglers of the spiritual society, led by Sister Jeanne, a resentful, beautiful girl with a humped back and a lolling head, played by Vanessa Redgrave with a wonderful technical skill in pacing the shrewd silences and the lunges that characterize the delivery of the slightly mad. Even a vision of Christ's bleeding hands can stir Sister Jeanne to passions of parlormaid romance: all this for me, she thinks. Grinning lecherously behind her grille, which is not so much a sign of decorum as a substitute for it that allows her to feel stark naked with sanction, she rolls up her eyes and wets her lips and declares herself invaded by an incubus. The time that simultaneously harbored Descartes and witch-burning, analytic geometry and apothecaries selling mistletoe berries against epilepsy or dried mugwort for women's devilish diseases, must have encouraged such a girl in every sort of superstitious wile. In the records and in Vanessa Redgrave's performance, Sister Jeanne's longings sometimes find a vent in the sort of jocosity for which Balaam was topically held responsible, no one then believing that a nun could have a sense of humor. They erupt even more often in erotic fantasies that she allows herself in a mood almost of somnambulism, according to the masochistic system that made it morally acceptable for the religious to call daydreaming the incursion of an incubus, even though this was the direct road to being burned as a witch.

The story is a horrible footnote to the history of superstition. Grandier himself was burned at the stake as punishment for originality, humanism, and other sorts of uppishness, on charges that Richelieu cloaked as religious. The film flinches from no detail of the frying. We may. We are also asked to watch the shaving of his hair, the breaking of his legs, and a terrific ceremonial assault-by-apothecary on Sister Jeanne to purge her of Satan by means of something that looks like an ornate bicycle pump. The period had a great muddle of worship and terror about virginity. Grandier was a contentious, sharp-witted man in an interesting historical position, though you wouldn't know it from this overripe film. There are a lot of points in his intellectual scheme that a reflective biographer might dwell on, but it is difficult material for a movie, maybe, and the last in the world for Ken Russell at present. The kindly, observant, slightly withheld view that marked Russell's graceful 1962 documentary on Elgar for the B.B.C. has quite vanished from his work for the moment. "The Devils" goes on from the wild-gypsy style of his recent Strauss and Tchaikovsky films. The screen sometimes seems to be in spasm. Instead of reporting hysteria, the movie adds to it. Instead of doing anything to define what is particular, and therefore elucidating, about the period's taste in the pathological and the scabrous, the movie swoons and concurs. It often seems barbarous and silly in its choices of what to show. The epileptic rhythms of the editing are revved up with a score that might be program music for the onset of psychosis. The extravagance of Jeanne's galled self in its attempts at transcendence and escape is properly one of the film's topics, but extravagance has instead become the ruler. Displacement and excess are characters in the story; they shouldn't have been allowed to appropriate the authorship.

—Penelope Gilliatt

• •

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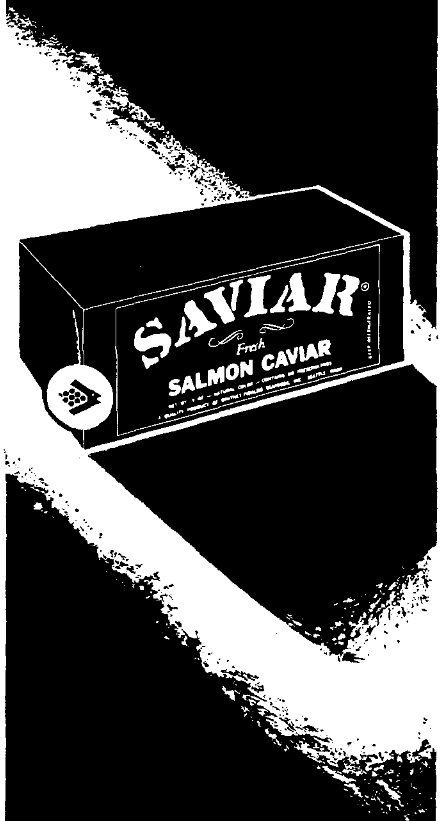

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THE ART WORLD

Thoughts in Off-Season

A YOUNG artist writes—he approves of what I say but not of me; I devote myself too much to older artists and ignore the innovations of the newcomers. In short, he wishes to be discovered, and he believes that it is the job of the critic to unveil him to the art world. I am willing to assume that his studio is loaded with wonders. If I accepted his invitation "to come and look," I could pronounce good and not so good. But judgments of this sort are no longer, it seems to me, of much consequence, and while making them might reassure the artist, it would tend to mislead him about the actual situation of art. Not only have the qualities of art objects become increasingly irrelevant in judging art but the objects themselves are losing their importance. Beauty, skill, touch are still prized in the decorative crafts, yet they count for little in works of art. The creation of paintings and sculptures is considered by artists to be a confinement of the creative impulse. "There are already enough objects," says a conceptualist, "and there is no need to add to those that exist." Functioning within a given genre is thought to be the expression of a mind-narrowing egotism, and the better the functioning the more constricting the motive. Avant-garde writings evoke the Dada assumption that everyone is an artist—with the possible exception of those who still choose to be painters and sculptors. Instead of visiting studios, a critic interested in new talent ought, logically, to conduct a house-to-house search.

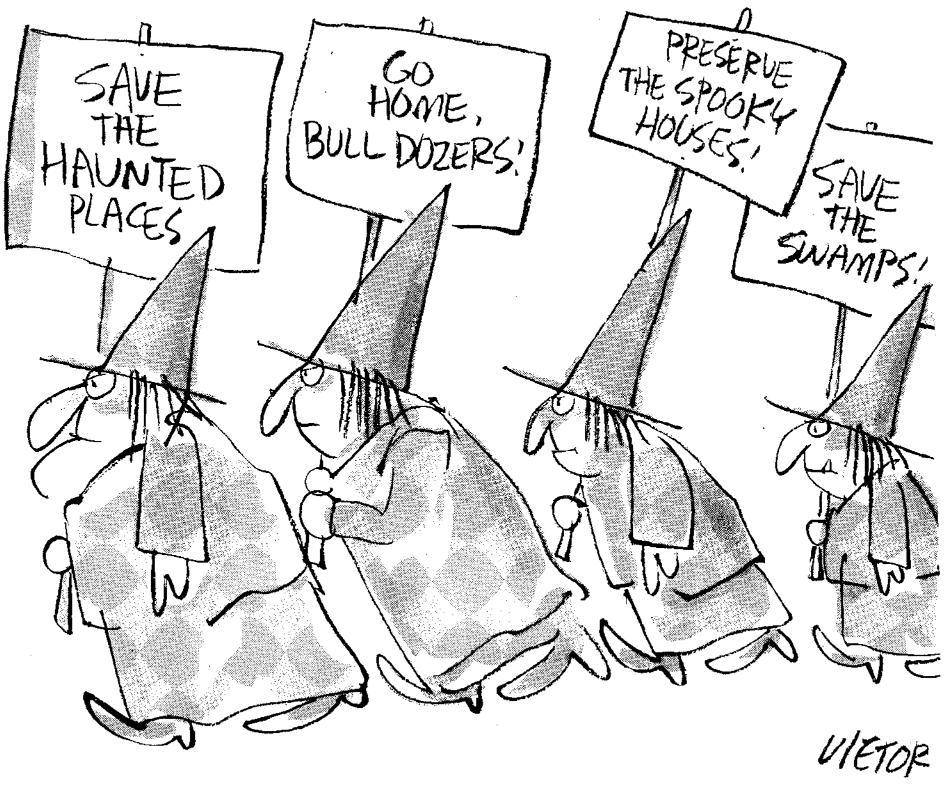
In the past, the art object stood between the artist and his public (it could outlast both); in post-object art, the artist and his audience confront each other directly. To be complete, the artist's act now requires to be seen. Contemporary art is inseparable from opinions about it. Browning's Andrea del Sarto, who,

> painting from myself and to myself,
> Know what I do, am unmoved by
>   men's blame
> Or their praise either

is by today's values a dilettante or a hobbyist, or, at best, an old-fashioned Expressionist; in the U.S.S.R. he would be condemned as a shirker. The last art that could be consummated in the studio was that of the Action painters, who, lacking a public in any case, converted painting into a ritual act. The recurrent theme of art since the Second World War has been the aesthetics of impermanence, which measures the actual life of works by their effect on the spectator; a work without spectators would have a duration of zero. Dada art of social confrontation and Bauhaus art-to-be-used-up have culminated in art as event, factory-made art, art-to-be-thrown-away, conceptual art, art as hearsay (the actual substance of most "earth" art, inasmuch as the public rarely sees it). A work in any of these modes performs or happens, and when it is finished nothing remains—except, possibly, salable souvenirs or relics. The revolution of modernism has step by step liberated the artist from the metaphysical identification of the artisan with his materials that in the view of nineteenth-century social philosophers compensated him for a life spent toiling in obscurity while the fruits of his skill passed to his patron. In Balzac's "The Unknown Masterpiece," the fiction of the artist who is at one with his work is perfected by totally eliminating the spectator. The artist achieves the absolute through his solitary activity, but the "masterpiece" turns out to be a mess that matches the artist's feelings from moment to moment; by attaining freedom from the spectator, he has sacrificed the character of his work as art.

The illusion that oblivion can be circumvented through the permanence of matter has foundered in the consciousness, no doubt deepened by Hiroshima, that the physical world, too, is perishable. Only one thing survives: that which people remember—and they are more likely to remember the deeds and sayings of people than to remember things. Duchamp regarded the transience of modern works as an artist's heroic way of suicide: his opinion reflects, negatively, the traditional notion of the artist as an object-maker who lives on in his product. But, with his factory-produced finds, Duchamp himself is proof that in our time an artist's survival need not depend on objects fashioned by his hand but can rest on opinions and novel moves that have made their way into art history. The twentieth century is rich in personages—the Bauhaus masters, Gertrude Stein—whose creations are rarely looked at or read.

The romance of the unknown artist who secretes an immortal masterpiece violates fundamental realities of the modern epoch. The downgrading of the art object is an admission that the artist cannot hope to realize himself in solitude. The twentieth century has taught the practical and spiritual urgency of social recognition. To fail to exist publicly is hardly to exist at all. Artists have always loved fame, but satisfying *amour-propre* through fame is trivial in comparison with the compulsion of the contemporary individual to see himself reflected in the external world. A gulf divides those who have appeared on television or been mentioned in the newspapers from the anonymous inhabitants of the universe


SAVE THE HAUNTED PLACES
GO HOME, BULL DOZERS!
PRESERVE THE SPOOKY HOUSES!
SAVE THE SWAMPS!
VIETOR

of mere creatures and things. Recognition need not be much to be everything. History is full of instances—for one, the rescue of intellectuals from Nazi-occupied France—in which to be known or not to be known decided the difference between life and death. The most menacing phrase in the modern lexicon is "the rubbish heap of history," which designates those whose signatures are destined to be obliterated from the register. No revolutionist has appeared in either art or politics who has been willing to go to the extreme of sharing the lot of the eternally nameless. Identity is the ultimate value of this historically conscious epoch. In the U.S.S.R., victims of rigged political trials are considered adequately repaid for their physical extinction if twenty years after their deaths they are "rehabilitated." In granting posthumous reidentification, the Soviet state mimics the process by which society resurrects the forgotten artist or hero. The artist without a reputation is the G.I. of the art world; he provides the countless casualties of the battles of creation. A corner of the sculpture garden at the Museum of Modern Art ought to be set aside as a tomb for the Unknown Artist. But what good is it to be remembered if one is remembered en masse?

The avant-garde concept that everyone is an artist is modified in practice to mean everyone who is looked at and mentioned. Now that skill in making is devalued or in abeyance, the profession of art has been reconstituted to coincide with the art-world roll call. Moving one's arms and legs is equivalent to executing a fresco—on the condition, however, that the activity is observed and publicly discussed. Whether as object, event, or information, art is now noteworthy only if it succeeds in agitating the existing art-world aggregation. In its desire to come closer to life, art has enmeshed itself in public relations. (The sacred word is "communication.") The blending of creation and publicity is one of the "inevitable" trends of modern mass society. All art now invites "audience participation," even if this involves no more than the act of looking. But the corollary to audience participation is artist participation; the artist undertakes to lead his public to a collective experience. This continuous interchange between the artist and his audience has destroyed the notion of "high art" and rendered meaningless the old bohemian anathema against "selling out." In his polemics of the nineteen-sixties against all forms of seductiveness in painting, Ad Reinhardt attempted to reactivate as a moral issue the artist's defiance of the

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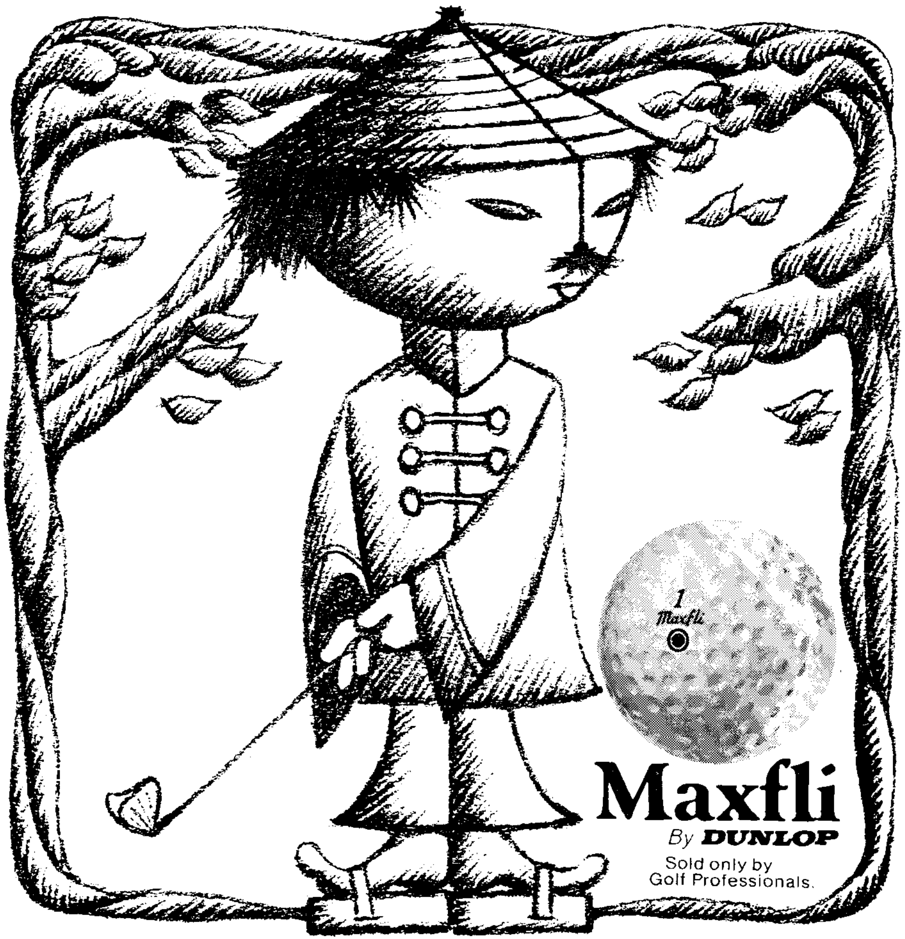

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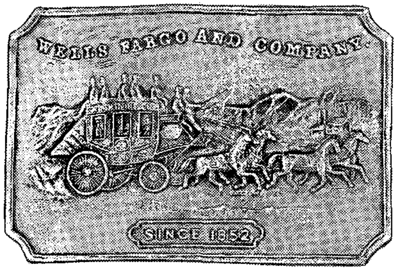
spectator, but his reductionism merely confirmed the insignificance of the art object and itself served as a form of public relations for the idea of an art stripped of appeal.

The artist today is primarily a maker not of objects but of a public image of himself. The art world is the stage from which he projects himself to spectators everywhere. The means he uses to present his performance are on a par with his art materials and creations; Duchamp's chess set, featured in news items about him, is as much part of his *œuvre* as his valise filled with autobiographical relics, which has been exhibited in museums. Attitudes and artifacts in all categories have replaced line, color, and form as ingredients of the art work. But although the work of art has diminished in importance, there has been no corresponding decline of public interest in the artist or in the ambition of individuals to become artists. No profession has been less embarrassed by the vagueness of its aims. Art now includes works that are totally overshadowed by the figure of the artist as a celebrated personage. "I wouldn't say," remarks John Cage, elucidator of avant-gardism for all the arts, "that we are interested in destroying the barrier between art and life or even blurring it. I would say we are interested in observing that there is no barrier between the two." But while art has become one with life—that is, with whatever happens—it is clear that Cage has created the public effigy of Cage and that this creation has *not* been left to chance. Regardless of the art status of his productions, Cage himself is on the art side of the nonexistent barrier between art and life. In sum, the irreducible remainder of the idea of art has become the figure of the artist.

THE changed relation between the artist and his product has radically altered the situation of art criticism. Critics still pretend to be moved by aesthetic qualities (the word "delight" keeps recurring in the art columns of the *Times*), but in practice every critic is an ideologist (the *Times* is not immune to bursts of spleen). The critic has a theory about where art is going and a conviction, at times fraught with moral intensity, about where it ought to go; to him, the merit of a work lies in the historical tendency it represents. He appraises artists, young and old, as allies or as enemies. The firmer the critic's outlook the less likely he is to be satisfied with art that has matured without benefit of his collaboration; the young artist who wrote to me ought to be told that contemporary critics are not really



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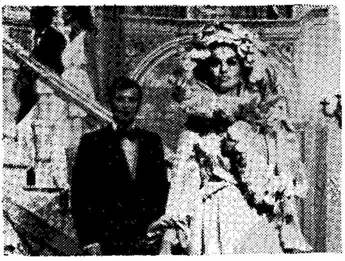

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interested in discovering original creations. For them, what the artist has accomplished matters less than his potential under new leadership. The critic visits the studio not to appreciate the artist but to enlist him. In inviting him, the artist has implied a readiness to sign up.

The new attitude of the critic toward the artist has been rationalized for me by a leading European art historian who is also an influential critic of current art. It is based on a theory of the division of labor in making art history. The historian, he contends, knows art history and, in fact, creates it; the artist knows only how to do things. Left to himself, the artist is almost certain to do the wrong thing—to deviate from the line of art history and thus to plunge into oblivion. The critic's role is to steer him in the proper direction and advise changes in his technique and subject matter that will coördinate his efforts with the forces of development. Better still, critics should formulate historically valid projects for artists to carry out. That not all critics have the same expectations of the future of art does not, I realized, weaken the cogency of my colleague's argument. The surviving artist would be one who has been lucky enough to pick the winning critic. My own view that art should be left to artists seemed to my mentor both out-of-date and irresponsible; the low-grade art history that would be produced by unassisted artists would only have to be later remade by art historians.

As the art object fades, the critic in the old sense of a connoisseur or judge of qualities fades with it. Like his predecessor, the new critic undertakes to raise artists and works of art into public visibility, but he himself has become an independent power in art—the director of artists in realizing his ideas, their partner and collaborator, their rival for a place in art history. One critic persuades painters to change their style, another proposes irresistible art-world subjects, a third claims to use artists as raw material for his own creations, a fourth coördinates teamwork between artists and business firms. As another conceptualist has said, the critic "no longer reflects on the works themselves" but "is the inciter, the provoker, the tempter." In any case, he melds into the impresario, and in more extreme instances he becomes an artist himself.

In post-object art, criticism has shifted its center of gravity to conform to the shift in emphasis from the product to the performer (a more impressively advanced term would be "programmer"). It is no longer a novelty that paintings and sculptures are given less attention than the theories, costumes, and "human-interest features" of their originators. The boredom that Warhol and Donald Judd have been content to recommend to spectators of their work was not intended to carry over to their persons. If their work is dull, their mode of self-presentation is radical. In traditional art, the canvas is the key to the painter's experience. In post-object art, the artist is the key to what he offers to his audience; in an earthwork, he may be the only factor that distinguishes it from farming or mining.

Now that the art object has been minimalized or eliminated, criticism can no longer apply itself to the artifacts of the studio or workshop. Material exhibits, whether paintings, photographs, or films of an event, or blueprints for a construction are but data of the persona launched by the artist and his collaborators into the public consciousness. A work by Gorky or Stella or a "systems" artist derives its meaning from the principle personified by its creator; it is art inasmuch as it is an incident in the formation of an art-world protagonist. (In itself, a color pattern by Stella or an information mechanism by Haacke would be as much at home in a commercial-design workshop or in a news center as in a museum.)

The first screening of artist-performers is conducted by dealers and near-dealers (the impresarios and collaborators already mentioned). It is they who choose the cast of characters of the art-world comedy. The critic who wishes to remain a critic ought to give way before these representatives of the mysterious powers of money, fashion, and institutions. The critic who devotes himself to new talent and new artifacts mistakes his cue and gets into the act too soon. The turn of the genuine critic comes after the heroes and comedians have been established in their places. For him, the older artist, whose shape has been defined, has the advantage over the newcomer. In post-object art, the proper subject matter of criticism is the total performance by which individuals give form to their lives through art and thus render art itself less fictitious.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

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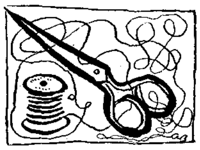
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

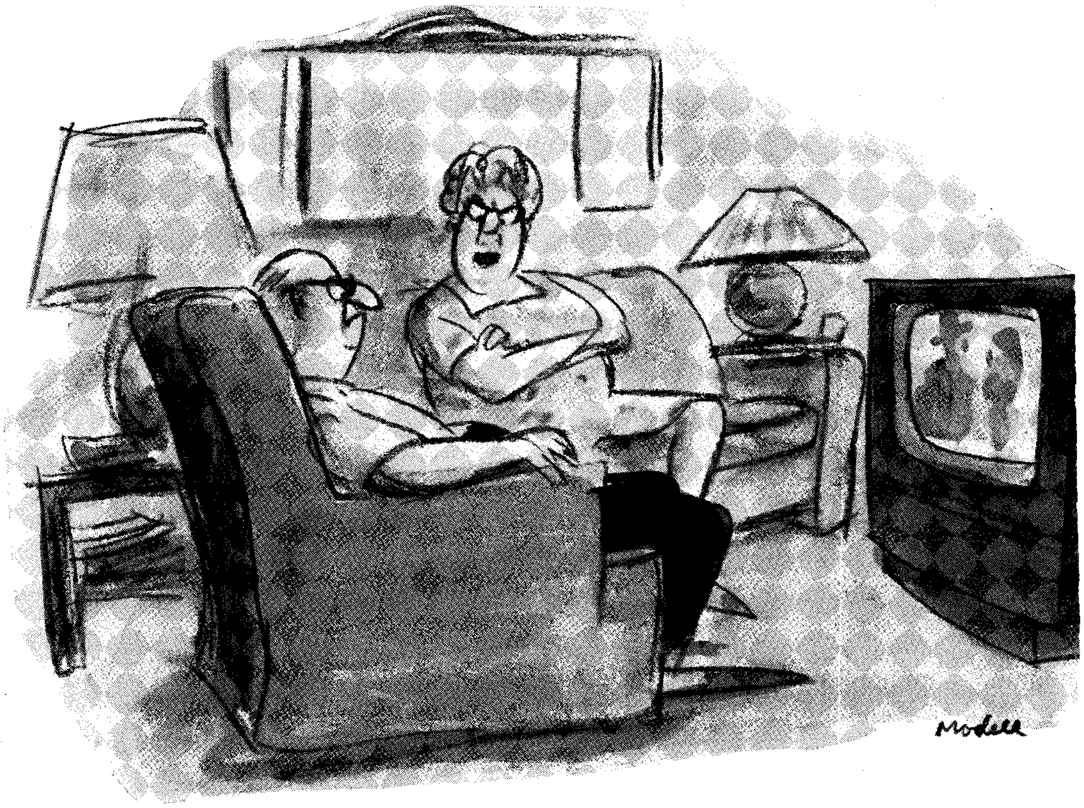


DURING a slow walk along Fifth Avenue on Wednesday last, many thousands of costumes passed by me; I was struck by a mere handful of costumes that had any semblance of dignity, simplicity, or taste. One was worn by an earnest young member of the Manichean sect that has temporarily abandoned its floor-length black capes and is now distributing its leaflets around Rockefeller Plaza in short-sleeved gray trouser suits. Another belonged to a follower of the Krishna Consciousness band, whose shaven heads are enviable on steamy days and whose apricot robes come into their own when they are not swathed in mufflers. My eye rested with gratitude on a nurse in an unadorned white dress, and on a fashionable young black man whose close-fitting chiffon shirt and burgundy velvet pants were worn with an easy enthusiasm as yet unshaken by lightning changes in mode. It was hard to pick out any good-looking, well-dressed girls.

I passed three secretaries emerging from a lunch-hour test of their stamina in Korvettes. The first was wearing a red sailcloth minidress, and she looked timid, out-of-date, and frustrated by her boss's views on the subject of suitable business attire. One of her companions—the plumpest of the three—was wearing tight black velvet shorts. She typified the girls who are wearing shorts in town this summer. She was asserting her right to wear them with such militancy that it was clear she had not thought to pause and wonder whether her legs would merit such display. One can almost conclude that all the shortest, fattest, and least self-critical girls in New York are wearing shorts. The style deserved a better fate. Perhaps some of the girls who would know how to make shorts outfits look elegant sheered off when they realized that all the midtown prostitutes were being photographed by the police in nothing else. The third of the girlfriends, who had the best figure and something approaching a sparkle in her eye, was wearing a polka-dotted, white-collared minidress whose skirt opened over matching shorts. Combinations like this often work well, apparently because the wearer can appear daring and fashionable without feeling reckless or hysterical.

Many of the ankle-length peasant dresses that are around are also surprisingly successful, as long as they are not worn in an attempt to hide puppy fat. I saw a young girl with shining, waist-length hair bouncing into Scribner's. Her dress was black, and printed with posies and ribbons; beneath its ankle-high flounce, her feet were clad in an appealing pair of white sneakers. Slightly shorter and more formal skirts nearly always look odd with bare legs, and mid-calf skirts can be worn with only one kind of sandal—one with a high heel and instep, of which perhaps three pairs exist to tread the streets of the city. Last year's mid-thigh-length linen dresses are still around, of course—money crops have been poor of late for the middle class—but it is hard to focus on them with enthusiasm. Yet when its skirt covers the knees, the linen dress is dignified, and stands as proof of some husband's returning financial confidence. I paused beside a linen dress with a black skirt and a short-sleeved beige bodice whose owner was absorbed in intense calculations before Mario Buccellati's vitrine. Her blond hair was held back in a solid-gold clasp, and did not depend on the sun for its careful fleckings. The shade of her golden skin, on the other hand, was clearly maintained by costly and uninterrupted exposure to the kind of sun that no one ever sees in Central Park. But the most elegant dress to brush past me was made of buttercup silk. Its skirt fluttered around the kneecaps of its fortunate wearer; rippling double capelets on her upper arms were capturing the only breath of air that was likely to be felt that day in the neighborhood of the St. Regis. She was turning heads—no mean feat in times when a barrage of eccentric and revealing costumes bewilders and ultimately bores most girl-watchers. She wore high-heeled ankle-strap sandals and a red-and-blue-spotted kerchief that kept her hair off her nape. Her bag—a small mailbag—was an exception to the rule that the best new handbags are all being carried by men.

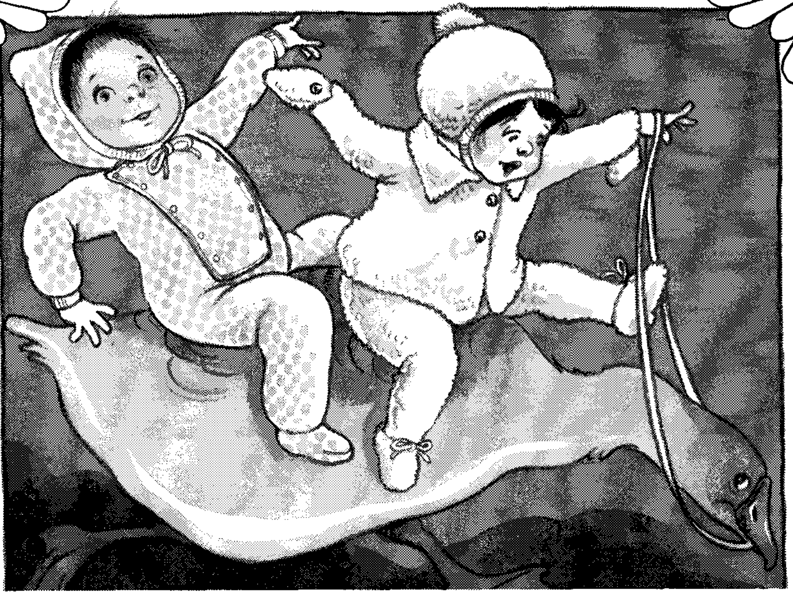
Girls tend to look happier in dresses than in separates. The assembly of a mass of ragtag parts proves exhausting



"If you can't be happy with cable TV, what can you be happy with?"

to many, and often induces panic about accessories and color combinations. On a stretch of Fifth Avenue that once stood high among the world's most fashionable promenades, I saw girls in flimsy dresses worn with beetle-crusher black loafers, girls in dashikis with spike-heeled shoes, and a girl in white piqué shorts with brown fishnet tights. I watched a heavyset young woman struggle onto a No. 3 bus in an ankle-length cotton skirt slit to a Hong Kong high on each side. The print was predominantly purple and emerald. She was wearing a lime-green top and white patent-leather pumps, and she carried a red patent bag. At least one young woman, who was waiting fretfully to cross the street and give the crowd the chance to see her swaying walk, was not guilty of such glaring errors about color. Apart from her toenails, which were orange, and allowing for the many parts of her that were not clothed at all, she was dressed from head to foot in white. She wore a brief terry-cloth jumpsuit, and her bare legs, far from being tanned, were almost blue. A crochet cap struggled to contain the recalcitrant mop on her head, and her little feet wore openwork boots that would have been tight-fitting had they been possessed of toes, heels, or sides.

By now, the covering of legs and feet presents an almost insoluble problem to most women. Even on the hottest days, many of them are still held in the thrall of boots. Some of these are the same old leather ones; others have made play of adapting to the season, and appear in canvas or white mesh, or in white leather with as many gaps and cutouts as the purchaser will tolerate before losing the comfortable feeling that she is still wearing boots. And the legs above these boots, or above shoes somehow too masculine or too feminine for the outfits they are worn with, are often sheathed in opaque tights in a wintery black or brown. These are so popular, presumably, because they are rumored to have a slimming look and because they conceal pallid bare skin. It is true that summer clothes cry out for bare brown skin; for this reason, black girls, even in the monstrous flapping white gladiator sandals that some of them like to wrap around their legs, invariably look better in their summer clothes than white girls, but untanned legs need not be punished by being covered in such gloom. Wedges, some as high as stilts, are pounding the streets in sizable numbers. I was curiously encouraged by this fashion; it is quite as ungainly as any other form of footwear, but many of the girls in wedges



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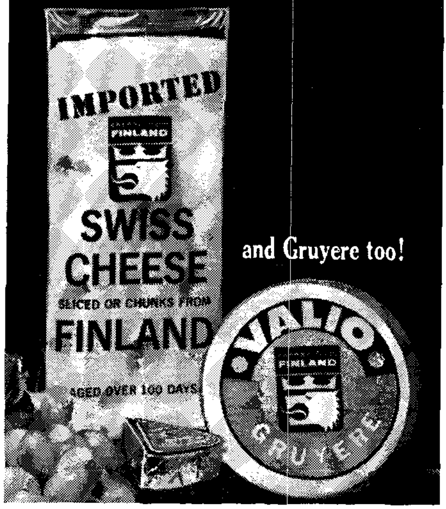

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BERE MANGIARE BENE

had style, and quite a few of them even had good legs.

Apart from men in business suits, the largest group of people I came across was wearing bluejeans. The kids who wear them often look as tediously uniform as their fathers; tie-dye T-shirts, headbands, and denims are, of course, blind emblems of a way of life quite as much as seersucker jackets and button-down collars. But when jeans, with their neutral color and their uncomplicated line, are used as a base for judicious flights of fancy they provide a confidence that is often lacking in those who have struggled to put together trickier and more commercial separates. I saw girls in bluejeans modified in a hundred ways: sometimes chopped off to make shorts, and edged with crochet scallops; sometimes rolled up to mid-calf and adorned with appliqué hearts on each back pocket, or belted in leather and horse brasses and paired, unexpectedly, with fragile, backless blouses made of Indian scarves, or ice-cream-colored brassières of fluffy angora. (The appearance of bare backs and midriffs this summer marks the death of the principle that clothes appropriate to city life are quite distinct from those for the beach.) Jeans don't look or feel particularly cool, but then neither does linen, and, at any rate, their potential elegance does not depend on wealth. At the Potagerie, where I had settled to rest my eyes on soothingly simple butcher-block tables and blue linen napkins, I shifted under the scrutiny of a matronly tourist on the sidewalk outside my window table. She was cupping a heavily ringed hand over her harlequin sunglasses, framed in fake mother-of-pearl, the better to peer into my gazpacho. Her hair was big and blue. Her feet were solidly planted in yellow-and-white pumps that matched her self-belted dress of embossed yellow cotton and *its* matching jacket, which was trimmed around the neck with curly white braid. In the other hand she clutched a white wicker handbag constructed like a scaled-down steamer trunk. At that moment, a girl came in through the revolving door. From under her white duck sunhat, long brown braids fell to the ragged hem of her sawed-off jeans. She wore black espadrilles that laced around her slim, tanned ankles, and she was smiling.

—KENNEDY FRASER

•

OLD ENGLISH SHEEPDOG—male, 6 mo, AKC Ch sired, white faced, pick of litter, all leather interior. Mechanically excellent.—*Adv. in the Times.*

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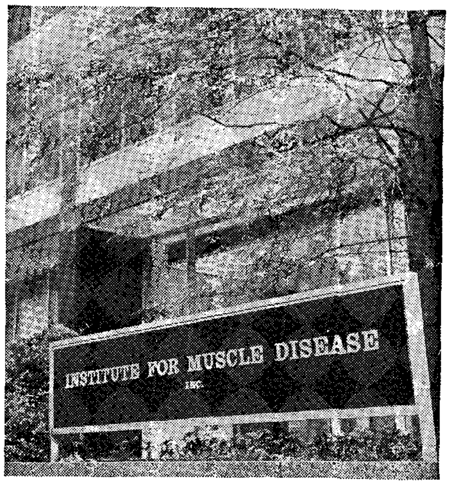

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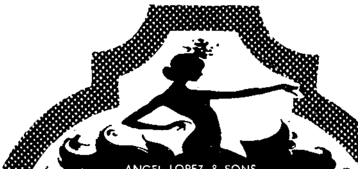

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THE RACE TRACK

Star Dust

YOUR correspondent has been travelling again. Last weekend, he saw Ack Ack win the hundred-and-seventy-five-thousand-dollar Hollywood Gold Cup at Hollywood Park, and, with the excitement of it still stirring in his veins, everything else tends to be a little blurry. Ack Ack is a remarkable horse and his race was a remarkable performance. Carrying 134 pounds, he led from start to finish of the mile and a quarter, passing the post nearly four lengths ahead of Comtal, a runner from the Argentine, to whom he gave twenty-three pounds. Manta, a top race mare, was third, a length away. Figonero, winner of the Gold Cup year before last, was fourth. It was Ack Ack's seventh successive stakes victory, and if that isn't a record (I haven't checked up), it will do for one with me. Eight ran, and Ack Ack, a flashy bay, was easily the pick on looks in the parade to the post. The runners were conducted there by Cadiz, who won the Gold Cup back in 1963. The old fellow is now owned by Jim Stewart, the vice-president and general manager of Hollywood Park, who rides him as a hack when he has the time. Cadiz's mane and tail were done up with red and white ribbons, and he must have known what was going on, for he fairly strutted as he passed the grandstand. He got almost as much applause from the crowd as Ack Ack did. Racegoers remember. It was a happy touch. And I liked the special saddlecloths that were provided for the starters—black with gold lettering.

The running for the Gold Cup can be told best in figures. The fractional times by quarters were 0:23, 0:45⅖, 1:09, 1:34⅕, 1:59⅘. As you can see, Ack Ack was going fast in the early part, doing the second quarter in 22⅖ seconds and the third in 23⅗. After that, he began to slow down. It would have been interesting if Cougar II, winner of five stakes in California this season, and a stablemate of Ack Ack's (both are trained by Charlie Whittingham, but for different owners), had run in the Cup. If he had, I think Ack Ack would have had a hard time winning. Now Ack Ack will come East for the Woodward Stakes at Belmont Park in the autumn. As you know, Ack Ack, who is by Battle Joined out of Fast Turn, was bred and for a time was raced by the late Harry F. Guggenheim, for whom he won several stakes. Last January, Buddy Fogelson, a Texas oilman, bought him from the Guggenheim estate for $500,000. Ack Ack's earnings for Fogelson are $393,000 so far. Come, let us go into the horse business and buy another Ack Ack, if we can find one.

MERVYN LEROY, the head of the Hollywood Turf Club, and Jim Stewart, his No. 1 assistant, put on a good show. Indeed, Gold Cup Day is more like a big party than like an afternoon of racing, and a lot more fun. But even on run-of-the-mill occasions there is an atmosphere of gaiety at Hollywood Park that other tracks don't seem to generate. For one thing, there is no mad rush to get away after the feature race. People stay on in the clubhouse long after the whole program is over.

Among Hollywood Park's attractions are the races on the grass. There has been at least one a day—and sometimes as many as six—since the meeting opened, in April. As this is written, a hundred and eighty-two have been run over the course, yet it looks less worn than Aqueduct's does right now. The grass course at Hollywood Park is different, too. It is slightly rolling, the way courses are abroad, and it starts in a chute, with the horses coming toward the grandstand head-on; then it circles the dark-green turf inside the main track, looping around the landscaped infield of lakes and flowers. Cougar II will run over it in the Sunset Handicap on closing day, July 26th—and will probably win.

MEMO FROM A TRAVELLER: In the Sunday edition of the Los Angeles *Times* that I got, which weighs a ton, you won't find any more about what happened at the Big A or Monmouth Park last weekend than you would in the Paris *Figaro*.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

HAPPY TEARS—Entertainer Sammy Davis Jr. wipes away a fine arts degree from Wilberforce tear as he receives an honorary University.
—Photograph caption in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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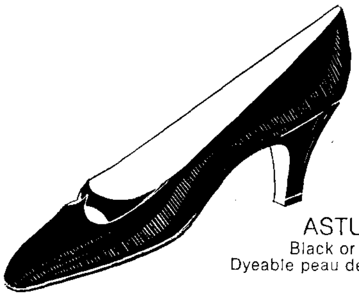

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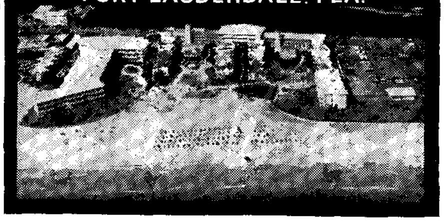

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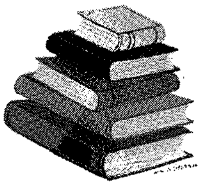
BOOKS

Love Story

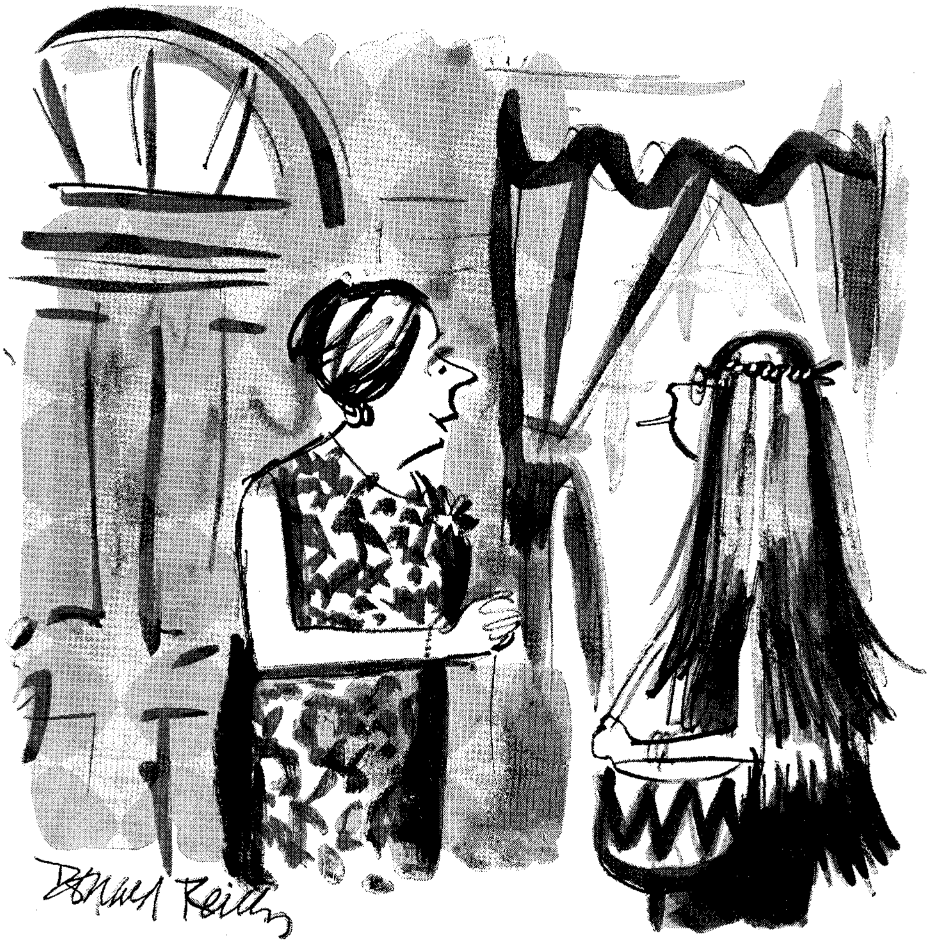


OUR images of personal damnation tend to be banal. They omit, for example, the persistence of love. We give little credence to the thought that a human being damned to the roots, hellish in nature and performance, may be loved for his own sake. Having an infernal thing for its object, such love will be corrupt and taste of bile. But it can possess a special, restricted purity of strength, nonetheless, and be unwavering. That Hitler should be loved, in the savage tawdriness of his prime, by a man of remarkable intelligence, of wide and subtle talents, is on the face of it a grotesque invention, a piece of black farce. But the facts of the case are obvious. Albert Speer loved Hitler the man almost to the lunatic finale. It is that love—its fitful pulse and subversion of reason—which gives to Speer's memoirs their corrosive vitality, which makes of "Inside the Third Reich" (translated from the German for Macmillan by Richard and Clara Winston; twelve dollars and fifty cents) more than another in the endless spate of Nazi autopsies. Were it not for that love and Speer's ability to afford it a corrupt but communicable, plausible warmth, his book would be only one more apologia, marginally more tolerable, more informative than that of Schacht or of Doenitz or of the field marshals now by the cottage hearth. But, being a record of the heart's tenacity in hell—consider the haunting photograph of master and friend walking through the deep snow and silence of the Berghof in 1944—Speer's recollections have an insistent, flawed humanity. It is right, though of itself disturbing, that this should have been a best-seller in Europe and America, that Albert Speer, Hitler's architect and, later, the overlord of Nazi war production, should have earned a second great dividend on the investment of self he made in Hitler. There is no other document exactly like this, aside from a few of Kierkegaard's journals of imaginary lust, of candid falsehood. (It is the circumstance of hell that truth will—that it must—pollute.)

The idiom of love is apparent throughout, though veneered now by good conduct—twenty years in Spandau prison—and by motions, presumably sincere in their own hollow, cerebral way, of retrospective horror. Hitler's stiffness, the icy tedium that emanated from his presence were famous. But, looking at the architectural maquettes that were his and Speer's common dream, he unbent. "In no other situation," says the author, "did I see him so lively, so spontaneous, so relaxed, whereas I myself, often tired and even after years never free of a trace of respectful constraint, usually remained taciturn. One of my close associates summed up the character of this remarkable relationship: 'Do you know what you are? You are Hitler's unrequited love!' " In the spring of 1944, the writing was on the wall, along the hammered Russian front, in the firestorm of the German cities. Speer was ill and eager to resign. Field Marshal Milch brought a message from Hitler: "He wanted to tell me how highly he esteemed me and how unchanged his relationship to me was. It sounded almost like a declaration of love." And how characteristic of spent ardor is Speer's correction now: "But, as I heard from Milch twenty-three years later, the statement had been more or less extorted from Hitler by Milch himself." The ashes of love are the coldest.

Speer came to believe that only the elimination of the Führer could prevent a policy of scorched earth and the reduction of Germany to a lasting desert. More, perhaps, than any of Hitler's intimates, he could have trust and occasion in which to act. But he was powerless: "I could never have confronted Hitler pistol in hand. Face to face, his magnetic power over me was too great up to the very last day." With the literal end in sight, Speer managed a nightmare journey to the bunker. The adieu was chill and vulgar as damnation. The pain is raw in the telling, long after:

> Trembling, the prematurely aged man stood before me for the last time; the man to whom I had dedicated my life twelve years before. I was both moved and confused. For his part, he showed no emotion when we confronted one another. His words were as cold as his hand: "So, you're leaving? Good. *Auf Wiedersehen.*" No regards to my family, no wishes, no thanks, no farewell. For a



"I realize acceptance at Smith means little to you at the moment, dear, but you'll see—you'll meet freaks there who will be your friends for life."

moment I lost my composure, said something about coming back. But he could easily see that it was a white lie, and turned his attention to something else. I was dismissed.

Not altogether. Speer had prepared a speech to the German people, calling for honesty and collaboration with what forces of decency survived in the chaos of surrender. He was offered the use of the Hamburg broadcasting station: "But as I thought of the drama that must be taking place during these days, these very hours, in the Berlin bunker, I realized that I had lost all urge to continue my opposition. Once more Hitler had succeeded in paralyzing me psychically." As Eugene Davidson, in his preface, and others have pointed out, Speer's account of his last contacts with Hitler may be inaccurate and self-flattering. This only makes the intensities, the betrayals of obsessive feeling that do come through the more striking. The issue is one of psychological veracity, of the necessary fictions Speer now offers to the world at large, but more urgently, I think, to his own past expense of spirit. The aptest description is Milton's, of the demons newly broken and defiled:

> Nor did they not perceive the evil
>   plight
> In which they were, or the fierce
>   pains not feel;
> Yet to their General's voice they
>   soon obeyed.

Miltonic Hell is apt in another way. Satan's first requirement is architectural. "With spade and pickaxe armed," his numerous band goes out to build quarters more sumptuous than those in Heaven; Mulciber the architect is to provide an imperial fabric for damnation. "The pyramid of Cheops, with a base of 756 feet and a height of 481 feet, measured 3,277,300 cubic yards," Speer writes. "The Nuremberg stadium would have been 1,815 feet long and 1,518 feet wide and could have enclosed a volume of over 11,100,000 cubic yards." Hitler stipulated that it was to accommodate four hundred thousand spectators—twice the multitude contained by the Circus Maximus in Rome. The rotunda of celebration and Party gathering in the Berlin of the Thousand-Year Reich was to be a domed structure of sixteen times the volume of St. Peter's. The diameter of the cupola would measure eight hundred and twenty-five feet. A counterbalancing arch of triumph would rise to a height of nearly four hundred feet; the paltry Arc de Triomphe in Paris could fit forty-nine times into this gate of glory. Hitler's reception room at the hub of world empire was to measure

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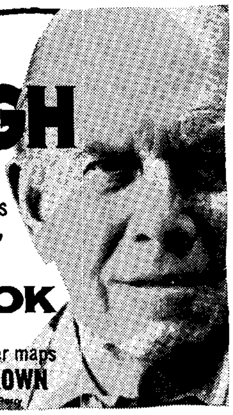

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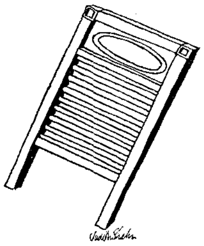
741,510 cubic feet; a mere 57,600 is available in the East Room of the White House. The "stone witnesses" to the new German Order would be magnificent beyond the dreams of Cheops or Caracalla. In A.D. 64, Nero had erected a colossal figure a hundred and nineteen feet high on the Capitol. The Statue of Liberty attains a hundred and fifty-one feet; "our statue was to be forty-six feet higher." This was the bond between master and builder, the brutal but visionary infatuation that drew them close. "I found Hitler's excitement rising whenever I could show him that at least in size we had 'beaten' the other great buildings of history. To be sure, he never gave vent to these heady feelings. He was sparing in his use of high-sounding words to me. Possibly at such moments he actually felt a certain awe; but it was directed toward himself and toward his own greatness, which he himself had willed and projected into eternity."

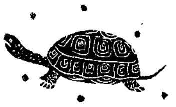
Looking back, Speer is scathing about these enormities and depreciates his own gifts as an architect. He rightly identifies the Pergamum Altar as a main source of his inspirations. Though unprecedented in scale, his designs were very largely what he calls a perpetuation of the neo-Empire architecture of the early eighteen-hundreds. He sees them now as a Cecil B. De Mille set. The titanic edifices he and Hitler designed in 1939 "were marked by excessive ornamentation, a mania for gilding, a passion for pomp, and total decadence." Hitler's taste ran principally to whipped-cream baroque, to the philistine monumentality of Joseph Poelaert's Palais de Justice in Brussels or Gottfried Semper's Hofburg in Vienna. Much of Speer's verdict is patently true. What survives of the sketches and maquettes that encompassed his and the Führer's compulsive reverie amounts to boastful *Kitsch*. The pleasure domes and colonnades, the Soldiers Hall and monument to Mussolini are bits of papier-mâché megalomania. But the psychological premises, and some of the facts, at least, are more complex.



Speer owed his swift ascent in the Party (in which he was, after all, only Member No. 474481) to the designs he made for the rallies on the Zeppelin Field in Nuremberg. The effect he achieved in 1934 had genius. A hundred and thirty anti-aircraft searchlights, encircling the great terrain at forty-foot intervals, shone into the night sky, suffusing it with a glow, at once regal and menacing, at a height of twenty thousand feet. Surrounding the silent, motionless rows of Party fighters, highlighting the great cascades of blood-red swastika flags and S.S. banners, these pillars of electric flame created a fantastic ensemble. Via photographs and newsreels, the "cathedral of ice," as the British ambassador called it, passed quickly into the world's imagination. It embodied with uncanny completeness the ideals of discipline and solemn ferocity professed by the new order. Speer had found a graphic idiom in which to communicate to Germany and the world the imperious myths, the tensed, implacable will of the emerging Reich. A further project, for a permanent Champ de Mars in Nuremberg, won the architectural Grand Prix at the Paris World's Fair of 1937.

It may be that "architecture" is not the right word. Speer was an impresario of menacing spaces, a formidable contriver of epic frames. He belongs with the filmmakers—with Leni Riefenstahl, Alexander Korda, and D. W. Griffith. The same eye for vista and colossus is at work in the Nuremberg designs and in the crowd panoramas of "Ben-Hur." In both cases, the monumental criteria of nineteenth-century façades and historical murals are being applied to new, dynamic planes. Speer's visual sense was more fluid than Hitler's and quicker to improvise. The Nazi eagle, over a hundred feet in wingspread, that crowned the reviewing stand in Nuremberg in 1934 was spiked to a dubious timber framework. Hitler's obsession with physical mass, with the need to endure, was maniacal. Speer's inventions were only stage sets for the millennium. But the two temperaments meshed, and Speer's account is the most informative we have of Hitler's abilities as draftsman and designer. He could grasp a sketch rapidly and combine the floor plan and elevations into a three-dimensional conception. His memory for precise measurements and formal detail was remarkable. He himself did the sketches for numerous public buildings intended for the Austrian city of Linz, the favorite playground of his childhood. Even the simple cross-section of bunker designed by Hitler in 1942 and reproduced in this book shows obvious competence. There was, as Speer shrewdly notes, no other domain of knowledge, of intense personal concern, in which Adolf Hitler could prove his credentials while at the same time deferring to those more professionally equipped than he was. At moments, Speer was more than Hitler's court architect; he provided, in that inhuman circle of subservience and intrigue, the occasional illusion of an equal.

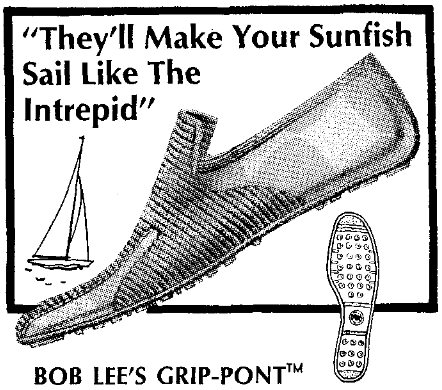
This rapport, probably unique among Hitler's satraps, underlies Speer's grossly exaggerated account of his own importance in Party affairs and war policy. The claim that he was by 1943 the "second man in the state" and that he had any real chance of becoming the Führer's successor is cunning nonsense. It is cunning because it admirably suits the aim Speer seems to have set for himself in the very instant of the collapse of Germany—to reveal himself as a major figure in the victories and obstinate resistance of the Reich, yet also as the sole protagonist to show repentance and a turn of heart. The special relation with Hitler was one of personal devotion and a joint passion for architecture. Outside it, Speer's position was at the top level of the second rank—say, with Ribbentrop. Contrary to the impression given at every stage in these memoirs, he was never on a par with the elect thugs. The assertion that he could overrule Göring or Himmler, except at some local nerve-point of chaos and mutual suspicion, or that he held Bormann in check is mere bravado. He had come late into the inner circle and his stomach for savagery stayed weak. Speer was a technician.



As far as general history goes, the significance of Albert Speer lies in his achievements as Minister of Armaments between February of 1942 and the surrender of 1945. These have been inflated by legend, by Speer's testimony, voluminous from the moment of his arrest, and by inquests into the inefficiencies and self-delusions of Anglo-American air raids. Faced with evidence that Nazi war production had continued to increase almost to the end, journalistic and technological opinion, particularly in the United States, accepted the notion of Speer's wizardry; he, like Schacht, was a miracle worker, turning margarine into tanks. The truth is less spectacular. To the very end of 1941, the Nazi regime had expected the war to be a short one. Only the losses of equipment suffered in Russia and the realization that England would not make a separate peace convinced Hitler that he had to put the national economy on a thoroughly military footing. It is in this light that one must assess the fact that the average monthly output of armaments and munitions between March, 1942, and December, 1944, more than doubled. But the groundwork for all this had been done by Dr. Fritz Todt, whose mysterious death in an airplane crash catapulted Speer into eminence. It was Todt, of whose formidable competence there can be no doubt, who persuaded Hitler to go into high gear. The key directives were issued in December, 1941, and January, 1942, a month before the new Minister took over.

More striking than Speer's achievements, furthermore, is the fact of persistent wastage and absence of major technological breakthrough. "It remains one of the oddities of this war," remarks Speer, "that Hitler demanded far less from his people than Churchill and Roosevelt did from their respective nations." Mobilization of industrial resources and a maximal use of the labor force were never achieved. Whereas Ernest Bevin instituted a three-shift schedule in English factories, a two-shift system was set up in Germany, and it was only partly successful in many plants. Time and again, under a policy allegedly expressive of iron purpose, waste and domesticity prevailed: almost to the end of the war, nearly one and a half million women were employed in Germany as household help. Whatever his organizing talents and flair for technical improvisation, Speer had no psychological or mental grasp of the decisive role of scientific research. Through a succession of political imbroglios and amateurish decisions, it came about that Nazi Germany produced neither a truly effective volume of jet aircraft nor the atomic bomb—though German science had a head start in both these decisive fields. The devotion of Wernher von Braun, deviser of the V-2 rockets, to the regime was complete, but he found little of the material and imaginative support America hastened to offer. Like other Nazis, Speer was much taken with scientists and flattered by their attention, but he did little to harness their capacities. For all practical purposes, the German air force ended the war with only slightly improved versions of the Me. 109 and F-W 190 fighters that were general equipment when Speer took over. His Ministry never really challenged the British development of long-range bombers or the brilliant technology of the Thunderbolt and the Mustang. In several cases—notably, the testing of a ground-to-air anti-aircraft rocket—Speer stopped development when it was on the point of succeeding. Again, his successes—and there *were* a fair number—were those of an impresario, of an inspired tinkerer.

These matters, vital to one's judg-



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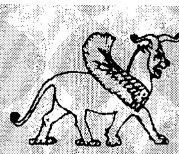

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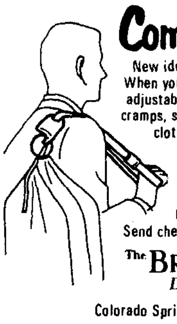

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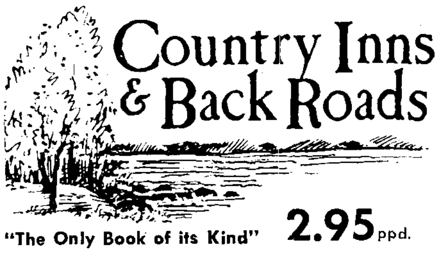

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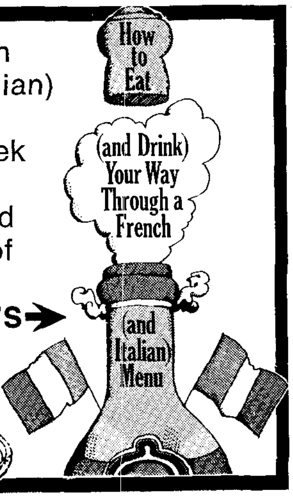

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ment of Speer's role and credibility, have been analyzed in detail by a number of scholars. The serious reader will want to refer to Alan S. Milward's study of "The German Economy at War" (1965), to Edward L. Homze's extensive investigation into "Foreign Labor in Nazi Germany" (1967), and to articles by Roger Jellinek and Geoffrey Barraclough. In these, Reichsminister Speer becomes a resourceful advocate for an often mediocre brief.

The same applies to what is, morally, a basic issue: Speer's knowledge of and involvement in the bestiality of Nazism. Driving past the smoldering ruins of the Berlin synagogues on November 10, 1938, the young builder felt outraged by the outward signs of hooliganism. The smashed panes of shopwindows "offended my sense of middle-class order." It was precisely to arrest such gutter politics that Speer, a bourgeois idealist just out of school, had joined the Party. But political events did not really concern him. "The task I have to fulfill is an unpolitical one," he wrote Hitler as late as September, 1944. The remark is illuminating not only for its stupidity and low ruse but for how much it unwittingly tells us of Speer's secondary role in Party affairs. No less instructive is Speer's puzzled recollection that "scarcely any anti-Semitic remarks of Hitler's have remained in my memory. . . . Hitler's hatred for the Jews seemed to me so much a matter of course that I gave it no serious thought." This rings true. It points to one of the decisive yet enigmatic traits of Hitler's character. As we know from the interminable verbiage of the "table talk" and from the testimony of those in his immediate entourage, Hitler alluded to the Jews, when he did so at all, in terms of abstract, rhetorical loathing, and made no reference to the camps. At some level of complete moral atrophy, of hysteria gone stone-cold, he seems not to have cared. There is no evidence that he ever pictured to himself the world of Auschwitz. He debased even the monstrous quality of the facts by allowing these facts no reality, no felt substance in his own mind. They had sprung from him, taking on a murderous concreteness of their own, like the loud yet also immaterial lashings of his oratory. In a sense (it helps define what vague comprehension we have of the condition of the damned), Hitler did not "know," did not experience at any point of responsible perception, the horrors he had loosed; in this sense, comparisons with Shakespeare's Richard III or Iago are false: self-awareness to a heightened pitch is the essence of those great shapes of darkness.

But what of Speer? No one, probably not even he himself, can sift the facts from retrospective self-criticism and public remorse. He tells of how blurred, literally unspeakable news of the extermination camps was relayed to him in the summer of 1944. So very late? Speer tends to make Gauleiter Fritz Sauckel responsible for much of the inhuman use of forced labor. He indicates that the bestial terms of life for slave workers in Nazi armament plants came to his attention only accidentally, during a tour of inspection in December, 1943, and that he did all he could to lighten them. All these are most probably lies. The Minister of Armaments and overlord of the Nazi war economy can have had little doubt as to what was going on. It is precisely on Speer's functions as slave master that much of the indictment against him at Nuremberg was based. But one is at a loss to say anything more. "I still feel, to this day, responsible for Auschwitz in a wholly personal sense," says Speer. Only God knows whether that statement represents a shrewd sop to his public, particularly in this country, whether it embodies genuine terror, or whether it springs from a complex modulation between the two. If such a sentence has any meaning, how can the man's resourceful intellect and will have survived, how can he endure now, in handsome pastoral retirement, a fine dog lolling between his slippered feet? No theology tells of pension or retirement after hell. But Speer *has* written these words and has served twenty years in prison. What is there to add?

It is not his self-aggrandizement and apology, both so transparent, that give the book life but the simple presence of a plausible human being, deeply flawed and upon occasion so near the borderline of reason and normal historical record. There is the night of June 25, 1940, when Hitler sat with a few familiars in a dark room waiting for the armistice with beaten France to go into effect. "Outside a bugler blew the traditional signal for the end of fighting . . . as in a bad novel, occasional flashes of heat lightning shimmered." The conqueror mumbled to himself, almost stunned by his destiny. Speer found him profoundly human that night. He records the Byzantine scenario of plot and counterplot around Goebbels and Himmler when Hitler's grip seemed to be faltering, the liveried footmen pouring cognac in bombed-out reception rooms, acrid with the scent of smoke. He recalls the spectral quiet in the Court of Honor of the Chancellery, "like a night in the mountains," some hours before the final Soviet assault. Speer has an ear for the lunatic voices: Hitler almost uncontrollable with hope, with fantasies of astrological good fortune, at the news of Roosevelt's death; Göring proclaiming to General Galland that no American fighters had got through to Aachen because it was he, the Reichsmarshal, he in person, who would determine whether a fact was a fact. There is an extraordinary account of Speer's visit to the Arctic front, already doomed and almost cut off, but somehow clean. And no one but a born raconteur could have pictured the macabre farce of the comings and goings at Admiral Doenitz's fictional headquarters in the interlude between Allied victory and the arrest of the Nazi potentates.

Albert Speer was no naïve technocrat caught up in an infernal enterprise. He had embraced Party membership with ardor. He had voluntarily enrolled in the Storm Troopers in 1931 and in the S.S. a year later. But a certain degree of appalled humanity does emerge from these doctored remembrances, and a quite formidable resilience. Even before his close confinement at Nuremberg, Speer had found himself "not lost in loss itself." His sheer survival and the strength of this book are no mean feat. But the last word is Milton's. Whatever his architectural talents and personal graces, Mulciber was of the damned:

> nor did he scape
> By all his engines, but was headlong sent
> With his industrious crew to build in hell.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE FOUR SUNS: RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS OF AN ETHNOLOGIST IN MEXICO, by Jacques Soustelle, translated from the French by E. Ross (Grossman). This profound book is a mixture of descriptions based on the author's field work among Mexican Indians, together with ideas about cultures and civilizations, their growth, spread, decline, and decay. M. Soustelle is a generous man but a hard thinker; he rejects the sort of tidy intellectual packages that (for one example) write off as "primitive" those of the earth's people who have not developed complex technology or demon-

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strate that the history of man is unbroken progress toward spiritual improvement. He also has the merit of not falling in love with his own intellectual constructions, and so he can point out the variety of borrowings among cultures and appreciate what a mélange any culture is: this language, that pottery, a religion from here, weapons from there, plus marriage customs from someplace else. M. Soustelle is a meditative guide to the human past; as for our future, he imparts not hope so much as tolerance. Ten dollars.

BLACK ODYSSEY: THE CASE OF THE SLAVE SHIP AMISTAD, by Mary Cable (Viking). A trim account of the trials—both legal and emotional—of a group of Negro slaves who, in 1839, while being shipped between two points in Cuba, mutinied and set sail for Africa; tricked by their navigator, they fetched up off Montauk Point, where they were intercepted by the U.S. Coast Guard and handed over to the federal courts. The hero of the tale is old John Quincy Adams, who finally persuaded the Supreme Court that the Negroes were neither cargo nor pirates but people who had been kidnapped and ought to be allowed to go home. The villain is slavery itself. There is some comic relief, too, in the truly virtuous abolitionists who raced to the rescue of these Africans and then delayed their return to Africa while they worked for their religious salvation without ever—not for a moment—suspecting that these homesick men thought they had a perfectly good religion already.

AMERICA, INC., by Morton Mintz and Jerry S. Cohen (Dial). Adam Smith, the conservative father of the science of political economy, held that merchants and manufacturers should have no say in the governing of mankind, because of their "mean rapacity" and their "monopolizing spirit." The authors of this powerful polemic develop that theme. Two hundred bank-interlocked corporations, they estimate, control our lives and are accountable to no one but themselves. They fix prices and obliterate competition; they sell inferior and/or adulterated products by the sheer force of advertising; they suppress inventions and improvements that would increase safety; they demand payment for services they do not perform; and they buy public officials to protect them from anyone who wants to correct all this. A broad canvas, but the authors' indictments are detailed, documented, and precise in their wording. In a final chapter, the Messrs. Mintz and Cohen (a Washington *Post* reporter and a former chief counsel of the Senate Anti-Trust and Monopoly Subcommittee, respectively) lay out a plan for reducing and fragmenting all this concentrated power without scrapping the capitalist system. Introduction by Ralph Nader. Ten dollars.

THE MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL ZHUKOV, translated from the Russian by the Novosti Press Agency (Delacorte). In the first chapters of his autobiography, the Russian commander recalls, with marvellous vitality, an early-twentieth-century childhood passed in a poverty that ought to have been crushing but that produced a robust, hard-working, shrewd, and outspoken young man who became, during the First World War, a first-class cavalryman. Comes the Revolution and, unfortunately, Zhukov loses not only his critical but his descriptive powers. His work declines from showing to telling, and then to merely listing; most of the book is a detailed but not at all vivid account of the Great Patriotic War, which Zhukov says the Soviet Union won despite her Western allies. Fifteen dollars.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

LETTER OF INTENT, by Ursula Curtiss (Dodd, Mead). Mrs. Curtiss's calculating young heroine inspires so much sympathy that we long for her to succeed in all her scheming so that she will end up safe and sound and solidly established as the respectable, affluent society matron that is all she really wants to be. Her name is Celia, and she is not slow to exchange her unpronounceable Polish surname for something shorter and, to her ears, a lot more fancy; she calls herself Celia Brett. Celia starts out as a clumsy-looking eighteen-year-old maid of all work, and learns so fast that in a very few years she is running posh charity benefits in New York. She is her own undoing, of course. Her crimes (all crimes of omission, by the way) do not pay. Mrs. Curtiss has a hypnotic way of writing about the simplest events.

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One couldn't help but be aware of the stallion Royal Rick sitting in the stands the last couple of nights of the spring meeting at Toronto Greenwood. —*Gord Pepper in the Guelph (Ont.) Standardbred Record.*

Yeah, and that cute little filly he was with.

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